

Towards a Society based on Mutual Aid, Voluntary Cooperation & the Liberation of Desire

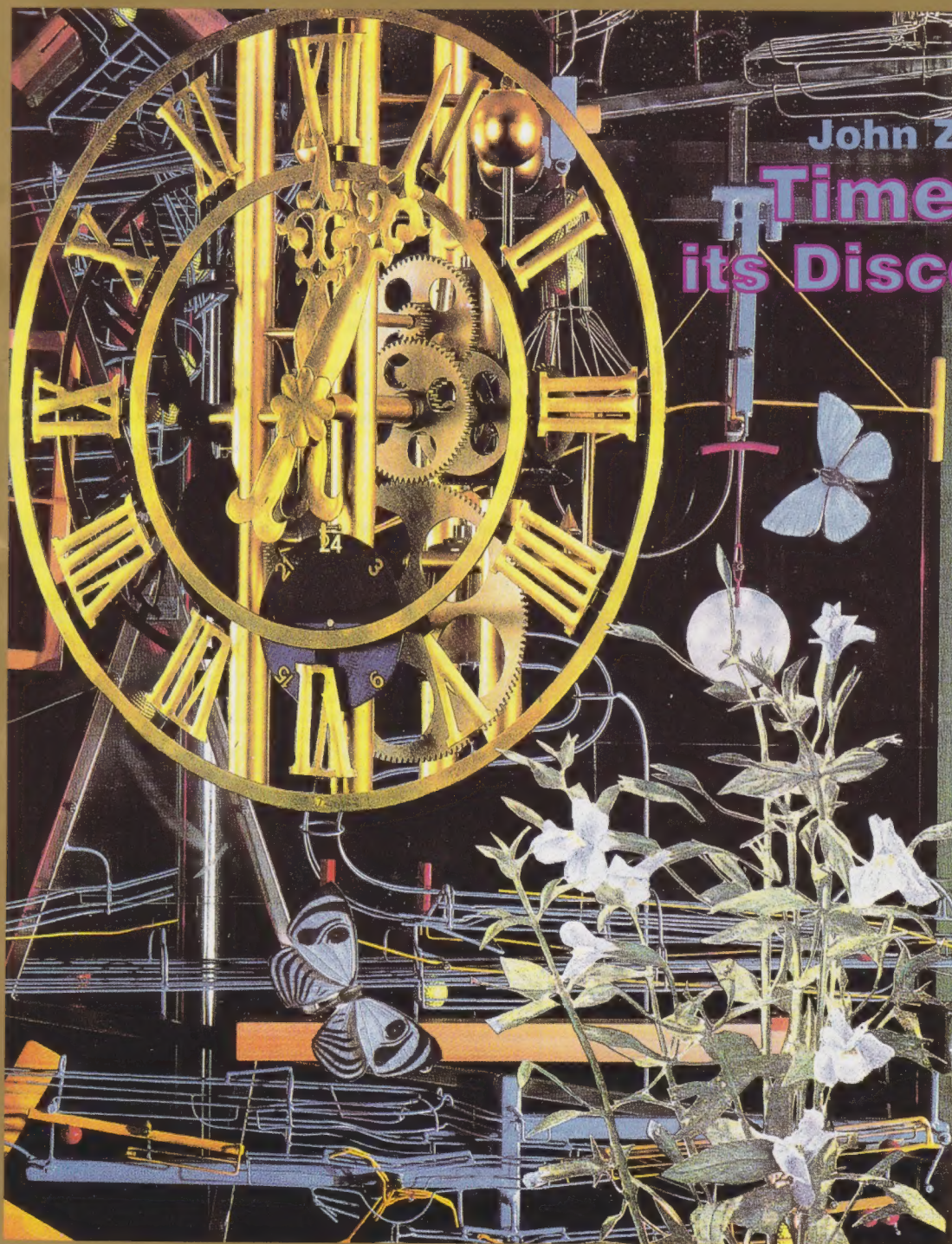
#39/Winter '94

Vol.14, No.1

\$3.00

# Anarchy

## A Journal of Desire Armed



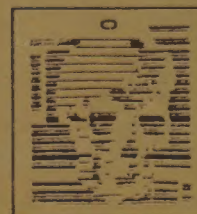
John Zerzan  
**Time and  
its Discontents**

Manolo Gonzalez  
**The Aftermath  
of the Spanish  
Civil War**

Neal Keating  
**Rioting &  
Looting**

Keith Sorel  
**State  
Department  
Surrealism?**

Raoul Vaneigem  
**Spurious  
Opposition**





# Openers

**Anarchy** is an independent, not-for-profit quarterly publication of C.A.L. Press, published on the fifteenth of December, March, June and September. We sell no advertising, have no paid editorial staff, and finance this journal entirely through donations, newsstand sales and subscriptions.

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Short news and comment articles or reviews which are used in "Openers," "The Sad Truth," "Alternative Media Review" or "International Anarchist News" may be edited for brevity and style. Other submissions (features, fiction) will be edited only with the author's permission. Anarchy editors reserve the power to make editorial comments, to run introductions or responses, to classify articles, and to place sidebars wherever deemed appropriate. Until we can afford to remunerate authors, photographers, and graphic artists for their published contributions we will give free issues &/or subscriptions, or other appropriate tokens of our appreciation. Deadlines for submissions are Jan. 31st for the Spring issue, April 30th for the Summer issue, July 31st for the Fall issue, and Oct. 31st for the Winter issue, but it *always* helps to get submissions in earlier!

Please address subscriptions, contributions, submissions and letters to:  
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T h e D o e r .



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## Anarchy #39

Winter 1994

Press run: 6,500

ISSN 1044-1387

LC 88-13329

OCLC 11733794

Printed in USA

PUBLISHED BY  
C.A.L. Press

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*Anarchy* is indexed in the *Alternative Press Index* (POB 33109, Baltimore, MD. 21218), and is part of the *Anarchist Media Network (@net)*.

C.A.L. Press is a member of COSMEP, the International Association of Independent Publishers (POB 420703, S.F., CA. 94142-0703).

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## Inside Anarchy

Welcome to the Winter '94 issue of **Anarchy**. The striking front cover collage introducing this issue is by Freddie Baer, reflecting the content of the major essay of this issue, John Zerzan's "Time and Its Discontents." We continue our serialization of Raoul Vaneigem's *Revolution of Everyday Life* with his analysis of "Spurious Opposition." Neal Keating weighs in with two important contributions: "Rioting and Looting as a Modern Day Form of Potlatch" gives a whole new perspective on this subject, while "A Game for the Nineties: ASE" provides a novel context for action consistent with the critique of morality presented in the last issue. Keith Sorel presents an account one man's bizarre theoretical devolution in "Left Communism or State Department Surrealism." And in "Adios, Catalonia, part 2" Manolo Gonzalez completes the account of his family's escape from Franco's forces as the Spanish Civil War dragged on to its end.

Unfortunately, the abundance of feature material included in this issue has squeezed our "Letters" column and "Alternative Media Review" down to a much smaller size than usual. My apologies to readers whose letters are still waiting to appear, and to authors whose books still await their reviews. But there is hope that we'll catch up at long last with our letters backlog with the upcoming issue. That's because it will likely be a double issue covering both Spring and Summer '94. This means we may well be able to include 50 or 60 pages or more of letters!

Regular readers will once again note that the pages and pages of alternative periodical reviews have disappeared from the "Alternative Media Review" section of this magazine. They've been moved to our new quarterly sister publication, **Alternative**

**Press Review**, whose second issue has recently appeared. Contents of the new issue include excerpts from the *Subspace International Zine Show Catalog*, as well as from the new magazine **Gayme**, the anti-racism tabloid **Turning The Tide**, and the sadly now defunct Kansas City community tabloid **Frontier Report**. Features include "Twenty Nothing" from **The Baffler**, "The Mass Psychology of Misery" excerpted from John Zerzan's soon-to-appear new book *Future Primitive*, the conclusion of "Cults of Consumption" from **Mesechabe**, "Rap, Race and Politics" from **Race & Class**, and an examination of "Clinton, Quigley and Conspiracy" from **NameBase Newsline**. And all this is in addition to all the periodical reviews, a piece on the Alternative Reading Room in Asheville, North Carolina, an interview with AK Distribution founder Ramsey Kanaan and an article on Fine Print Distributors. Sample copies of **APR** are available for \$4.50 (\$5.00 first class), and subscriptions are \$16/year (checks made out to C.A.L., please). I would hope that most **Anarchy** readers will find **Alternative Press Review** a very interesting magazine, complementing the coverage included herein.

With the departure of another regular participant in the production of this magazine, Bob White, our volunteer resources are being stretched thinner than ever. If any **Anarchy** readers with magazine experience are considering a move to the mid-west, we're looking for more potential committed participants in this project.

And finally, though there wasn't room to include our usual list of sustaining contributors on this page, we remain thankful for the extra help sustainers provide for this project. Without it, we'd be hard pressed to continue publishing in our current format and size. And, we also thank everyone who has contributed in whatever way—subscribing, writing, art, etc. It takes many hands to make this magazine what it is. -Jason M.

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**Anarchy #9** (12pp. tabloid) [Dec.'85-Jan.'86] Includes Gerry Reith's story "Foreign Policy."

**Anarchy #10** (12pp. tabloid) [Feb.-Mar.'86] Contents include the first installment of "The Papalagi."

**Anarchy #11** (12pp. tabloid) [April '86] Includes Gerry Reith's story "Winning hearts and minds."

**Anarchy #12** (12pp. tabloid) [Summer '86] Includes "Notes on playing for keeps" by Alf Sprack.

**Anarchy #13** [Weekly World Anarchy Issue] (20pp. tabloid) [Fall-Winter '86] Includes Murray Bookchin's "Theses on libertarian municipalism."

**Anarchy #14** (28pp. tabloid) [Summer '87] Includes John Zerzan's "Vagaries of negation," & "Intervention in Vietnam and Central America" by Noam Chomsky.

**Anarchy #15** (32pp. tabloid) [Winter '88] Includes "The realization and suppression of religion" by Ken Knabb & "Anarchy & religion; a dialogue."

**Anarchy #16** (32pp. tabloid) [Summer '88] Includes Holly's "My life in the porn biz," Paula Webster's "Pornography and pleasure" & more "Anarchy & religion."

**Anarchy #17** (32pp. tabloid mag.) [Fall-Winter '88-89] Includes "Who killed Ned Ludd?" by John Zerzan & "The freedom of biocentrism" by Lone Wolf Circles.

**Anarchy #18** (32pp. tabloid mag.) [March-April '89] Includes "Bigger cages, longer chains" and two reactions to the Toronto gathering's "Day of Action."

**Anarchy #19** (32pp. tabloid mag.) [May-July '89] Special issue on "Children's Sexuality."

**Anarchy #20/21** Double Issue (48pp. tabloid mag.) [Aug.-October '89] Includes Richard Walters' "Whatever happened to the sexual revolution," "Jealousy" by Isaac Cronin & Kevin Keating's "The Man in the Box."

**Anarchy #22** (32pp. tabloid mag.) [Nov.-Dec.'89] Includes "In search of the New Age" by Janos Nehek.

**Anarchy #23** (36pp. tabloid mag.) [Jan.-Feb.'89] Includes "The population myth" by Murray Bookchin & Noam Chomsky's "Propaganda American-style."

**Anarchy #24** (36pp. tabloid mag.) [March-April '90] Includes "Misinformation and manipulation: An anarchist critique of the politics of AIDS" by Joe Peacock.

**Anarchy #25** (36pp. tabloid mag.) [Summer '90] Includes "Anarchy in Eastern Europe" by Stefan Wray & "The mass psychology of misery" by John Zerzan.

**Anarchy #26** (40pp. tabloid mag.) [Fall '90] Includes "Take things from work" by bp ummfatik & Kevin Keating's "The Good, The Bad and The Angry."

**Anarchy #27** (36pp. tabloid mag.) [Winter '90-91] Special "Free the Kids" issue.

**Anarchy #28** (36pp. tabloid mag.) [Spring '91] Includes Charlatan Stew's "Myths of the anti-war movement" & James Koehnline's "Great Dismal Maroons."

**Anarchy #29** (36pp. tabloid mag.) [Summer '91] Special issue on "The Situationists and Beyond..."

**Anarchy #30** (36pp. tabloid mag.) [Fall '91] Includes Laure A's "The rebellion that never had a chance" & John Zerzan's "The catastrophe of postmodernism."

**Anarchy #31** (44pp. tabloid mag.) [Winter '92] Special issue on "Women, Gender & Anarchy."

**Anarchy #32** (44pp. tabloid mag.) [Spring '92] Special issue on "Libertarian Fiction."

**Anarchy #33** (88pp. magazine) [Summer '92] Special issue on "Abandoning Civilization."

**Anarchy #34** (88pp., magazine) [Fall '92] Includes Nick DiSpoldo's "Postcards from prison" & Max Anger's "We all hate the cops."

**Anarchy #35** (84pp., magazine) [Winter '93] Includes M.A. Jaimes' "The stone age revisited" & Manolo Gonzalez's "Life in revolutionary Barcelona."

**Anarchy #36** (84pp., magazine) [Spring '93] Includes Michael William's "Bisexuality" and part 2 of Manolo Gonzalez's "Life in Revolutionary Barcelona."

**Anarchy #37** (84pp., magazine) [Summer '93] Includes Freddy Perlman's "The Continuing Appeal of Nationalism" and John Zerzan's "Rank and File Radicalism in the KKK of the 1920s."

**Anarchy #38** (84pp., magazine) [Fall '93] Includes "For a World without Morality" from *La Banquise* and "In the Aftermath of the Spanish Civil War: Adios, Catalonia, Pt.1" by Manolo Gonzalez.



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#39





# Yeltsin's coup:

*Obviously a provocation by the government*

By Mikhail Tsovma

**T**wo days after the storming of the parliament in Moscow gunshots are still heard around Moscow and this "obvious fact" of the existence of Communist fighters and "snipers" pushes people to embrace the martial law, the curfew and police and military troops loyal to president Yeltsin as the saviors of peace and calmness of Muscovites. This situation, of course, is exactly what Yeltsin was looking for when he started his coup d'etat on September 21st and there are clear signs that he—or at least somebody from his team—was the person who worked hard to reach this result.

The media reports that Communist fighters and "snipers" somehow leaked through the lines of police and troops surrounding the White House on the day the parliament was stormed and caused many deaths among the government troops and civilians. Gunfire is

heard in various districts of Moscow, but it is quite likely that, like in Moscow's northern suburb of Otradnoye (in the evening of October 5), policemen are just firing machine guns into the air. What is it if not an outright provocation designed to make people believe they need more law and order.

Even the Moscow-based English-language periodical, *Moscow Tribune*, which seems to undoubtedly believe in the stories about Communist snipers, published several pieces revealing how the forces of law and order were too reluctant when dealing with the rioters on Sunday, October 3, during the clashes on Oktyabrskaya and Smolenskaya Square. "We've got other goals. We have other orders," a police officer is reported to have said when asked why the police, at least 120 strong, had acted slowly and done so little to stop 40 rioters when the clashes were just beginning. (John

Helmer, "Moscow Crisis: The First Spark," *Moscow Tribune*, Oct.5.)

Sometime later, when the riot was gathering its strength, Muscovites witnessed demonstrators forcing police to retreat, attacking them with their own equipment and fighting their way over the Moscow river and across the Ring Road to parliament. (Reuters, Oct.3) The police troops that were blocking the bridge across the Moscow River were rather poorly equipped (helmets, shields and rubber batons only) and stood in the line only one-man deep. It's worth mentioning that during less dramatic oppositional demonstrations in Moscow, police forces were much more heavily present and were acting much less fearfully, managing to stop the demonstrators where and when needed. An hour and a half after the beginning of this demonstration (time that is usually more than enough for the police to predict the movement





of the demonstrators and block the streets where needed) police troops once again were defeated on Smolenskaya Square not far from the White House.

These victories inspired the opposition to storm the TV center later in the evening, which somehow appeared to be unprotected. Soon after the beginning of this attack Yeltsin declared a state of emergency in Moscow, the government declared that it has been forced to use force "to end the actions of political adventurers an *is doing everything possible to avert mass bloodshed*." (Reuters, Oct.3) At 7:56 P.M. Moscow mayor Yuri Luzhkov blamed "bandits" for the deaths of two policemen and two interior ministry soldiers and the media reported that troops loyal to president were brought to Moscow.

## WHO WERE THE SNIPERS?

One of the keystones of the media campaign on October 4 were "the snipers," that is armed putschists who spread all over the city and whose numbers it was impossible to guess. One of the doctors who was evacuating the injured from the parliament was interviewed by Russian TV and said that there were a considerable number of people shot near the White

House in the morning and during the day right in their hearts, necks and heads. This was presented by the media as the evidence of the crimes of the putschists. In fact it is, but it appears more grounded to say that these were the people killed by the KGB and special police troops loyal to the government. Though there were quite a lot of arms in the White House, there were hardly any "snipers", that is people specially trained in shooting, among its defenders. It is more probable that those who were shot were shot by the snipers of KGB. (During the August 1991 coup there was much worry about whether these special KGB troops would take the side of Yeltsin or not.) Since none of these special troops declared their loyalty to the parliament, it's hardly likely that the "snipers" who killed people in dozens around the parliament were Communists.

Witnesses that were among the spectators of the storming of the White House on Oct. 4, report that there were government snipers who were shooting "in all directions" (*Moscow Tribune*, Oct. 5) and particularly at civilians. The October 6 issue of *Izvestiya*, Russia's biggest newspaper, featured a story "Troops Near The White House Shot Everything That Moves," describing how the soldiers started shooting at the windows and roofs of buildings

around the parliament if they saw anybody moving there. This went on for about two days and none of the specially trained anti-terrorist detachments of KGB were involved in the fight against the mythical snipers.

During the "sniper incident" on Novy Arbat (the only one described in the media as far as I know) soldiers from APCs shot in various directions, including the house on the embankment of the Moscow River near the parliament where dozens of people and TV crews gathered to see the fight. After the people on Novy Arbat tried to escape into one of the courtyards they were met by gunshots from the neighboring streets and the windows of the houses that composed the courtyard—the area was totally in control of the police troops and there were no "Communist fighters" there.

It is also interesting to learn how it happened that considerable numbers of armed people leaked from the White House and spread around the city. The parliament was blocked from all sides and since its defenders didn't have tanks it was almost impossible for them to get out...until they were let out by the government. The story about "unprofessional actions of the police and the military" is an old one and it is usually used by the authorities to justify more repression and the use of more troops.



This is what happened during the clash between communists and the police on the 1st of May this year. This is what happened on October 3 when the authorities let the opposition "defeat" special police troops on the streets of Moscow. This is probably how they provoked more violence during the storming of the White House.

Currently the media reports dozens of cases of journalists being arrested by the forces of law and order, severely beaten up, held in Lefortovo KGB prison (together with the leaders of parliament and dozens of civilians, including children), their films exposed. (*Izvestiya*, October 6) I doubt that any of the policemen or military will be punished for these actions—they feel that this is their time and that they can do whatever they want without being punished or anything like that. This is what they were doing for years, but what's going on now is just outrageous.

And it's not just the police and the military since every other high-ranking "democrat" is trying to take revenge on his opponents. Yeltsin had his fun destroying the parliament, Moscow's mayor Luzhkov gladly witnessed (and sanctioned, I'm sure) arrests and beatings of Moscow City Soviet deputies that had bothered him a lot concerning the legal grounds of his multiple political and business activities. Heads of local administrations are disbanding troublesome Soviets in their regions. In the situation where there are virtually no political organizations that really represent the interests of different social groups, the Soviets were almost the only opposition to the governmental course, but with their disbanding, oppositional organizations and papers closed, and martial law and censorship introduced, the road for Yeltsin's triumphant elections is clean. Long live the real freedom of choice, the choice between the Big Brother and yourself!

### POSTSCRIPT

*Vecherniya Moskva*, the Moscow evening paper, on October 6 reported that none of the president's decrees implemented censorship and that the censorship that existed was dictated by the needs of the moment, and that they won't work anymore. *Nezavisimaya Gazeta*, one of the pro-democratic, pro-Yeltsin papers appeared on that day with about half a page of blank space plus some published information lacking beginning sentences. The editor-in-chief of the hysterically pro-governmental *Moskovsky Komsomolets* said on TV that blank spaces in some of the papers is the fault of the editors. He also went as far as to declare that there will be no blank spaces in his paper because they publish the truth and nothing else but the truth, and the truth can't be censored!

*This article is being distributed by the Labour Information Centre KAS-KOR, Moscow.*

# Bloody Monday:

## Yeltsin's excuse for repression

By Laure Akai

**M**any people, including the mainstream English press in Moscow, wonder why the Omon (special police) didn't take more precautions at the Ostankino television center, and why they did such a bad job at simple crowd control. It was known for four days that the opposition was planning to take Ostankino and when they finally arrived, they rallied for over an hour before the storming began. Troops arrived at the scene much later. Others, including many pro-Yeltsinites, asked how Yegor Gaidar could go on TV and urge people to fight back. The answers are not clear. Of course people were somewhat afraid of the well-armed White House defendants. But there is more and more speculation that part of the events were provoked by pro-Yeltsin troops to rally public resentment against the opposition.

Myself and several reliable people I know were witnesses to some rather odd events that we think was part of a provocation. For example, some time around 6 or 7PM, before the tanks all started to converge on the White House, I and two friends were standing outside the Mayor's building across the street from the White House. We were completely surrounded on all sides by Yeltsin's troops. (Only after some while, as the tanks began to roll did they try to disperse us.) Every once and a while gunfire was breaking out, sometimes in the direction of the White House, sometimes in our direction. We witnessed a woman near us take out a pistol from her pocket and begin shooting in the air. It seemed entirely strange to us and we weren't sure who she was or what she was shooting at.

There was so much going on that surely few people noticed this. Then she slowly walked to the blown out 1st floor windows of the Mayor's building. We watched very intently because we

thought she might be a communist or a nationalist of sorts (although she was too well dressed) and we thought she might try to shoot one of the soldiers. She instead started to talk to one of them and entered the building from the side.

At this time the tanks started rolling so we went up Novy Arbat St. to the Garden Ring Road to try to find a telephone. Before we got to the Garden Ring Road, soldiers were trying to get us to run and create some hysteria amongst the few people who were there. On the Garden Ring Road there were a few hundred spectators. While one of us went to find a phone, I and a friend watched. Suddenly guns started firing down the road. We ran through an archway into a courtyard. We couldn't go further because there was gunfire into the courtyard where the corner house ended, and where there was an alley between that corner house and the next building on Novy Arbat St. This fire from the alley way could have only come from the troops that we had passed and who were trying to creating a panic less than 5 minutes earlier. They were the only people there.

Dozens of people tried to run into the courtyard, only to find that there was lots of gunfire there, so they were trapped in a small space where the corner building curved around from Garden Ring onto Novy Arbat St. The gunfire was apparently approaching. We noticed that there were people shooting from out of windows into the courtyard. I was wondering what the hell they were shooting at. We finally made a run for it through the courtyard, dodging bullets. I looked behind and saw something fall from the sky into the courtyard behind me. We ran further and turned back onto the Garden Ring Road.

There we witnessed general panic. There

were lots of guns being fired at the top floors of buildings and also into the crowd. I was fairly upset and wondering why Yeltsin's troops were firing into the crowd. One person said that they are trying to disperse people. I thought this is a stupid way to do it, but I accepted that explanation for a while. Then it occurred to me that the only people who could be firing into the courtyard at ground level were Yeltsin's troops. The local English language paper reported the incident. The TV reported sniper fire in several areas of the city and claimed that this was done by opposition rebels on the loose. They are using this fear to justify things like martial law. But after hearing more and more people report unusual incidents, and incidents similar to mine, I'm beginning to wonder.

Sure there were armed rebels on the loose. Many White House supporters went home on the night of the 3rd and were not able to return. When the White House was besieged by Yeltsin's troops, there were apparently several attempts made by groups of people to get into the territory of the White House. (In the morning this was virtually impossible, unless you were a journalist.) I had assumed that the people firing from the windows into the courtyards were the opposition. I was aggravated by the fact that they were firing into the courtyard. I wondered how they got into the buildings, if any of them actually resided in that swank neighborhood or if they broke into apartments.

At this point however I think that it was not the opposition which was doing the firing into that courtyard. They were not running around the streets firing at innocent people, and as far as I know, there were many instances of them trying to get people out of the line of fire. They generally operated by selecting their targets and going directly for them. Why would they





Crowds on the street watch sadly as the White House burns. On the rooftops, foreign businessmen and journalists applaud each time one of the opposition is shot. Photo by Mikhail Tsovm.

fire into the courtyard and not in the other direction, into Yeltsin's troops? And what happened to these people up there in the building? They weren't killed or arrested; the media would have shown them and labeled them murderers. That particular house was not even fired upon or stormed. Yeltsin's troops, which were stationed right outside this house on Novy Arbat St. decided not to fire up at the windows from which gunfire was coming, but rather into the courtyard into which people, including bystanders, were fleeing.

Another weird incident: two different journalists reported seeing 10 militia men shooting into the air in the Otradnoye section, just north of Moscow. Why were they there and why were they firing into the air? They suggested that perhaps they were trying to create a panic. There are already dozens of reports of such irregularities. Of course little has made it into the mainstream media, except in the English language press, which isn't sold on the streets, which almost no Russians read, and which hasn't been subjected to censorship. In the *Moscow Tribune* on Oct. 5 there was a very vivid description of the beginning of the action on Sunday Oct. 3. (Neither English language paper appears on Monday.) Apparently the violence was started by about 10 people who ran into the street from out of a crowd of 40 demonstrators. 120 Omonovtsy (special police) stood without reacting. They weren't even wearing helmets. When a reporter from the *Tribune* asked why they were doing nothing, he was told "We've got other goals. We have other orders." Only after 45 minutes, when the crowd had grown substantially in size, did they act, and only then half-heartedly.

It is obvious to anybody who has seen these troops in action that they deliberately let the crowd gather and storm the Mayor's building and the White House. Just a few days earlier, when they arrived at the White House, they had an almost airtight seal on the place, and did a much better job of kicking ass and preventing a much larger and better armed crowd from

going anywhere near the White House. As a matter of fact, in this case they ran away from the demonstrators. At Ostankino, tanks that were headed to the area turned back just before the storming. Why? It has even conservatives and moderates like the *Moscow Tribune* asking, "Could this have been a trap to encourage the violent elements on parliament's side to provide the justification the government needed to respond with the force it had sworn not to initiate?" [John Helmer, "Moscow Crisis: The First Spark," *Moscow Tribune*, Oct. 5, 1993].

You bet this was a trap. What better way to justify the violence and the censorship, political repression and so on that followed? Also, by allowing these people to storm buildings, they had a concrete target to bombard. Of course lots of innocent bystanders also got hurt in the events. This too was part of the provocation. How did I and my friends get right to the seen of the action during crossfire? The soldiers pointed out the route for us. How come pedestrians were allowed to come so near to fighting? Was it that the soldiers couldn't control the crowd? They usually do a pretty good job completely blocking traffic when they want to. How come on Oct. 5, troops were shooting at "snipers" on Novy Arbat street, but put up absolutely no obstacle to pedestrian traffic? As far as the last question is concerned, the answer is simple: for all the bullets that Yeltsin's troops were firing up at rooftops, no bullets were being fired back down.

One man who witnessed this yesterday asked, "How can it be that they've been firing two days already and haven't caught the snipers? It doesn't seem like anyone's there. And how could they let people walk the streets like that?" *Izvestia* reports that it is the city police and the regular army who are the only ones being used to shoot at the snipers. They are not specially trained at this. There are however many, many special troops that are. Where are they? *Izvestia* got past the censors with an article entitled "Troops Near the White House

Shot At Everything That Moved." This is in fact what they did, but also what they shouldn't have done.

Now people are trying to justify this, saying that undoubtedly there were armed insurgents in the crowd, and that the people there were looking for trouble. But this was not the case. Now they keep making up stories about "snipers on the loose" and how communists were firing indiscriminantly into crowds of innocent people. They cannot hide the fact that they shot into the crowd so they have to make up justifications for their actions and they blame the whole situation on the inhuman insurgents who put the civilian population in jeopardy.

In fact it was Yeltsin and Grachev who put the crowd in danger, whose forces shot onlookers. More and more witnesses are coming forward to say that many of these "snipers" were in fact KGB or some similar Yeltsinite force. For example, the snipers at the Mezhdunarodnaya Hotel were let in past security. Would the security guards at this swank hotel which houses many shops and is adjacent to the Trade Center, housing many multi-national offices, have let opposition "snipers" through? If the hotel was stormed, how come there isn't a single report of it in the media? How come the media then describes the "snipers" at the hotels as part of the insurgents? More than likely, the snipers who were on the heavily guarded Hotel Mir across from the White House were also from the government. Also, residents of the buildings from which snipers were shooting have also come forward to say that these were government snipers, but none of this has been reported in the media.

Yeltsin has a lot of blood on his hands, especially the blood of the people killed in anyone of the "sniper incidents" that were manufactured to create public outrage and fear and to provide him with reasons to justify his actions and political repression.



As always, we're happy to exchange with other periodicals (of 8 pages or more—or 4 pages if tabloid size). I try to list all the anarchist publications that we receive in a timely way, but please be aware that there are times when this is impossible due to time and space limitations. Also keep in mind that the *Anarchy* issue we send for exchanges will be the one your publication is reviewed in, so please be patient. Please note that we no longer exchange with non-English-language publications that are not anarchist in orientation. (And for those concerned about also getting exchange copies of *Anarchy's* sister magazine, *Alternative Press Review*, you need not send us two copies of your publication.)



**FIFTH ESTATE** #343/Fall-Winter '93 (4632 Second Ave., Detroit, MI. 48201) is a 32-page anti-civilization, anti-tech, anarcho-primitivist tabloid, consistently publishing some of the most intelligent writing in the radical milieu. This issue features an important analysis of "The PLO/Israeli treaty: Another defeat for the Palestinians" by George Bradford & E.B. Maple, Rob Riled's "Bosnia: End of the state or state of the end?" (on the rise of "warlordism" during the break-up of mega-states) and a response by Eddie Sabot titled "Putting 'fact' before poetry: a response." Also included is an update on the "McLibel 2" (being sued for spreading the truth about McDonalds), "U.S. gunmen to leave Somalia?" and coverage of the recent split in the Love & Rage network. **FE** is always highly recommended, and this issue is even livelier than many. Single copies are \$1.50; subscriptions are quite cheap at \$6.00/4 issues.

**HERE AND NOW** #14/1993 (c/o Transmission Gallery, 28 King Street, Glasgow G1 5QP, Scotland; or POB 109 Leeds, West Yorkshire LS5 3AA, England) is at long last another impressive 64-page issue of this "Magazine of Radical Ideas," featuring a number of interesting and useful articles from Karl Baxter's "What future for the rave," and Arch Stanton's "The political economy

## Anarchist press review

Compiled by Jason McQuinn

of Ecstasy" (the drug, that is), to Tom Jennings' "The hidden injuries of theory," and Douglas Spencer's "Redefining the radical: PC as media scare and translation." This journal, with its emphasis on the critique of managerialism, professionalism and bureaucratic ideologies, is almost always a refreshing change from the heavy-handed, and usually anachronistic, analyses of the PC left—including left-anarchists. It remains one of the more important magazines publishing in the radical milieu. Single copies are £1.20; subscriptions are £3/3 issues.

**NOT BORED** #22/Aug.'93 (POB 3421 Wayland Square, Providence, RI. 02906) is a highly individual statement in the form of an 86-page, photocopied situationist-influenced zine—back after a year's absence. This issue includes the publisher's lengthy ruminations "On the trail of various and sundry legends of freedom" (searching for traces of the COBRA group in Copenhagen, visiting Marx's grave in London, detouring posters in the Paris metro, experiencing the annual *Fasnacht* in Zürich, visiting the "Pynchon in Berlin" exhibit in a Berlin gallery, and impressions of St. Petersburg and Moscow), an analysis of German fascism under the title of "A Jew who chose to stay in Germany," a translation of a "Tract by Marcel Mariën," and a review of "A year in music," followed by a piece titled "Ice-T & the gang cease-fire." Always an engaging, often entertaining, read. No price listed; I'd send a couple bucks for a copy.

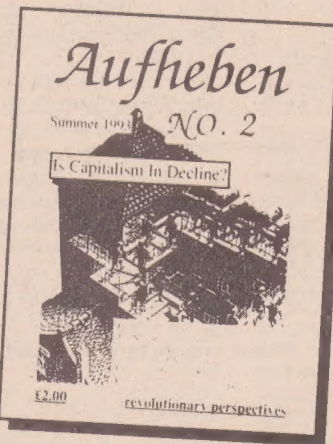
**R.A.G.E! FOR CHOICE** unnumbered/undated (c/o Emma Center, 3451 Bloomington Ave. S., Mpls, MN. 55407) is an unpaginated anarchist feminist zine produced "for the occasion of kicking Operation Rescue's butt outta Mpls." The title is an acronym for "Resist, Agitate, Gyrate, Educate." It includes "Population control is not choice!" Ms. Abinni's "A complicated tirade on Christianity," a reprint of Estrogen X's "Not just for the rich and white!" (from *Madworld Survival Guide*), and a reprint of Peggy Kornegger's classic essay "Anarchism: The feminist connection" (from the *Quiet Rumours* anthology). Copies are available for \$2 + postage.

**RAVEN** #22/April & #23/July '93 (Freedom Press, 84b Whitechapel High Street, London E1 7QX, England) is a well-produced, 96-page quarterly journal published as a companion to **Freedom: Anarchist Fortnightly** listed below. The theme for issue #22 is "Crime" and includes Tony Gibson on "Delinquency then and now" (then referring to his article on the subject in 1963 published in the London journal

*Anarchy*), John Pilgrim on "Crime, delinquency and the state," Colin Ward on "Penal reform: The great British failure," and John Myhill on "Children abusing adults—Rule 43" (a critical look at the child sexual-abuse hysteria which has now reached Britain). Issue #23 includes articles covering aspects of "Spain: Under Franco and after," as well as Donna Farmer's "Emma Goldman, A voice for women?" Subscriptions are £12/year.

### ALSO RECEIVED:

**Alarm** #7/Summer & #8/Autumn '93 (POB 804, Burlington, VT. 05402) is a 24-page zine subtitled "Voice of Revolutionary Ecology," and is no longer billed as "a voice of Northeast Earth First!" The Summer issue includes Orin Langelle's proposal for a sort of synthetic deep ecology/social ecology in "Defining practice from the field: Revolutionary ecology." The Autumn issue includes a lengthy interview of native Cree concerning "James Bay: The current situation." Subscriptions are \$10/year.



**Aufheben** #2/Summer '93 (c/o Prior House, Tilbury Place, Brighton, E. Sussex, BN2 2GY, U.K.) is a promising new 52-page magazine of "Revolutionary Perspectives," featuring interesting essays on "Class decomposition in the New World Order: Yugoslavia unravelled," "Somalia and the 'Islamic threat' to global capital," and "Decadence: The theory of decline or the decline of theory." Subscriptions are £8/3 issues (I.M.O.s only).

**Black Flag** #203/Autumn '93 (BM Hurricane, London WC1N 3XX, England) is back again after a two year absence—now as a 32-page anarcho-syndicalist magazine, still subtitled "For Anarchist Resistance." This issue in-

cludes coverage on Nigeria, a "Security alert" concerning Gerry Gable of the English magazine *Searchlight*, and Albert Meltzer on "Ringing down the Iron Curtain." Cover price is £1, subscriptions are £8/4 issues.



**Black Fist** #3/undated (15110 Bellaire, Box 317, Houston, TX. 77083) is a growing, 36-page "anarchist magazine of radical politics, culture and society." This issue includes "Peace? War!" (on Operation Rescue's defeat in Dallas), and a couple pieces of anarchist history—"Anarchism in Mexico 1860-1900" and "Anarchism in Spain 1860-1900," both by Malacoda X. Cover price is \$3; subscriptions are \$6/year (7 issues).

**Eastern Orthodox Threat** #5/undated & **Face the Threat** #6/undated (3018 J St. #140, Sacramento, CA. 95816) is the playful 16-page tabloid successor to **Alphabet Threat, Bicycle Threat, Castration Threat and Deep Threat**. Contributions to issue #5 include entertaining pieces like "Giggle at the state: An absurdist womanifesto," a humorous centerspread map of "Sacramento: Your guide to our treasures," and "The summer of grunge." Issue #6 features a piece on "How to fuck shit up for the underground press: Eight lessons from the late '60s and early '70s for the aspiring government agent." Send a couple stamps or a donation for a sample copy.

**Freedom; Anarchist fortnightly** Vol. 54, #16/7 Aug. thru #21/30 Oct. '93 (84b Whitechapel High Street, London E1 7QX, England) is a long-running 8-page tabloid of news and comment. These issues includes pieces on everything from anti-fascism, anarchist organization, and cults, to strike news from Nepal and India, and an interview with Noam Chomsky. Subscriptions are £18.00/year (24 issues).

**Kick it Over** #32/Fall '93 (POB 5811, Stn. A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1P2, Canada) is the second issue of this 48-page magazine published by a new editorial collective. This issue, focussing on a theme of "Living in the City," includes an account of the (New Jersey) "North Camden Squats: Using squatting to build community" by Tom



**Knoche**, an excerpt from Murray Bookchin's important *The Limits of the City* on "Libertarian municipalism," a fairly dismal account of the reformist political party "Ecology Montréal: Green city politics" by Phillip Chee, and a relentlessly reformist call for "Human ecology & community politics" by the London (England) Values and Vision group. Sample copies are \$3; subscriptions are \$9/year (4 issues).

**Love and Rage/Amor y Rabia** Vol.4, #3/June-July '93 (Box 3, Prince St. Station, New York, NY. 10012) is a 20-page left anarchist news-bimonthly published in English & Spanish. This issue includes lots of short news pieces in sections titled "Notes of Revolt," "Anarchist Black Cross," "International News and Notes," and "Klan on the run," along with Richard Van Savage's "Squatters and the roots of Mau Mau: A history of squatting in Kenya," and a centerspread of reprints on the theme of "Strategy Moving towards Revolution." Subscriptions are \$9.00/year.

**Practical Anarchy** #8/Nov.'93 (Chuck Munson, POB 173, Madison, WI. 53701-0173) is a 26-page zine now focussing on anarchist news, reviews and resources. This issue includes a section on "North American Anarchist News," including coverage of this year's gatherings, and a reprint of Boog Highberger's "What is money?" (from an old issue of *The Gentle Anarchist*). Send \$2 for a sample copy; subscriptions are \$7/4 issues.

**Sic** #1/undated (c/o Folder 19, 30 Silver Street, Reading RG1, England) is a brand new "zine that intends to look at the everyday with a mind to change it." This first, promising issue includes articles on "Fast food: When you're hungry for fun!" "Thoughts on television," and "Giving the status quo." The cover price is 90 pence.

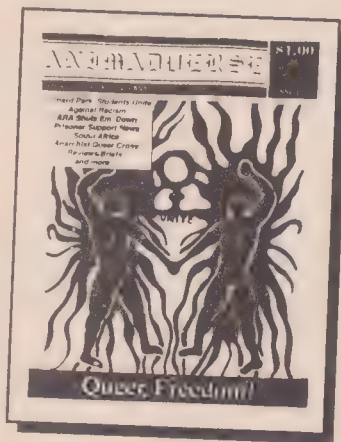
**Slingshot** #49/Summer & #50/Fall '93 (700 Eshleman Hall, Berkeley, CA. 94720) is a 16-page anti-imperialist, anti-war, anti-authoritarian student tabloid for the UC-Berkeley area community. The Summer issue features cover stories on "Transgender rage against the psychiatric establishment" by Transgender Nation, and "SLAPP suits: Questions for the movement" by Michael Lee. The Fall issue includes cover stories on the San Francisco "Crackdown!" on Food Not Bombs and the homeless, and many short news pieces, mostly focussed on the S.F. Bay area. Send \$2 for a sample copy.

**Welcome to the World of Insurance!** unnumbered/undated (POB 5184, Bethlehem, PA. 18015) is a hilarious 50-page one-shot zine, subtitled "Welcome to Corporate Hell," produced by an insurance industry temp worker bent on exposing the business, in this case the Firemen's Fund Insurance Company. This type of business disorientation manual should be mass-distributed by radicals in every industry! Send \$3 cash for a copy.

**A Infos** #12/May-Aug.'93 (c/o Int. Secr. LAS, POB 61523, 2506 am Den Haag, Netherlands) is a 6-page photocoped information bulletin (in tiny print) covering recent events in the Netherlands. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

**Anarchist Age Monthly Review** #35/Nov.'93 (Mutual Aid, POB 20, Parkville 3052, Melbourne, Australia) is a 40-page newsletter consisting of photocoped reprints from other sources, along with reprints of the *Anarchist Age Weekly Review*. This issue, undoubtedly the best yet published, includes lots of information from Russia on Yeltsin's October coup in Moscow. Subscriptions are \$18/6 issues.

**@ News** #3/June-Oct.'93 (POB 30557, 10033 Athens, Greece) is a 4-page "Informative Bulletin" published in concert with the Greek-language *Anarchic Intervention*. This issue documents a long string of molotov attacks against (mostly) political party offices in Athens. Send a contribution for a sample.



**Anim@verse** #9/July-Aug.'93 (POB 57464, Jackson Stn., Hamilton, Ontario L8P 4X3, Canada) is a 16-page anarchist/autonomist zine covering "issues of oppression and struggles towards the liberation and self-determination of all beings." Single copies are \$1; subscriptions are \$8/6 issues (cash only) or trade.

**Black and Red** #7/Sept.-Oct. & #8/Nov.-Dec.'93 (c/o Hill, 160 Lefferts Ave., Brooklyn, NY. 11225) is an 18-page "Newsletter of the @narchist Caucus" which is "committed to building an anarchist presence within" the Committees of Correspondence. Issue #7 is notable for its misleading (white-washing?) description of the recent Love & Rage split, and Mary Shelley's account of the "Phillie Anarchist Gathering." No price listed; send an SASE for a copy.

**Bulletin of Action** unnumbered/July '93 (c/o Piotr Rymarczyk, ul. Grzybowska 30/914, 00-863 Warszawa, Poland) is a new 2-page info-bulletin of "Anarchist news from Poland." Send a contribution for a copy.

**Communiqué After Dark** #0/undat-

ed (Inspiracy Press, POB 81392, Cleveland, OH. 44181-0392) is a 32-page zine incorporating reprints from its own earlier issues, including Bob Black on "The latest from Loompanics," Black and Gerry Reith on Mike Gunderloy's *Factsheet Five*, and editor Rodney Griffith's "Beyond the fringe" critique of the marginals milieu. Copies are \$3 postpaid.

**The Connection** #192/undated (Box 3343F, Fairfax, VA 22038) is a 56-page apa, formerly titled *The Libertarian Connection*, featuring page upon page of tiny-print discussions, all originating from reader-participants. Sample copies are \$2.50; subscriptions are \$20/8 issues (checks to E. Strauss).

**Consume or Die** #1/undated (c/o So. Or. ARA, POB 3405, Ashland, OR. 97520) is a new, unpaginated zine of "equality and anarchy, period." This issue includes prisoner support news along with a short piece on "Children and revolutionary babysitting." Sample copies are \$1 ppd. or trade.

**Contra Flow** #7/Sept.'93 (56a Info Shop, 56 Crampton St., London SE17, U.K.) is a 22-page info-zine formerly titled *56a Info Shop Bulletin*. It carries radical news "the general media doesn't touch" compiled "from radical journals and leaflets," including updates on the Twyford Down struggle and the legal action taken by McDonalds against the anti-McDonalds campaign by the anarchist London Greenpeace. Send a donation for a sample.

**Discussion Bulletin** #61/Sept-Oct.'93 (POB 1564, Grand Rapids, MI. 49501) is an occasionally interesting 32-page assortment of letters and reprinted articles primarily from the anti-market, non-stalst radical milieu. Subscriptions are \$3/year (6 issues).

**Exposing Mirage** #1/Sept.'93 (22 Standard Ave., West Warwick, RI. 02893) is a brand new unpaginated zine billed as the editor Jason McGill's "self-therapy" in his search for "personal liberation." This very readable issue includes news on anarcho-syndicalist Jon Bekken's threat to sue Autonomedia (over a book-jacket quote on Bob Black's new *Friendly Fire*), a quick self-critique titled "Punk...just the beginning," "Pieces of me," and an account of "The 1993 Mid-Atlantic Anarchist Gathering." Copies are \$1 + 2 stamps.

**Fatal Depression** #1/undated (Pail, 7904 Poplar Rd., Severn, MD. 21144) is a new 24-page zine containing reader submissions along with reprints from the Anarchist Youth Federation and ACID Inc. Sample copies are \$1.75.

**FAU International News Flash** #4/Sept.'93 (International Sekretariat, Freie Arbeiterinnen Union Geko, c/o Buchladen Le Sabot, Breite Strasse 76, D-53111 Bonn, Germany) is a 6-page English-language summary of the German-language anarchist-syndicalist tabloid *Direkte Aktion*. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

**Flower Power** #2/Aug.'93 (POB 78068, RPO Grandview, 2606 Commer-

cial Dr., Vancouver, B.C. V5N 5W1, Canada) is a thick, unpaginated new zine, which includes lots of hand-written letters, comments, etc., along with a "Tour diary," and an info on the "Portland riots" (in response to a police attack on the anarchist gathering there). Sample copies are \$3.

**Green Revolution** unnumbered/undated (POB 845, Bristol BS99 4QE, England) is a 4-page news sheet, this issue a "MOVE Special" on John Africa and the Philadelphia police attacks on MOVE. Single copies are 20 pence.

**The Infinite Onion** #7/May '93 (POB 263, Colorado Springs, CO. 80901) is a lively, 32-page anarcho-punk zine featuring an interviews with the publishers of *Artflux* zine, and with members of the *Ché Café* collective, along with lots of other short articles. Unfortunately, the extra-small print makes it hard to read in places. Sample copies are now \$1.50 postpaid.

**Lesbian & Gay Freedom Movement** #8/Winter '93 (BM Box 207, London, WC1N 3XX, England) is an excellent little 12-page zine campaigning for sexual liberation without the usual blind spots. This issue includes a cover article titled "Sadomasochism is a part of sexual liberation." Single copies are 70p (cash only) postpaid. These folks also have produced an *Child-Adult Loving Update* #1/Autumn '93 "resource-list of positive and/or useful sources, and other information." No price listed.

**Little Free Press** #91 & #92/both dated Oct.'93 (714 Third St. SE, Little Falls, MN. 56345-3510), a long-running 4-page newsletter of ideas for living freely in a "priceless economic system," is surprisingly back again after publisher Earnest Mann announced its end last year. Subscriptions are now \$2 (subscription length as yet undetermined).

**The Meander Quarterly** Vol.5, #3/Nov.'93 (c/o Ed Stamm, POB 1402, Lawrence, KS. 66044) is a 20-page "Newsletter of evolutionary anarchists" consisting of letters from contributors, now in the hands of a new (and also the original) coordinator. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

**Media Blitz** #4/1994 (POB 20420, London Terrace Station, New York, NY. 10011) is a 24-page zine featuring interviews with Black Rain and The Haters. Send \$2 for a sample copy.

**MuseLetter** #19/July thru #24/Dec.'93 (Richard Heinberg, 1433 Olivet Rd., Santa Rosa, CA. 95401) is a very readable 4-page monthly comment zine. Each issue includes one essay or review. Issue #19 sensibly argues "Don't enshrine the New Physics—just yet," while issue #24 covers the publisher's search for "Paradise and the return to the wild." Subscriptions are \$15/year.

**News & Views from [the former] Sovietsky Soyuz** #2/Aug.'93 (Mikhail Tsosvma, 21-62 Volzhsky Blvd., Moscow 109462, Russia/CIS) is a very readable new 12-page bulletin of anarchist and

## OTHER PERIODICALS RECEIVED:



# Alternative Media Review

labor news from the former USSR. This issue includes information on the new "anarcho-capitalist" "Libertarian Workers Union" in Moscow, Vlad Tupikin's report on "The Donbass strike" (by miners), Evaldas Balchunas on "Privatization in Lithuania, and Mikhail Tsovma on "The mistakes and misfortunes of Russian 'Labourism'." This is well worth checking out. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

**News From Poland #A/1993** (FA, c/o An Arché, Uniwersytet Śląski, Bankowa 12, 40-007 Katowice, Poland) is the third issue of this interesting 8-page, English-language "World Bulletin of Federacja Anarchistyczna," containing the latest news on struggles involving the Polish anarchist movement, along with an extensive list of Polish anarchist contact addresses. Send a contribution for a copy.

**Nihilist Glee Club #4-#6/undated** (24 Tuckett St., Hamilton, Ontario L8P 2A7, Canada) is a 16-page comics zine. Send \$1 for a sample.

**No Nation Bulletin #15/Autumn '93** (People to People Friendship Ass., c/o Sören Groth, Ådalen, Saltå Arb. Skola, 15 300 Järna, Sweden) is a photocopied 16-page exchange of short letters and announcements from people living on different continents. This issue includes a piece by Steve Lund titled "Boycott the U.S.A." (calling for a tourist boycott to protest the drug war and skyrocketing prisoner populations). Subscriptions are U.S.\$5/year (4 issues).

**RSVP #13/Sept. & #14/Oct.'93** (Tad Davies, 821 Highview Ave., Manhattan Beach, CA. 90266) is a 52-page "co-op publication of writers and a publisher concerned about freedom issues of many different views," with a fair number of anarchists and anti-authoritarians involved. Issue #13 includes Bob Black on Factsheet Five, and a reprinted report on the Randy Weaver trial in Idaho (following the attack on his cabin by the feds). Issue #14 includes Lee Bonfield's "Whole in one, @ = doubt it, or schizophrenics unite!" Both issues include special sections of reprinted articles on the theme of "Kops as Killers." Subscriptions are \$16/year (8 issues + occasional bonus issues).

**The Shadow #30/Oct.-Dec.'93** (POB 20298, New York, NY. 10009) is a 24-page tabloid covering alternative scenes on the Lower East Side in New York, including updates on the Tompkins Square Park struggle, and the squatting scene. This paper is a model of the kind of "cop watching" coverage every city should have. Subscriptions are \$10/year (? issues).

**Underground #2/undated** (POB 3285, London SW2 3NW, England) is a visually impressive, 4-page, newspaper-sized subversive equivalent to the *National Enquirer*. Lots of short articles, along with bizarre pseudo-advertisements mixed in with a few of the real thing. Worth getting if you could use a few laughs. Send a contribution.

## NON-ENGLISH-LANGUAGE PERIODICALS RECEIVED:

**A Infos #35/Juin '93** (Humeurs Noires [F.A.], BP 79, 59370 Mons en Baroeul, France) is the 8-page French edition of the A-Infos International "Bulletins d'information"—meant for spreading news for publication in anarchist periodicals. Send a contribution for a sample copy; subscriptions are \$16/year (IMO payable to ALDIR).

**A-Kontra #46-48/April, #49-53/July & #54-57/Dec.'93** (POB 552, 17000 Praha 7, Czech Republic) is a 32 to 60-page "anarchist zine, published by people from Č.A.S. (Czechoslovak Anarchist Union)" which includes an English-language summary up front. Send a contribution for a sample.

**Anarchic Intervention #8/Spring(?) '93** (POB 30557, 10033 Athens, Greece) is an 12-page tabloid published in collaboration with Angels Mutiny. Send a contribution for a sample.

**The Anarchist #73/Mah '93** (Y.Kastanaras, Argiroupolos 27, Athens 11471, Greece) is a 12-page Greek-language zine from Athens featuring anarchist news. Send a contribution for a sample.

**Anares Info #40/undated** (Postfach 229, CH-3000 Bern 8, Switzerland) is the 24-page German-language newsletter of this archive and library. Write for more information.



**Aspirin Won't Help #1/undated & #2/May '93** (Mikhail Tsovma, 21-62 Volzhsky Blvd., Moscow 109462, Russia/CIS) is a brand new unpaginated Russian-language zine "which strives to deal with the ideological hunger from which Russian radical circles suffer." The first issue features a translation of George Bradford's "The triumph of capital" (from *Fifth Estate*), and a brief overview of the Situationist International. Issue #2 features a lengthy analysis of the fall of Soviet totalitarianism, and a translation of Max Anger's "We all hate the cops"—on the L.A. riots (from *Anarchy*). Send a contribution for a copy.

**Brand #55/Maj & #56/Juni '93** (Box 150 15, S-104 65 Stockholm,

Sweden) is a lively, 32-page Swedish-language magazine, with consistently good photography and a fairly activist slant. Issue #55 includes an interview with Matt Black of *Love & Rage*. Issue #56 includes an English-language summary at the back. Cover price is 20KR.

**Buiten de Orde Vol.4, #1 & #3/undated** (Vrije Bond, Postbus 1338, 3500 BH Utrecht, Netherlands) is a 28 to 36-page Dutch-language magazine of local and international anarchist news and reviews. Subscriptions are 10 guilders/year.

**CNT #152/Agosto, #153/Sept. & #154/Oct.'93** (CNT-Periódico, Apartado de Correos 2.271, 18.080 Granada, Spain) is the 24-page, Spanish-language newspaper of the anarcho-sindicalist Confederación Nacional del Trabajo (National Confederation of Workers union). Subscriptions are 2,500ptas./year (12 issues).

**Comunitas #1/1992 & #2-3/1993** (c/o ZAPO, Tkalciceva 38, 41000 Zagreb, Croatia) is a new zine published by ZAPO (Zagreb Anarcho-Pacifist Organization), whose first (unpaginated) issue includes short pieces on "Anarchism," "Pacifism," "Nazism" and "Racism," and whose second (32-page) issue includes a piece describing ZAPO. Send a contribution for a sample.

**Corre@ #24/Oct.'93** (N. Méndez, Casilla 25, Fac. Ingeniería, UCV, Ciudad Universitaria, Caracas 1040, Venezuela) is a 20-page, Spanish-language libertarian socialist quarterly—"the only libertarian publication in Venezuela," founded in 1987. Also available from the same address is the 6-page, Spanish-language *La Gazet@*, subtitled "Organo de Difusion de las Ideas Anarquistas." Send a contribution for a sample copy.

**Direkte Aktion Vol.5, #1/Spring & #2/Sommer '93** (A.S.O., Postboks 303, 1502 København V., Denmark) was a tabloid of the now-defunct Anarcho-Syndicalist Organization (A.S.O.), and is now a more general 12 to 16-page, Danish-language anarchist-syndicalist quarterly, including a one-page English-language news supplement. Subscriptions are 30Kr/year (4 issues).

**Ekintza Zuzena: Revista Libertaria #13/Otoño '93** (Ediciones EZ Argitaraldiak, Apdo. 235, Postakutxa, 48080 Bilbo, Bizkaia, Spain) is a slick, 64-page Spanish-language "libertarian review" from the Basque country. This issue includes pieces on "El fraude del movimiento ecologista vaso," and "Prostitución y feminismo," along with a great cover collage. Subscriptions are \$15/4 issues).

**Exegers! #12/Nov.'92 & #13-14/Feb.'93** (Anarchist Coll, POB 30658, Athens 10033, Greece) is a 16 to 20-page, Greek-language newspaper whose title translates as "Riot" or "Revolt." Issue #12 includes "State syndicalism: The enemy is the same," and "Laws and decrees get abolished on the barricades" (on the contron-

tational transportation workers struggle in Athens). Cover price is 250 drachmas.

**Le Frondeur #1/Juill.-Sept.'90** (B.P. 105, 94402 Vitry Cedex, France) is apparently an 8-page, French-language pro-situationist bulletin. Single copies are 5 francs.

**Hors d'Ordre #3/Juin '93** (Collectif Hors d'Ordre, 64, rue de Maisonneuve, app.4, Québec, Québec G1R 2C3, Canada) is a French-language publication, subtitled "Bulletin de Reflexions Libertaires." This issue features "Le crépuscule de la modernité" by Nicolas Calvé, Mark Fortier & Eric Pineault. Send \$2 for a sample copy.

**dott. Leete #0/Autunno '93** (c/o G.C.A. Pinelli, via Roma 48, 87019 Spezzano Albanese [CS], Italy) is a brand new 40-page, Italian-language journal of "Ideazioni Anarchiche Del Diritto & Rovescio," published as a supplement to *Umanita' Nova*. This first issue includes reprints from Noam Chomsky and Mary Wollstonecraft, along with an interview with Ernst Bloch titled "Marx, Bakunin e lo stato." Included with subscriptions to the weekly *Umanita' Nova* at US \$55.00/year.

**Libera Volo #51/Junio thru #53/Sept.'93** (A.R.P., PO Box 57, Sakyo Yubinkyoku, J-606 Kyoto, Japan) is the 6-page Japanese-language newsletter of the Federacio Anarkista of Japan. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

**Le Libertaire; Revue de Synthese Anarchiste #137/Juin, #138/Juillet & #139/Sept.'93** (25 rue Dumé d'Alepont, 76600 Le Havre, France) is a 4-page, monthly, French-language "review of synthetic anarchism" published by the Union des anarchistes. International subscriptions are 80F/year (10 issues).

**El Libert@rio #25/Mayo-Junio & #26/Agosto '93** (Brasil 1551, 1154 Buenos Aires, Argentina) is the 4-page, Spanish-language newspaper of the Federacion Libertaria Argentina. The lead story for issue #25 is "1993: Crisis y demagogia electoralista." Send a contribution for a sample copy.

**Mac Pariadka #12/June '93** (PO Box 67, 81-806 Sopot 6, Poland) is a 64-page Polish-language journal, including articles on education, pornography and the Polish scene. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

**Mavro Rodo #3/Ιούλιος 1993** (PO Box 10005, 54110 Thessaloniki, Greece) is an impressive 100-page Greek-language "libertarian-anarchist review for humans and their culture," whose title translates as "Black Rose." This issue includes an account of the attitudes of 19th century Greek anarchists and socialists toward the Balkan Federation, along with translations, fiction and news. Cover price is 800 drachmas, or send a contribution or trade for a sample.

**Mordicus #10/Été '93** (BP 11, 75622 Paris Cedex 13, France) is an



18-page issue of this French-language tabloid, featuring a cover spoof (and including an interview with and other articles) on the spectacular schoolkid hostage-taking episode in France, which gained an immense amount of media coverage. The cover price is 20F; subscriptions are 100F/? issues.

**Muco** #1/undated (Parasite Conspiracy, c/o Oliva, C.P. 1739 Succ.5, 06100 Perugia, Italy) is a new unpaginated, Italian-language zine that "works on decoding the most underhanded elements of the system (advertising, information, media, spectacle society)." No price listed; send a contribution.

**De Nar** #80/Mel, #81/Juni, #82/Juli, #83/Aug. & #85/Okt.'93 (V.Z.W. De Nar, Postbus 104, B-1210, Brussels 21, Belgium)—which translates as "The Fool"—is a 4 to 8-page Dutch-language "monthly anti-authoritarian newspaper." Send a contribution for a sample copy.

**Perspectief** #32/undated (Libertaire Studiegroep, Dracenastraat 21, 9000 Gent, Belgium) is a 64-page Dutch-language journal of libertarian perspectives. This issue focusses on nationalism and the extreme right. Subscriptions are 300 Belgian fr or 20 Dutch fl/year (4 issues).

**Le Połnt D'Interrogations** unnumbered/1993 (Hème c/o I.S., B.P. 243, 75564 Paris Cedex 12, France [don't mention the publication name in the address]) is an 18-page, French-language, radical anti-tech journal. This issue includes a review of the first issue of **Lantern Waste**, and a long "Lettre de Guyane." No price listed; send a contribution.

**Rojo y Negro** #43/Marzo, #45/Mayo, #46/Junio, #47/Julio & #48/Sept.'93 (Sagunto 15, pral., 28010 Madrid, Spain) is the 16-page, Spanish-language newspaper of the reformist anarcho-syndicalist C.G.T. (Confederación General del Trabajo—a split from

the anarcho-syndicalist C.N.T. in Spain). Subscriptions are 1,000ptas/year (12 issues).

**Schwarzer Faden** #46/April '93 (Postfach 1159, 7043 Grafenau-1, Germany) is a well-produced 72-page, German-language magazine, subtitled "Vierteljahresschrift Für Lust und Freiheit." This issue includes Peter Bieri on "Feindbild Mensch: Ökofaschismus und New Age," and an account of "Libertäre Tage: Kritik und Gegenkritik ein Mosaik unterschiedlichster Sichtweisen." Subscriptions are 50.-DM/8 issues.

**Social Harmony** #7/July(?) & #8/Oct.'93 (POB 76148, Nea Smirni T.K. 17110, Athens, Greece) is an 8-page, Greek-language anarcho-communist/communist bimonthly. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

**Solidaridad Obrera** #240/Agosto & #241/Sept.'93 (Ronda de San Antonio, 13 pral 08001-Barcelona, Spain) is the 8-page Spanish-language regional

newspaper of the anarcho-syndicalist C.N.T. in Catalonia. The front-page stories headlined in the September issue is "Contra la crisis anarcho-sindicalismo," and announcements of the Sept.-Oct. anarcho-syndicalist "Exposició Internacional" in Barcelona. Sample copies are 100ptas plus 20ptas postage.

**Telegraph** Vol.4, #4/April thru #10/Oct.'93 (Schliemannstr. 22, Berlin O-1058, Germany) is a 48 to 64-page German-language publication from East Berlin covering the current situation in Germany. Subscriptions are 34DM/year.

**Umanita' Nova** Vol 73, #14/25 Aprile thru #33/24 Ottobre '93 (c/o G.C.A. Pinelli, via Roma 48, 87019 Spezzano Albanese [CS], Italy) is the 4 to 8-page, Italian-language weekly newspaper of the Federazione Anarchica Italiana. Subscriptions are US \$55.00/year.

## Dropping out of the 'Me Generation'

Review by Sean Donahue

*Under the Bridge: Notes from a ME Generation Dropout* by Randy Viscio (Cowpasture Production, Lawrence, MA. 1993) \$10.95 paper.

"What's left when the locks have all been broken, young children of authority?"  
—The Indigo Girls

Like our parents before us, and theirs before them, those of us who grew up during the Reagan/Bush years were taught a simple formula for success: sit down, shut up, work hard, and pay no attention to the man behind the curtain. For following this dictum, for believing the dream force-fed to us by Madison Avenue, we were labeled the "Me Generation" by the very same people who taught us we could measure our worth by our material gain. Yet, despite Hollywood, New York, and Washington's efforts to portray us as a herd of greedy, apathetic sheep, there were and are among us those who rejected the suburban myth and those of us who never believed it in the first place. Twenty-Five year-old Randy Viscio's first book, *Under the Bridge* is the story of one man who grew up outside the herd, moving from conformity to resistance, from resistance to revolution.

Leading us through his life, Viscio takes us to the parts of the United States which the TV and movie cameras dare not show. Seeing the America in which he grew up through his eyes, we come to realize that behind the smiling face of the benevolent "Authority" is a frightening, snarling beast determined to maintain the status quo, preserving the power of the corporations and the government over people. Those who can't be lured to conformity with promises of suburban milk and honey feel the force of the authority's machinery pressing down upon them.

The idea that our government and industry is determined to silence dissent despite its prom-

ises of free speech and free thought isn't a new one. Our nation's history is full of concrete examples of the government's fear of "sedition": from the riots at the 1968 Democratic National Convention to the government's response to last year's riots in Los Angeles. Yet, Viscio takes his analysis of the relationship between authority and dissent a step further. In following the story of his life, we see how our society sets out to silence not only the political radical, but all of those who choose to follow a path which deviates from the mainstream. We see how as a student who possessed the ability to succeed but who didn't learn in the same way as other students did and who refused to conform to the expectations of his teachers, Viscio was labeled a lost cause by the establishment and discarded. We see how the juvenile "justice" system and the myriad of "youth service" agencies serve to push those on the borderline further off into the streets rather than bringing them in from the cold. And, we watch the subtle economic war Reagan waged on America's poor.

Yet *Under the Bridge* isn't merely an angry indictment of a system that has failed. It's also a story of hope and triumph of the human spirit. Against all odds Viscio not only survived, but developed the strength, the courage, and the compassion to fight against injustices which he and so many others have suffered. And, along the way, he found pockets of human kindness amid all the cynicism and greed: the welfare mother who helped him learn how to survive on the street, the restaurant owner who took a chance and gave him a good job and helped him find a place to stay, the woman who convinced him to go to college, the caring community which grew up around the Grateful Dead, the list goes on. We are shown that though the world can be a cold and frightening place, it doesn't have to be and there are a lot of people out there who are working to change it whether directly, through political action or indirectly, through the way they live their lives.

At times the transition between narrative and commentary is a bit awkward, but the insights Viscio offers are well worth any break in the book's otherwise smooth rhythm. His analysis

is thorough and perceptive, yet retains the human dimension so often lacking in the dry, academic analysis of the Reagan/Bush years which we have become accustomed to.

In *Under the Bridge*, Viscio sets out to define himself within the context of his generation in his and their own terms, and not only does he succeed, but in so doing paints a vivid picture of the state of our society and the role the individual must play in healing its wounds. Shattering our illusions about authority, he leaves us empowered to take action to redefine our lives and take the first steps toward building a new society.

## Stonewall besmirched

Review by Jack Nichols

*Stonewall* by Martin Duberman (Dutton, New York, NY., 1993) \$23.00.

"The historian," quipped Walt Whitman, "if not a liar himself, is largely at the mercy of liars." This is nowhere more truly reflected than in Professor Duberman's latest tome about gay activism in the sixties, activism which preceded the Stonewall uprising in Greenwich Village where bar patrons were assaulted, during a routine raid, by the police, an event which launched media hype about the modern gay rights movement.

Martin Duberman's credentials are impressive. He is Distinguished Professor of History at Lehman College and the CUNY Graduate Center. During the sixties he was holed up, he admits, in a psychiatrist's office attempting to purge his homosexual inclinations. Even two years after the 1969 uprising he described a Stonewall parade in his diary as "cripples on yet another march to a faith healing shrine." But now, he thinks, his awareness has been reformed. He embarks in "Stonewall" on a mission to "ground" it in "empirical reality," bragging *ad nauseam* that he will not slight or compromise historical accuracy nor be guilty of

Continued on page 15



# Alternative press books

Short reviews by R. Curtis, M. Eduard, P. Frank,  
J. McQuinn & T. Otter

## The Bombing of Iraq

*On the Mass Bombing of Iraq and Kuwait* by Tom Leonard (AK Press, 22 Lutton Place, Edinburgh EH8 9PE, Scotland, 1991) 22pp. £1.95/\$5.00 pamphlet (ppd. from publisher).

More and more facts have emerged in recent months that show how the American mainstream media and public opinion were caught up in jingoistic hysteria and largely betrayed any critical spirit during the Persian Gulf War. This pamphlet documents the story of a very similar phenomenon in England. The opposition Labour Party under Neal Kinnock was thoroughly docile. The newspapers downplayed friendly fire casualties and so-called "collateral damage." They refused to report at all on United Nations warnings of a cholera epidemic in Iraq caused by allied bombing. Even in Scotland, where 70 percent of the population reported opposing the war before it began, the Scottish National Party "hadn't a clue what to say about the 'war' other than to make pathetic mutterings about the percentages of Jocks versus Sassenachs at the front." Clearly, the UK as in the USA, we have been the victims of manufactured consent. Leonard reels off the facts, and concludes that the war amounted to "political mass murder" of large segments of the Iraqi population. He is a bit snippy about the rescued aristocracies of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, "who," he says, "seem to spend one half of their lives breeding children of the same surname and the other half breeding horses or sitting at gaming tables." But for most sensitive people there is no quarreling with his conclusion about the orgy of destruction wrought in the region: "To let one's mind continue in turmoil over present enormities is to reduce oneself effectively to the status of a Francis Bacon scream." P.F.

## Subspace Zine Show

*Subspace International Zine Show* edited by Stephen Perkins (Plagiarist Press, 1816 E. College St., Iowa City, IA. 52245, 1992) 52pp. \$6.00 pamphlet.

Subspace International Zine Show incorporated over 300 zines exhibited in a garage in Iowa City. This catalog documenting the show consists of a short introduction, followed by reproductions of the exhibited zine covers, accompanied in some cases by short statements from their publishers. The statements generally answer the zine show organizer's request for "...a short personal statement on your thoughts/views, and experiences of zines and networking," though, for the most part,

they aren't very deeply illuminating. As another partial perspective on the world of zine publishing, this catalog is a welcome addition to Seth Friedman's *Factsheet Five*, Mike Gunderloy and Cari Goldberg-Janice's *The World of Zines*, and all the other publications which have made a major commitment to documenting and promoting the scene. -J.M.

## Raging grannie songs

*The Raging Grannie Songbook* edited by Jean McLaren & Heide Brown (New Society Publishers, 4527 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia, PA. 19143) \$14.95.

Dressed in outrageous, flowery hats and shawls, the Raging Grannies are groups of activist older women who sing humorous, satirical songs and perform jovial skits at demonstrations, naval bases and politicians' offices. With incredible success, enjoyment and media attention, Raging Grannie groups have sprung up all over Canada addressing issues from free trade to safe sex and racism to pollution. Consciously exploiting the Grannie stereotype, Grannies have held tea parties on naval vessels, organized "knot-ins" for peace, have signed up for military recruitment and have even been arrested while singing on a naval base!

The Grannies have a lot of fun singing song lyrics they've cleverly written to classic folk tunes. *The Raging Grannies Songbook* contains their most entertaining songs such as "Take me out to the clearcut," "Give me a home where the river don't foam," and "Safe sex" (sung to "Hey ho! Hey ho! It's off to work we go!"). The songbook emphasizes songs on forestry, pollution, anti-war and anti-war-toy, general political, and women's issues. Also included are spirited stories of their triumphs and how to get started as a Raging Grannie. I encourage Grandmothers, Earth First!ers and others interested in fun songs for the naval base or campfire to get a copy of this book. -M.E.

## Raggedy Annarchy

*Raggedy Annarchy's Guide to Vegan Baking and the Universe* by Raggedy Annarchy (c/o 4942 Kurz Circle, Carmichael, CA. 95608) unpaginated \$3.00 (plus two stamps).

*Raggedy Annarchy* is a vegan cookbook and source of honest personal stories and information. Whether Kai, the author, relates the excitement of a homebirth, her intense sadness about the Persian Gulf War or the humor of a flopped "puke-in," she describes the passion of the moment in all its pure emotion and powerful feeling. She also includes tips on making

menstrual pads, safe sabotage and a Larry Law *Spectacular Times* reprint.

I was enthusiastic about the vegan recipes, especially the eggless cakes. I had yummy success making the fruit muffins, oatmeal spice cake and plum coffee cake. They turned out tasty, light and fluffy. I've always had a problem getting whole wheat cakes to rise, however these recipes work! Slicing up fresh Missouri peaches, I loved the peaches'n"cream" (tofu) pie recipe. As Kai encourages, I changed some of her recipes—I used some whole wheat flour and honey and less sugar. I look forward to more adventures in the kitchen with this cookbook. I've already given lots of my friends copies! -M.E.

## The Master Race

*Fantasies of the Master Race: Literature, Cinema, and the Colonization of American Indians* by Ward Churchill (Common Courage Press, Box 702, Monroe, ME. 04951, 1992) 304pp. \$14.95 paper

If you saw the movie *Dances with Wolves*, or ever read the works of Carlos Castaneda or Tony Hillerman and wondered what a scholarly Native American might have to say about these and other literary or cinematic endeavors dealing with American Indians, you may wish to examine this book. Have you ever read *The Memoirs of Chief Red Fox*, *Hanto Yo: An American Saga*, *Seven Arrows*, or *Sacajawea*? If so, you'll probably appreciate Churchill's critical perspectives.

Some other books upon which Churchill comments include: Dee Brown's *Creek Mary's Blood*, Roxanne Dunbar Ortiz's *Indians of the Americas*, Raymond H. Abbott's *That Day in Gordon*, Michael Castro's *Interpreting the American Indian*, Werner Sollor's *Beyond Ethnicity*, James A. Clifton's *The Invented Indian*, and Sam Gill's *Mother Earth: An American Story*.

In the chapter "Spiritual Hucksterism: The Rise and Fall of the Plastic Medicine Men," (and elsewhere in the book) Churchill offers a critique of Jamake Highwater, author of *The Primal Mind*, and also of Ruth Beebe Hill, Lynn Andrews, Alonzo Blacksmith, Hyemeyohsts Storm, Sun Bear, Wallace Black Elk, Osheana Fast Wolf, Rolling Thunder and others.

Churchill and editor M. Annette Jaimes deliver a trenchant analysis of the literary and cinematic portrayal of American Indians in *Fantasies of the Master Race*, and a general critique of how colonization and racism are perpetuated via academe and the arts in a capitalist culture. -T.O.



## Struggle for the Land

*Struggle for the Land: Indigenous Resistance to Genocide, Ecocide and Expropriation in Contemporary North America* by Ward Churchill (Common Courage Press, POB 702, Monroe, ME. 04951, 1993) 472pp. \$17.95 paper.

Chapters in this volume by Ward Churchill include "American Indian Lands: The Native Amid Resource Development" and "Perversions of Justice: Examining the Doctrine of U.S. Rights to Occupancy in North America." Churchill also looks carefully at Iroquois land claims in upstate New York, Lakota efforts to protect the Black Hills, the genocide of traditional Navajo-Hopi in Arizona, the Western Shoshone battle for their homeland in Nevada and the struggle of the Lubicon Lake Band (Cree) in Alberta, Canada, for their ancestral land and against extinction. Churchill also reflects on such topics as "Radioactive Colonization" and "The Water Plot: Hydrological Rape in Northern Canada." In the final sections of the book, Churchill discusses the possibility of a "Buffalo Commons," that is, the idea that parts of the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Washington state, Idaho, Nevada and Texas, could once again be autonomous Indian territory.

Author Ward Churchill, sometimes working with Jim Vander Wall, has also written *Marxism and Native America* (1983), *Agents of Repression: The FBI's Secret Wars Against the Black Panther Party and the American Indian Movement* (1988), *The COINTELPRO Papers: Documents from the FBI's Secret Wars Against Dissent in the United States* (1990), *Fantasies of the Master Race: Literature, Cinema and the Colonization of American Indians* (1992), and *Cages of Steel: The Politics of Imprisonment in the United States* (1992). Churchill is Creek/Cherokee Métis, and a coordinator of the Colorado chapter of AIM (American Indian Movement).

By the way, the Spring 1993 issue of *Fifth Estate* has a review by Kathleen Rashid headlined "Grounds for Decolonizing" which discusses a book edited by M Annette Jaimes entitled *The State of Native America: Genocide, Colonization and Resistance* (1992, South End Press). If *Struggle for the Land* is of interest to you, so may be Jaimes' collection, which includes articles by Jimmie Durham, Jaimes, Winona LaDuke, Glenn T. Morris, Russell Means, and Ward Churchill. -T.O.

## Food Not Bombs

*Food Not Bombs: How to Feed the Hungry and Build Community* by C. T. Lawrence and Keith McHenry (New Society Publishers, 4527 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia, PA. 19143, 1992) 101pp. \$8.95 paper.

This book is an extremely helpful guide for starting new Food Not Bombs groups. Included in the guide are chapters on general principles, FNB politics, logistics on starting a group, recipes, and a collection of activist stories from various FNB members. The book gives great advice on how to organize a large, effective FNB group. However, the authors

might have pointed out that a FNB group, like the one I've been working with in St. Louis, can still function even though it is small, inefficient and disorganized, because there are a lot of produce vendors and bakeries that want to get rid of food before it goes bad, and a whole lot of people who want free food.

One question I have is whether or not the book is a description of their own group or a set of rules for other groups. For example, the authors write that "Food Not Bombs encourages vegetarianism" (p.3), and list some of the great advantages of a vegetarian diet. However, a little later down the page, the authors insist that "all of the food we prepare is strictly from vegetable sources, that is, no meat, dairy or eggs" (p.3). This statement sounds a bit like ideology to me—if someone wants to donate cheese for hungry people, I'm not about to throw it out. Also, I'm not sure who the "we" refers to in the quotation: Butler and McHenry's groups, or all other FNB groups?

All in all, though, I thought the book very helpful and an inspiration to help make the St. Louis group more politically active. Read the book and start a FNB group in your town, or join an existing group. -R.C.

## Secret & Suppressed

*Secret and Suppressed: Banned Ideas & Hidden History* edited by Jim Keith (Feral House, POB 3466, Portland, OR. 97208, 1993) 309pp. \$12.95 paper.

Fish hospitals are implanting electronic mind control devices in people's brains, and by directing low-frequency microwaves at them, their thoughts and emotions can be controlled. Our government has been heavily influenced by Masonic Sorcery since its inception. Lee Harvey Oswald is buried in Arlington, Texas, and JFK is buried in Arlington National Cemetery. "Arlington" is a word of significance in Masonic sorcery, and it has a hidden meaning that has to do with necrolatry." There are subliminal messages in Oliver Stone's movie on the Kennedy assassination. Jim Morrison of The Doors was really several different people, some of them intelligence agents. Reporter Danny Casolaro died in mysterious circumstances while investigating the activities of a "power cabal" called the Octopus, "which had its tentacles in a variety of notorious contemporary events," including Jimmy Carter's loss to Reagan in 1980. Hoo Boy.

In among the flimsy, the imaginative, and the impossible-to-document plots and counterplots in this book are some very important items that have much firmer grounding in so-called reality, and have also been badly underreported in the media. There is a good investigative piece on the early background of Jim Jones of Jonestown, Guyana fame. Transcripts of Ambassador April Glaspie's meetings with Saddam Hussein a week before the invasion of Kuwait dramatically illustrate U.S. Government complicity in that invasion. An interview with an IRA member shows that "terrorist" group from the inside.

Editor Jim Keith, who has done this sort of book before (*The Gemstone File*), has a point. Our news is selected, analyzed, prioritized,

packaged, and sold by media interests who treat it as a commodity. This book is meant to counteract that trend by offering a selection of stories chosen for their "quotient of unacceptability in the reality tunnels of the mainstream." Keith does not even profess to believe all that he is presenting here, and he urges us in his foreword to read critically, a skill which *Time/Life/Newsweek* subscribers have long since lost. So yes, this book contains both treasures and trash. It's an adventure.

I have only one cavil to offer. The vast majority of events discussed herein took place many years ago. I hope that speculations about conspiracies and unprovable hypotheses in the past do not blind us to what is happening right now in plain sight. Reading even the mainstream *New York Times* with sensitivity will reveal plainly that members of our government are doing hypocritical, useless, dishonest, oppressive, narrow-minded, and brutal acts every week. -P.F.

## Other titles received

*Petersbourg* by Michel Donnegan (c/o Actualités, 38 rue Dauphine, 75006 Paris, France, 1993) 18pp. pamphlet, no price listed.

*Tales from the Cass Corridor* by S. Colman (Dawn Press, POB 02936, Detroit, WI. 48202, 1991) 248pp. \$19.95 8½x11 photocopied.

*AIDS (Or Other Ills): Recovery, Prevention, the Natural No-Drug Way* by S. Colman (Dawn Press, POB 02936, Detroit, WI. 48202, 1986) 152pp. \$19.95 8½x11 photocopied.

## Stonewall

*Continued from page 13*

slovenly scholarship. Unfortunately for lesbians, gay men and others who are curious about Stonewall and the times, Professor Dubberman's book is riddled with errors. "Better an absence of light," says Bakunin, "than a false and feeble light kindled only to mislead." Dubberman takes pride in calling himself a playwright as well as a historian. But even the *New York Times* (June 27, 1993) book reviewer yawns at his choice of "a cast." Instead of seeing gay pioneers as multi-dimensional, he embraces silly rumors and vicious gossip, belittling many with stupid fictions.

In his see-saw overview of the sixties, Dubberman calls pioneers by wrong names, affixing those names to their photographs, giving a plethora of incorrect dates for significant events, attributing written materials to the wrong authors, ignoring principals, and allowing malicious rumors about them to circulate without double-checking his facts. One he mistakenly fears may have been a government plant, another a thief. He has ignored the works of other gay historians like John D'Emilio, Donn Teal, and Kay Tobin, thus compounding his errors. In one case, it is possible to show that Dubberman engaged in a deliberate campaign of literary revenge. If it were not for this, it might be possible to say that his book simply reflects a revisionist historian's hurried Manhattan schedule, too laden with deadlines and book contracts, too short on careful scholarship.



## RUSSIAN ANARCHISTS CALL FOR PROTESTS

Among the groups banned in Russia is possibly the Confederation of Anarcho-Syndicalists (KAS). We say possibly because KAS was named as a banned group on a pro-Yeltsin radio station, but KAS as yet hadn't seen the unpublished lists of banned groups. Additionally, KAS-KOR (unrelated to KAS), a labor info bulletin, had their phone line cut.

On Oct. 18, Neither East Nor West, Workers Solidarity Alliance, and Nightcrawlers Anarchist Black Cross held a picket at the Russian Mission in NYC. We called for a defense of KAS, an end to the Yeltsin dictatorship plus opposition to his "Red/Brown" Communist/nationalist/fascist opponents. (Of course Yeltsin and crew were all Communists too. The struggle was all about what sector of bureaucrats would own and control ex-USSR property.) The racism in Yeltsin's crackdown was also condemned, as nationals from the Caucasian republics—Armenians, Azerbaijanis, Georgians, and Chechens, many refugees from wars—have been purposefully singled out and robbed, beaten, arrested and deported from Moscow.

We and KAS call on others around the world to please protest at Russian state buildings too. Protest letters can be sent to: Boris Yeltsin, Moscow, Russia.

To reach KAS: Mikhail Tsovma, 109462 Moscow, Boulevard 21-62, Russia.

[Note: At press time, it appears that KAS is no longer in immediate danger from Yeltsin and his thugs.]

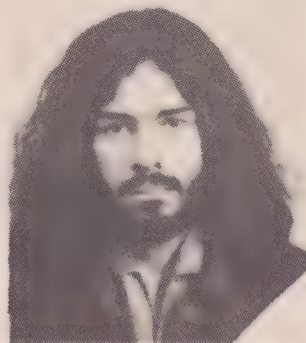
## YOW!

## Anarchy/OGB Cause a Scandal in the Ex-U.S.S.R.!!

In *Anarchy's* Winter '93 OGB section we ran a piece entitled "Gays in the Ex-U.S.S.R." credited to *Information Bulletin SMOT* #6. It briefly examined the gay issue in the ex-U.S.S.R. and then listed names/addresses of a number of gay groups/publications in Russia. SMOT stands for the dissident Free Interprofessional Workers' Union, born in 1978, and heavily persecuted in the former U.S.S.R. Supported then by both ends of the anti-Communist political spectrum, SMOT continues to exist today, coalesced around the idea and praxis of promoting workers' and human rights, free trade unions, and self-management.

Like any narrowly-focused group, SMOT

includes all shades of thought, in this instance from monarchism to anarchism, and as could be expected, homophobes. So, when SMOT's Executive Secretary Olga Korzinina received *Anarchy*, the shit hit the fan; SMOT's conservatives recoiled, interpreting our reprint as promoting SMOT as a gay organization. In heavily provincial Russia, one can imagine the hysteria.



Alexandre Chukaev of SMOT.  
OGB photo.

Neither East Nor West-NYC received an enraged homophobic letter from SMOT accusing us of "disinformation." We replied, duly noting that we indeed reprinted verbatim from the SMOT bulletin and

strongly condemned the homophobia some of SMOT were engaging in. We sent copies of both to SMOT's international representative in Paris, Alexandre Chukaev, whose international SMOT periodical we'd reprinted from.

The "problem" was this though (as explained by a second conciliatory letter from SMOT in Russia and a supportive letter from Chukaev): the article in question came not from Russia's SMOT bulletin but from Chukaev's separate bulletin of the same name but qualified as "Foreign Representation." The latter's issue #6 though hadn't used the qualifier in its heading, so one of our typists left it out.

Big deal? Relative to the range of opinions in SMOT, yes. In the future we'll indeed note which SMOT bulletin we're quoting from. But—as SMOT has requested continued mutually supportive relations in their second letter—we've (in a further letter) stated to SMOT that if it as an organization takes no anti-gay positions, supports no homophobic campaigns, and engages in no anti-gay behavior, then relations shall continue.

Alexandre Chukaev has reassured us "in a free and fair society there shouldn't be a place for discrimination against sexual minorities. SMOT, in spite of differing views on homosexuality, will not rest if homosexuals lose their jobs."

For his bulletin (in English) write: Alexandre Chukaev, 145 Rue Amelot, 75011 Paris, France. A subscription price hasn't been listed for awhile. The bulletin carries not only SMOT and labor news, but anarchist, green and other items.

## DECLARATION OF POLAND'S REVOLUTIONARY SYNDICALIST ACTION

Every person, regardless of ethnic, racial, or national affiliation, has the right to a dignified and prosperous life. This cannot be the privilege of only the elites.

Liberation of work is a condition for freedom.

That is why the work of the Revolutionary Syndicalist Action (ARS) is the popular enfranchisement of workers, understood here to mean the unconditional takeover and ownership of shops by the workers. Along with that, we strive to eliminate the government bureaucracy and the control that it maintains over the majority of our society.

We act also against the stealing of the national wealth by the nomenclature [Communist appointed administrators] creating the capitalist system at the cost of everyone else.

We acknowledge that these goals can only be reached through direct action - general strikes and other revolutionary activities aimed at the prevailing system. We reject all political activities which do not directly lead to the enfranchisement of workers, such as struggle for power through the parliament or through violence.

We consider that the conflict begun with "Revolution 80," whose content was the workers' struggle to take (control of) the wealth of society away from the hands of the communist apparatchiks, is entering a decisive phase. Today determines, if, during the coming years, the owners of national wealth - that is, those who will control the spheres of social life - will be a narrow elite, or if the takeover of shops and revolution will open a road to building a truly free and just society. Simultaneously, we support all forms of social struggle (e.g. wage strikes), which already today improve the workers' standard of living.

We call forth ARS to realize these goals. Anyone who accepts the principles contained in this declaration and practices them, can be a member.

(Reprinted from *Ulica* #13)

ARS Contacts: Marek Kurzyniec,

# FASZYZM NACJONALIZM RASIZM



na tym gównie  
daleko nie zajedziesz  
FEDERACJA ANARCHISTYCZNA

"Fascism, Nationalism, Racism: You won't ride far on this shit." - Polish Anarchist Federation

On Gogol Boulevard (OGB) is the bulletin of New York City Neither East Nor West, networking East and West alternative oppositions and printing news and documents unavailable in the corporate or "left" media. We also bring Third and Fourth World activists into these efforts.

This regular OGB section in *Anarchy* will serve the same function. We encourage all those involved in "Neither East Nor West" type activity to regularly contribute to this section. Please address letters, reports, documents, debates, graphics, photos, etc. directly to OGB. This is not a section for anarchists only. We are interested in all things promoting freedom, such as workers', women's, minority, and gay rights, environmental and anti-militarist issues, and anything pursuing paths other than the capitalist and state bureaucratic models.

By the way, Gogol Boulevard is a noted hang-out for Moscow's counter-culture—see you there!

On Gogol Boulevard/Neither East Nor West  
528 Fifth Street, Brooklyn, NY. 11215 (718) 499-7720



Narzynskiego 32 m. 25, Krakow, Poland;  
Janusz Waluszko, Stare Domki 6 m. 7, 80-857  
Gdansk, Poland; Karol Karlinski, Urzednicza  
10 m. 18, 91-312 Lodz, Poland; Jakub  
Strychala, Rolnicza 8 m. 89, 33-100 Tarnow,  
Poland

## Interview With Polish Syndicalists

*Conversation with Jakub Strychala and Karol Karlinski from Revolutionary Syndicalist Action (ARS)*

**Q.** Why did you form the ARS?

**A.** Because there was a need for it. The Anarchist Federation (FA) has a very wide platform, compiling varied anarchistic options - completely contrary ones at times. It's difficult to find common ground with the anarcho-capitalists, for example, because that's nonsense. We won't find a common language. We can agree on some points, but we won't find a common language regarding the question of ownership, regarding the proletariat. That is why the left-wing of FA formed ARS. Anarcho-syndicalists from Warsaw, and the NLR [?], came to the founding meeting, which surprised us. We were not expecting such a flood. We want ARS to become a revolutionary organization, to enter shops.

**Q.** Do you have thought-out tactics regarding labor unions?

**A.** We approve of the Free Trade Union [WZZ, formed in opposition to Walesa's sellout] who are our natural allies.

**Q.** What about Solidarnosc 80 [akin to WZZ]?

**A.** Basically, yes, as well. But all of the remaining unions are obviously there to serve to channel moods, and not for the real struggle for the rights of working people.

**Q.** Do you feel that new unions should be created or that the existing ones should be joined and their directions influenced?

**A.** In the present situation, I feel that all approaches are good... Anyway, we shall see.

**Q.** How do you assess the Polish opposition at the present time?

**A.** That's a very broad question. In general, it's poor. As I already said, the majority of labor unions serve the government and the employers, and not the workers. Now your initiative shows up - an attempt to create a Workers' Party - which I think is very positive. All of the groups, which are on the left, are very weak, divided, and in quarrel. And as long as they are at odds with each other - which I assume is fueled, because it benefits the government - they will remain non-threatening, and even laughable. People's interest will be there only when these structures are strong.

**Q.** Forgive me this tricky question. - but how can you reconcile support for the Initiative Group for a Workers' Party with anarcho-syndicalism, which rejects party structure?

**A.** I can tell you about what is happening with us in Lodz. We began cooperating [with GIRP - editor ??] making it clear that we reject parliamentary political struggle. But we are looking for common points - because such points of overlap do exist and should be supported. So far, all of the groups sought to emphasize where they disagree. As consequence, none of them had any strength to come through. We are looking for common

# Я ЕМ ПЕЧЕНЬЕ

## ФАБРИКИ КРАСНЫЙ ОКТЯБРЬ

## БЫВШ ЗИНЕМ



## НЕ ПОКУПАЮ НИГДЕ КРОМЕ, КАК В

## МОССЕЛЬПРОМЕ

Moscow ad: "I eat Red October Cookies. I only buy from the Moscow Official Stores."

ground. We will probably part ways someday and not find understanding, but where there is a possibility, where we can push forward the interest of the proletariat, we have to do that, otherwise we will lose.

**Q.** Aren't you afraid that you can be manipulated by the party, which is, after all, seeking power.

**A.** Such apprehension is there, but we need to work together. There is no other way. If we spend our time thinking about provocations and manipulations, we won't get anything done.

**Q.** Lately, the new political class is stating that labor unions play too significant a part...

**A.** That's nonsense! They do not play a role, not a proper role. They serve the interest of capital. What matters is not what the politicians say, but what the reality is. It seems like a struggle for power - labor union leaders have concrete benefits from this. There's an on-going battle of interests. There is no threat to elites.  
*Interview conducted by R. Adler-Zawierucha and K. Bielawski (from Magazyn Antyrzadowy #33)*

## UPDATE ON NIGERIA'S ANARCHIST PRISONERS

By the Awareness League

The four Awareness League prisoners [Nigerian anarchist/revolutionary syndicalists] - James Ndubuisi (Substantive Secretary-General of the League), Garbu Adu, Kingsley Etioni, and Chuks Udemba - were arrested in May, 1992, in the wake of the popular protests that swept the country. The protests were against the economic and social policies of the Babangida dictatorship. The protests were also aimed at Babangida's continued stay in office and continued manipulation of the political process. The protests were nationwide in character and led to the indefinite closure of all universities and polytechnics in Nigeria. The four League members were arrested in the town of Enugu, the eastern regional capitol, while taking part in the protests. Over 2000 people were arrested nationwide following the protests.

The four League members later had a reprieve from the courts - a rare thing under the



## On Gogol Boulevard

Babangida administration. Their bail was however conditional, as they were instructed to report daily to the office of the State Security Police - SSS.

Psychological warfare and harassment by the state consists in occasional swoops on other members of the League, a display of their names in their offices, organized house searches etc. Two members of the League, including the co-coordinator Samuel



**Ifeanyi Chukwa, National Secretary of the Awareness League.** OGB photo.

Mbah, were arrested in the beginning of August, 1993, following the last-ditch crackdown of the Babangida dictatorship. They were later released by the interim government (whose membership was hand-picked by Babangida) together with all activists, human rights leaders etc.

The help we need is two-fold: material, and moral such as international solidarity.

[A large support campaign has been organized by the Workers Solidarity Alliance (U.S.) and Neither East Nor West-NYC including worldwide demonstrations at Nigerian consulates, petitions, protest letters, and contributions. The nearly \$2000 raised has helped pay for their lawyer, Ifeanyi Nnaji, who scored a precedent by getting the League prisoners out on bail - they had been starving to death in jail. In the annual report of the League they make prominent mention of the above and other groups for their support.

*But the charges have yet to be dropped.*

Please send protest letters to: WSA, 339 Lafayette St. #202, NY, NY 10012, U.S. Send International Money Orders or U.K. bank checks to: Awareness League, c/o Samuel Mbah, POB 28, Agbani, Enugu State, Nigeria. As a fundraiser send a cash donation for the Awareness League's annual report and their updated Charter to: Neither East Nor West-NYC, 528 5th St., Brooklyn, NY 11215, U.S.]

### BASHING MAOISTS? WHAT FUN!!

*Neither East Nor West (NENW-NYC) and other anarchists are working on a pamphlet exposing and denouncing the U.S. Maoist Revolutionary Communist Party (RCP) and their many front groups: Refuse and Resist; Vietnam Veterans Against the War - Anti-Imperialist; Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade; Committee to Support the Revolution in Peru; and the International Emergency Committee to Defend the Life of Dr. Abimael Guzman (jailed head of Peru's totalitarian Shining Path). While we call for no collaboration with any Leninist groups, the RCP with their often punk/militant veneer is a particular prob-*

*lem because of their attempts to recruit among anarchists, youth, minorities, punk and women's scenes. Most often the RCP's introduction into these milieus is disruptive and destructive - true to their authoritarian form they try to take groups over.*

*The RCP has had some success due to a lack of knowledge about the RCP, but also because many anarchists - who know better - consciously and shamefully collaborate often with the RCP.*

*In the past the RCP tried to infiltrate the NENW-NYC milieu, but we didn't allow it. We warned off Easterners, and to our knowledge, the RCP got nowhere.*

*We're looking for submissions from individuals and groups about your experiences with the RCP. Pseudonyms are fine. Please send to: NENW-NYC, 528 5th St., Brooklyn, NY 11215.*

### TRANSLATORS NEEDED

*On Gogol Boulevard needs translators in all East/Central European and ex-USSR languages for our texts. Only the serious should volunteer—too many in the past have flaked out and fucked up on us. If you're serious please write. Thanks!*

### ZITZER WHAT?

Neither East Nor West-NYC is twinning anti-racist struggles in Chattanooga, Tennessee, U.S., and the "Zitzer Spiritual Republic" in Vojvodina, Serbia.

Intrigued??? Send \$1 for a thick info packet to NENW-NYC, 528 5th St., Brooklyn, NY 11215, U.S.

*Hey, it's FUN!!!!*

### RUSSIA'S KAS SPEAKS

*(OGB has printed many items about the Confederation of Anarcho-Syndicalists (KAS), some critical of KAS by other ex-USSR anarchists. In the past we've invited KAS to respond to criticisms, but they chose not to. Now KAS is addressing the main present charges against them.*

*Rightly or wrongly we've cut non-rebuttle sections and sections where KAS criticizes other ex-USSR anarchists, specifically the Initiative of Revolutionary Anarchists (IREAN). We've done this for space reasons and also because, as we've stated before, for now we don't want to devote much or any space to infighting. We've left all KAS rebuttle points intact.)*

The Confederation of Anarcho-Syndicalists (KAS) has always stood for the formation of self-managed syndicalist unions independent of party and state. The particularities of the situation in Russia are such that regardless of the appearance of an independent workers' movement after the 1989 miners' strike, there aren't really any mass workers' organizations which could become a serious alternative to the former official Communist trade unions. In the majority of cases, the old trade unions are the only ones in the workplace and serious changes in this situation don't come about due to the low level of activity of the workers. Also, the majority of the new unions, more specifically their leadership, support the government and

its reforms. At the same time, these new trade unions are no better than the old ones—there are the same problems of corruption and bureaucratic centralism. Therefore in response to the concrete situation of the workplace where KAS activists work, one can either fight to build independent unions or try to reform the existing ones, be they of the old sort or the new. This must only be done from below, not by using bureaucratic tricks on the workers. As far as we know, we are not the only ones who think this way; some of our anarcho-syndicalist comrades, including members of the International Workers Association (IWA), also advocate a like strategy. All of the accusations about us working with trade union bureaucrats are false.

Another thing KAS is accused of is working with Communists and Trotskyists and taking part in the formation of the Party of Labor [a group of new-left sorts, social democrats, and ex-Communist Party members -OGB]. It's true that at the beginning a few members of KAS took part in discussions leading to the formation of this party and eventually signed its declaration. But for them to participate in this party they would have to renounce their anarcho-syndicalist ideals, which some of them did. At present nobody from KAS participates in the Party of Labor or any other socialist or communist party.

It's not true that KAS doesn't want to form syndicalist unions; we just don't want to create mythological organizations because we take our work seriously. It's not true that KAS doesn't want to join the IWA because it shows contempt for that organization; rather the reason we don't want official affiliation has to do with something different, as is clear from the resolution which was adopted at the 4th KAS conference in May 1991. This resolution clearly outlines the reasons why we wouldn't want to join the IWA. The resolution reads:

*"We feel that at present KAS cannot join any of the existing international political and syndicalist workers' organizations, including IWA, because such a step could serve to deepen splits and rivalries between syndicalist organizations. We feel that it is necessary to strengthen contacts with all anarcho-syndicalists, revolutionary syndicalists and libertarian socialist organizations, including those in the IWA and those who don't work with this organization. As well we would like to build ties between the growing free trade unions in the USSR and with the militant unions in the West which have a democratic structure and which aren't integrated into the bourgeois state-party system."*

It's a lie that KAS is putting out information that is disparaging to the IWA. On the contrary, we often wrote about the actions and the principles of the IWA in our publications. We



**Masthead of the Russian anarchist New World.**





Confederation of Anarcho-Syndicalists (KAS) contingent during 1990 May Day in Moscow. The sign reads: "Anarchy isn't chaos—it's the harmonial coexistence of free individuals." Photo by Vlad Tuplkin.

are always ready to exchange information with IWA organizations but unfortunately we don't always have the possibility of participating in their conferences.

**In Solidarity, Mikhail Tsovma, International Secretary of KAS**  
(for a full copy of the text send \$1 for copying and postage to NENW)

## FREE THE HUNAN ICONOCLASTS

**WHO ARE THEY:** Yu Zhijian, age 27, formerly a teacher at the Tantou Wan Primary School in Dahu Township, Liuyang County, Hunan Province. Yu Dongyue, former fine arts director of the Liuyang News. Lu Decheng, 28, previously an employee of the Liuyang branch of the Hunan Provincial Bus Company

**WHY ARE THEY IN PRISON:** On May 23, 1989, they attacked the giant picture of Mao Zedong in Tiananmen Square, Beijing, with ink and paint filled eggshells, summing up in a single bold stroke China's experience with Marxism-Leninism. The three were immediately siezed and were tried by the Beijing Intermediate Court in September 1989 on charges of "counter-revolutionary sabotage" and "counter-revolutionary propaganda and incitement." They were sentenced to life, twenty and sixteen years

imprisonment repectively.

**WHAT IS THEIR SITUATION:** After their sentencing they were assigned to a "strict regime" unit in Provincial No. 3rd Prison, Lingling Prefecture, Yongshou City, Hunan. Lu Decheng was remanded to a shared-cell regime after six months, but Yu Zhijian and Yu Dongyue have been in solitary confinement since 1989.

Accused of having uttered "reactionary statements" against certain government officials, they have been subjected to a wide range of physical torture and are now in grave condition. Teacher Yu Zhijian was most recently reported as being severely emaciated and fine-arts director Yu Dongyue has been rendered incapable of controlling his physical functions. It is clear that the government of the People's Republic of China means to murder them in prison.

*Please send protest letters to: LI Peng, Peking, China (China has released some prisoners. Letters can help.)*

Information taken from the Asia Watch publication, *Anthems of Defeat*, Human Rights Watch, 1992; for more information contact: International Friends of Wei Jingsheng, PO Box 40256, San Francisco, CA 94140.

*Reprinted from Fifth Estate, Summer '93.*





# Anarchist rally in Chattanooga

By Bob McGlynn

Ninety anarchists from a dozen cities attended a march and rally in Chattanooga, Tennessee, September 11, to confront a planned Ku Klux Klan anti-gay and pro-killer-cop demonstration, to protest the 23 known murders of blacks in police custody there over the last two decades (seven since 1990), and to demand that charges be dropped against the Chattanooga 8, a group of anti-racist protestors.

To understand Chattanooga is to understand its backdrop of Lookout Mountain, Orchard Knob, and Missionary Ridge. At those sites during the Civil War, on Nov. 23-25, 1863, the Confederates "fought to the last man" during the fierce Battle of Chattanooga. The Confederates were routed and fled Tennessee. This opened the way for General Sherman's troops to enter Georgia and burn Atlanta to the ground. Then in Sherman's March to the Sea they laid waste to everything in their path in a 60 mile swath. In April, 1864, this and other battles ended Confederate power in the deep South. Many whites never forgot, and certainly never forgave. This is a town where many of its mayors have been open KKKers, and where, like in the rest of the U.S., the Civil War has never ended.

Among its modern battles is a 1971 uprising caused by police brutality. It lasted 10 days and was only quelled with thousands of National Guard and Army troops. In 1980, one Klan faction was called "soft" by others for daring to meet with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Solution? To prove their battle readiness they drove thru a black neighborhood and shot 5 people in the back. When a jury acquitted them, blacks revolted for a week to the point of forming a militia that kept cops out of their area.

After that the KKK was driven underground.

Today though, they're itching for a revival. For how and why anarchists took up the challenge, a return to the '60s and some back-ground is needed.

## Black revolutionaries under siege in the West and East

Chattanooga's Concerned Citizens for Justice, one of the groups that called for the protest, is headed by Lorenzo Kombo Ervin. Some older anarchists will recognize his name as the author of a pamphlet written in 1979 entitled *Anarchism and the Black Revolution*. Those familiar with the U.S. anarchist scene know it to be an almost exclusively white movement, so the presence of Lorenzo was a noteworthy development.

Lorenzo's radical roots go back to his days in Chattanooga as an organizer for the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) and the Black Panther Party. After the assassination of Martin Luther King in 1967, Chattanooga smoldered along with scores of other cities across the U.S. being swept by black insurrectionary riots.

Lorenzo was in Atlanta during the Chattanooga uprising. But the city establishment was out to get him. (It's been documented that during this period the government was out to destroy SNCC and the Panthers—they were decimated by frame-ups and assassinations.) In 1968 a so-called "Black Power" grand jury was convened to decide on whether to charge Lorenzo with running guns and possession of explosives for the riot he was no where near. It was a blatant frame-up attempt. And because Lorenzo was out of state during the grand jury, he was then charged with unlawful flight. A childhood friend of Lorenzo's in the local police department confided to him that if he were to go to jail "He wouldn't leave alive"—there was an assassination plot against him.

In that desperate atmosphere Lorenzo chose to do what a number of others at the time were doing; in 1969 he hijacked a plane to Cuba.

But commandeering the plane to Cuba only led to his being jailed by the Cuban Communists, who unknown to this day by their many leftist admirers, imprisoned many of the Panthers seeking safety in Cuba. (Castro's reasoning? According to Lorenzo and Cuban anarchist exile Gustavo Rodríguez, Castro didn't want Panthers on the street possibly stirring up Cuba's second class blacks oppressed by the white Cuban Communist dictatorship.)

After 6 months in captivity, Lorenzo was released and put on a plane ostensibly headed for Guinea where the Panthers had an exile base. Instead though, the Cubans flew him to post-Soviet-invasion Czechoslovakia, refused him a visa for Guinea, and turned him over to Czech authorities. The Czechs then handed him over to a U.S. embassy official. Lorenzo punched the American out and cut and ran. He eventually ended up in East Berlin under the protection of an African students' dorm.

In late '69 though, U.S. agents captured Lorenzo, secreted him to West Berlin, and took him back to the States where he was promptly imprisoned.

In 1971 he was convicted of the hijacking and was incarcerated until 1983. While in prison he reflected on his eye opening experience with the Communists. This led him away from the Marxist-Leninist influenced politics of the Panthers to anarchism. Thus his foray into the anarchist movement via his black perspective pamphlet.

After being released he began to solely concentrate on fighting racism, and isolated himself from the anarchist milieu.

## Anarchists take on white racism

However, Lorenzo's recent experience in working with white anarchists in Chattanooga's multi-issue Justice Alliance, led him to opening back up to the anarchist movement. After writing a supportive letter to the anarchist newspaper, *Love and Rage* (April/May '93), which also expressed solidarity with the Workers Solidarity Alliance (WSA, a group of anar-

chist labor activists), the WSA, *Love and Rage*, and Neither East Nor West-NYC (NENW-NYC, who promote networking among alternative oppositions in the East and West) began a dialogue with Lorenzo. He asked for aid for the Chattanooga 8, a group of demonstrators arrested May 13 who'd been protesting against murderous police at a "police memorial." This was held just two days after a grand jury had refused to press charges against 8 white cops involved in the Feb. 5, '93 choking to death of Larry Powell, a black trucker they stopped ostensibly for DWI. The 8 had a high bail set at \$1,000 for disturbing the peace and interfering in a public meeting.

Then came word that the Lookout Mountain Knights of the Ku Klux Klan had filed for a permit to hold a rally on September 11. Their demand was that no Chattanooga gay pride marches ever be held again—as one was in June—and to also support the cops who'd murdered Powell. So, Chattanooga's Justice Alliance and Concerned Citizens for Justice put the word out to anarchists, civil rights and gay groups to help organize a national mobilization to confront the Klan on Sept. 11.

On Sept. 10, groups or group representatives began arriving in Chattanooga including the WSA, NENW-NYC, L&R, Food Not Bombs, the Anarchist Youth Federation, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the Student Environmental Action Coalition, the Gay and Lesbian Pride Committee, and Red and Anarchist Skinheads. People came in from Atlanta, NYC, Chicago, Memphis, Minneapolis, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Knoxville, Newark, Russellville, AL, Dalton, GA., and many Tennessee towns.

No one knew quite what to expect as word was out that the KKK had backed down and withdrew their permit application. Most demonstrators were ready to fight if necessary, but as we arrived at the Miller Park gathering point in downtown Chattanooga, it became clear the day was fully ours. Not only were no Klan in sight, but no cops either. Without a permit 100 people, mostly anarchists, marched throughout the downtown area taking the whole street, anarchist black flags leading the way, only 2 cop cars trailing far behind, and ended up rallying at the Court Justice Building without incident. We took over the steps of the building, blocking its entrance, and were quite a sight. An open mike followed where Lorenzo announced that his group was calling for a boycott of Chattanooga until the killer cop issue was properly addressed. There was one hilarious moment when an unmarked police car slowly drove by with two people photographing and videoing, except their sight was blocked by a protestor who walked along the car blocking its view with a large red and black anarcho-syndicalist flag—we laughed and cheered! The rest of the afternoon was spent back at Miller Park where there was a Rock Against Racism concert and free lunch thanks to Food Not Bombs. Later we had a meeting to network and discuss future plans.





WSA-IWA photo.

Being a tourist town, apparently the city didn't want any trouble, and were quite taken aback that a colorful crew of young whites were descending on their town to protest racism. There was much media pre-publicity for the action and media attention after the protest. Chattanooga hadn't seen such a large protest of whites since 1987.

In conversations with Lorenzo, James Moss from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and John Johnson, a white anarchist from the Justice Alliance, a bleak picture was painted of local blacks so intimidated that they feared attending the march, with only a handful of black leaders participating. Blacks getting "out of line" meant getting blacklisted and prevented from securing jobs and so on. Locals felt alone and isolated, in a climate where racial problems were considered "only a black thing." Therefore, the idea was that a white presence was needed to shift the terrain of debate, and show the Chattanooga authorities that people nationally were watching.

Though the turnout was small, it was a history making turning point for anarchists in that for the first time in memory, we could mobilize people nationally in coordination with blacks around an anti-racist issue.

## Shooting ourselves in the face

"[They're]...a bunch of fools, or else opportunists..."

I believe that the left...is despised by the...population and is collaborating. The...population doesn't like it...They won't forgive it..."

Ana Maria Simo, gay Cuban leftist, ex-political prisoner, in *Torch/La Antorcha* Dec. '84.

The only bringdown was the inevitable: a leftist party—two members of the Revolutionary Workers (sic) League (RWL)—showing up to leech off our party. They disrupted our networking meeting with pushing their party's plan to launch a national anti-racist/anti-fascist organi-

zation. (Translation: they want a controlling influence in a mass movement.) Sadder, there wasn't a consensus to boot them.

Why are we allowing "left" authoritarians in our midst, when we'd never allow "right" authoritarians? Not only are Communism and fascism/nazism in practice remarkably similar in their methods of enslaving people and in every other aspect (only fascism concentrates on murdering racial/ethnic "enemies" while Communists concentrate on murdering class [mostly workers and peasants] "enemies"), but today we also see significant amounts of Communists in the ex- countries literally joining fascist organizations or working in coalitions with the same.

The Chattanooga meeting was supposed to be for anarchists and other interested people to first develop our own autonomous networking. The RWL was not invited to and was not wanted by Chattanooga's organizers at the meeting. (This I wasn't sure of initially but was clarified post-meeting by John Johnson and also by Lorenzo: "Who the fuck invited the RWL?") That's one of the reasons many went. I know it would've been hard for some to ask the RWLers to leave, people some may have become friendly with during our day. But sometimes to stay on principled ground we have to do hard shit and face up without naivete to the facts: no matter how "nice" a leftist is, no matter how superficially some of our politics might jive, the leftist party sect has only one goal—the savvy all know it; to recruit and use us for their authoritarian ends, and the RWL in particular is known to opportunistically ambulate chase around black issues.

For anarchists to collaborate with leftist parties is *unconscionable hypocrisy*. And those that justify collaboration on the grounds that anarchists can make gains out of it are engaging in an opportunistic and ultimately fatuous line of reasoning, as history has shown that left party cults retain a rigidity not worth criminally wasting time over. ("God! The RWLers are such zombies!" -A Chattanooga participant.) Worse

are "anarchists" who really *do* have a kinship with the "politically correct" left authoritarian mindset.

Today's racist fascist, alongside its twin in the fusion of Communists with fascism, is a movement steadily growing and coordinating internationally. It's obvious that we'll have to coordinate internationally also. Neither East Nor West-NYC (to which I belong) has already been asked by Lorenzo if we could start making those connections, and we've begun. But Easterners will justifiably recoil if they thought that those that represent their past or current oppressors are involved. Simply think how offensive it is to us that many former Eastern dissidents collaborated with the West, how we couldn't help but sneer at the Statue of Liberty the workers and students erected in Tiananmen Square, how that sets up *unnecessary divisions*. The Easterner thinks no differently in regard to how we deal with Communists. Any anarchist who promotes working with Communists not only will promote the latter, but will *immediately creates divisions among anarchists*—and will be responsible for the consequences....

*The enemy of ones enemy is not always a friend.*

## FREE THE CHATTANOOGA 8!

Lorenzo Komboa Ervin, John Johnson, Tanya Miles, Steven Hunter, Rhonda Robinson, Clifford Eberhardt, Keith Melvin, and Charlotte Williams

### Here's how you can help:

1. Write a letter to Gary Gerbitz, State's DA Office, Hamilton County Justice Bldg., 600 Market St., Suite 310, Chattanooga, TN 37402, 615-757-2170, and demand that they drop all charges against the Chattanooga 8.

2. Make a donation for the legal expenses of the arrested protesters to the: Chattanooga 8 Defense Campaign, c/o Concerned Citizens for Justice, POB 1066, Federal Courthouse & Post Office Bldg., Chattanooga, TN 37401

For more information contact: Concerned Citizens for Justice, Lorenzo Ervin 615-622-7614, or Maxine Cousin 615-698-8940.



# Electronic access to radical media

*Independent Electronic Text Archiving Creates Free Access to Radical Literature*

## History of the Archive Project

**E**ighteen months ago I started a project to collect radical literature in electronic format and share it over the world's largest internetwork, the Internet. I was newly introduced to networked Unix workstations at the University of Michigan, and after making contact with a variety of radical organizations and individuals on open discussion forums (Usenet newsgroups) I realized that while people were creating and sharing massive quantities of information in the form of newsletters, announcements, "electrified" speeches, essays, books, and mailing lists, nobody was making an effort to collect and save these for future reference in a fashion that would make them freely accessed and distributed to people on the net. With the privileges I acquired through my job as a computer repair technician at the University of Michigan, I jumped in with a small directory on the department's anonymous ftp server. Needless to say, after a couple months I had collected roughly ten megabytes of files—more than they were willing to permit space for. I moved to a networked PC of my own which I dragged into work and filled its hard drive within another three months. I upgraded it to a larger and faster system, by which time the archives were approaching 100 megabytes of data and Internet users were downloading between 300 and 500 files per day. After a year I bought a Sun workstation and a 750 megabyte disk to service the archives which were approaching 300 megabytes, with between 500 and 1000 downloads per day. Today this server provides Internet users with a collection of nearly 500 megabytes of files on a myriad of topics—radical politics, fascist and reactionary literature, fiction, poetry, cyberpunk magazines, mailing list archives and 'zines of all kinds. It functions as a primary archive server for dozens of individuals and organizations seeking to share printed information at no cost, and Internet users download between 1000 and 3000 files per day, an average of nearly 62 megabytes of literature daily. Compared to a bookstore, this is roughly equivalent to moving 300 books a day, each the size of a copy of Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*. Naturally the comparison fails when one considers that most bookstore patrons actually pay for what they read. Users can connect from any Internet-connected host in the world, and a substantial number of connections come from European sites, especially the UK, Germany, Norway and Sweden. Also represented are Australia, South America, Canada and some sections of Africa and Southeast Asia, though US educational, corporate and governmental sites still represent the largest proportion of connections.

I consider the archive service "semi-independent"—although I exercise complete control over content and access to the service, and while I purchased the archive server hardware myself, the state still provides the network

## The anarchist scene

Compiled by Jason McQuinn

A/K/A FINE USED BOOKS (4142 Brooklyn NE, Seattle, WA. 98105; phone: 206-632-5870) has recently issued subject brochures covering their selections of used books in the specific areas of "Jazz & Blues" and "Labor & Work." If you have an interest in these or other specific areas, write for more information.

AN ANTIAUTHORITARIAN INSURRECTION INTERNATIONAL has been proposed in a densely worded tract written by Alfredo Bonanno and published by Circolo Kaos (C.P. Aperia, 08026 ORANI [NU]M, Sardinia, Italy). Jean Weir of Elephant Editions (BM Elephant, London WC1N 3XX, England) has produced a 4-page English-language translation of the proposal. North Americans interested in this "informal initiative" can contact Doug Imrie (POB 852, Succ. Desjardins, Montréal, Québec H5B 1B9, Canada).

FERAL SOUP (POB 86662, Los Angeles, CA. 90086) has a catalog of anarchist and situationist books available for a stamp.

SILID AKLATAN (POB 187, N. Hollywood, CA. 91603) is a mail order library which carries tons of books of interest to anarchists. All you have to do is pay for postage. Catalogs are available for a stamp.

THE LOS ANGELES ANARCHIST COMMUNITY is organizing to open up an info shop/community center very soon. Contributions of a dollar and a stamp will get an envelope full of subversive stickers. And anyone in the area interested in helping out should get in touch. Write to: The Management, c/o POB 86662, Los Angeles, CA. 90086.

THE MAD FARMERS' JUBILEE ALMANAC (c/o James Kowhnlne, POB 85777, Seattle, WA. 98145) is an "open conspiracy...an open forum for stimulating intercourse relating to temporal alternatives" in which "Anything goes." *MFJA* will be published quarterly and submissions are solicited. Send an SASE for more information.

K BAAL WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTION (POB 1024, 3300 BA Dordrecht, The Netherlands) has published a new anarcho-punk catalog (in English) featuring widely international listings. No price listed; I'd send a dollar for postage.

NON BOSSY POSSE (c/o POB 13, Enmore, NSW 2042, Australia), a new radical techno band which emphasizes totally live performances and political lyrics, has an energetic new cassette out titled *Saboteurs of the Big Daddy Mind Fuck*. Cassettes are available for \$10 + \$5 postage, with all income going to benefit the Black Rose Anarchist Bookshop in Sydney, recent victims of a firebombing.

"AN OPEN LETTER TO ANARCHISTS and Anti-Authoritarians Involved in Prisoners' Support" has been issued by the Brooklyn ABC/Harold Thompson Support Campaign (c/o NY-AYF, POB 365, Canal St. Station, New York, NY. 10013-0365). Send a 52¢ SASE for a copy of this letter and related material.

INFOSHOP BERKELEY (3124 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, CA. 94705; Tel: 510-848-6466; Email: resist@igc.apc.org) has just opened as a community space for activists in the Long Haul building. The infoshop intends to provide "a wide selection of political magazines, books, pamphlets and flyers," but the emphasis will be "on using the space to do political work."

THE KATE SHARPLEY LIBRARY (BM Hurricane, London WC1 3XX, England), "named after an otherwise unknown militant of the past...exist[s] to bring attention to those who have struggled, unrecognized or forgotten, but who built a working class anarchist movement." The library "invites exchanges of duplicate material with other libraries and collections" and donations "of books, pamphlets, trial reports and leaflets left by activist anarchists." A comprehensive catalog of K.S.L. pamphlets is being produced.

LEFT BANK DISTRIBUTION (4142 Brooklyn Ave. NE, Seattle, WA. 98105) has released a new 10-page *Fall Update* to their comprehensive catalog of anti-authoritarian books and periodicals. Copies of the update, as well as the Left Bank catalog, are free, but a contribution for postage is always welcome.

THE 1994 TELEGRAPH AVENUE STREET CALENDAR by B.N. Duncan & Ace Backwords is now available for \$10 postpaid from: Ace Backwords, 1630 University Ave. #26, Berkeley, CA. 94703. This year's version features Berkeley's Naked Guy (as well as other naked Naked Guy supporters!) along with the (un)usual cast of street characters. If you're going to buy a calendar, this is about the best there is.

A FEW BACK ISSUES OF *ANARCHY: A Journal of Desire Armed* (C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446) are still available in bulk for free distribution at the cost of postage & packaging. We now have extras of several issues including #19, #20-21, #25, #31 & #36, along with a very few extras of other issues. For those living in the U.S. we suggest you send about 15¢ to 25¢ each (depending on the size of the issue[s] requested and your distance from Missouri) for 50 to 150 copies. (Unless you live in the Midwest—where postage will be cheaper, send a minimum of \$7.50, and make any checks out to "C.A.L." only. Those outside the continental U.S. need to send much more to cover the higher costs of postage.) All copies will be marked "FREE" on the covers. To order bulk copies for resale, see the terms listed in the box on page 2.

If you have announcements concerning anarchist gatherings, new publications, or other anarchist activities or projects which our readers might find of use, you can send them to: Attn. Anarchist Scene, c/o C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446. Please remember, for more information, or for ordering materials listed in this column, you must write to the addresses given above and not to C.A.L.



connectivity and could destroy the service if it so desired.

The server is not part of any University of Michigan project, the files on it are not endorsed in any fashion by the University.

## Summary of Available Files

The political journals, essays, speeches and reprinted articles are still at the core of the collection. The archiving policy is "wide open"—I archive anything that won't end with me in jail or a law-suit target. This has attracted a wide variety of anarchist, socialist and communist, and fascist organizations, as well as radical student groups from around the world. As was noted in *Anarchy* #38, the Spunk Press group uses the services as a primary archive site. Additional anarchist groups depositing materials on the site are Love and Rage, the BAD Brigade, the IWW, and Non Serviam, an egoist discussion group. The archive also contains a selection of materials by Noam Chomsky, Hakim Bey, and Bob Black. Other "unclassified" radical and activist groups on the site include NativeNet's 500 Years archives, the Autonomie Forum's Arm the Spirit, as well as their collection of communiques from the Red Army Fraction and Kurdish resistance groups, Buzzkill, PalestineNet, Progressive Student Network, Progressive Sociologists' Network, World Systems Network, Vietnam Veterans Against the War—Anti-Imperialist, Vietnam Veterans Against the War (Demilitarized Zone publishers), Irish Northern Aid Committee, Organized Thoughts, European Counter Network, and archives of all public press-releases from the New York Transfer News Service. Socialist and Communist organizations with materials on the site include Workers World, International Socialists, Maoist Internationalist Movement, Peoples' Tribune, and P-News. Additionally, full-text editions of many works from Marx, Lenin and Trotsky are available. A wide variety of non-sectarian news sources are present, including Somalia News Update, and Trade News, and full-text editions of other relevant documents are present, including the Maastricht Treaty, NAFTA, and the Federalist Papers. Numerous gay and lesbian activist-related documents are available, including the Queer Resource Directory and the Gay-Lesbian University which comprise a major portion of the politics directory.

Many materials that are not explicitly of a political nature are also archived—as of about six months ago I began to collect fiction, poetry, and miscellaneous 'zines. The archives are the primary internet distribution site for ftp transfers of Jerod Pore's Factsheet Five - Electric, and the 'zine archives are too diverse to detail their contents. I maintain a complete mirror of the Electronic Frontier Foundations "Computer Underground" archives of journals on hacking, phreaking, cyberpunk movements and the bulletin-board scene. Additionally a complete mirror of plain-text editions of popular books from Project Gutenberg is present, with a wide assortment of unabridged books from the Bible to Moby Dick and I have a small collection of books outside of the Gutenberg collection as well, including the Holy Qur'an and Muammar Qathafi's Green Book.



## Connecting to the Archives

The archive server supports both anonymous ftp and gopher protocols—any internet-connected host should be able to obtain easy access through either ftp or gopher clients. Naturally this requires that users first obtain access to the internet. University students can generally find cost-free methods for doing this; other people will probably end up paying in one way or another. The proliferation of internet service providers has brought costs down to roughly \$10-20 per month for the average user and services such as Netcom (LA and SF Bay Area), the WELL (San Francisco), PANIX (NYC), MSEN (Ann Arbor, MI), and Halcyon (Seattle) have made this fairly painless for people in major metropolitan areas. A number of "FreeNet" systems around the country, most notably in Ohio and Michigan, are also making free access a reality for people in those areas. There are many internet service providers and I couldn't possibly name them all. If people are interested in obtaining network access and are willing to spend \$10-20 per month, they should probably send me a letter via surface mail with information about their dialing area and I will try to locate a provider in their area (time permitting). Another good way of finding out about local service providers is to dial a local bulletin board that is not necessarily on the Internet and ask users there. This naturally requires access to a computer with terminal emulation software and a modem, whereas university, government and corporate users often can obtain access to a computer directly attached to the net.

Once you have obtained access, knowing what to do with it the next hurdle. I recommend obtaining and reading Brendan Kehoe's "Zen and the Art of the Internet" and/or Ed Krol's "Whole Internet User's Guide and Catalog" which you can find in many bookstores.

The server's address is "etext.archive.umich.edu" for both anonymous ftp and gopher

users. It is generally on line 24 hours a day, seven days a week unless there are operational problems.

## Submitting Files for Archiving

Any individual or organization can submit files for archiving on nearly any topic. I generally avoid archiving computer-related technical literature because that type of material can find archival storage space easily elsewhere on the net. Submissions of newsletters, books, essays, fiction, poetry and 'zines are all acceptable. Materials archived must be in plain ASCII text, PostScript or (La)TeX formats so that they can be readable on many different computer platforms. Files can be sent via email to "ftp@etext.archive.umich.edu", they can be uploaded to the "incoming" directory on the site which is writable by anonymous users, and they can be sent on floppy or tape to me. Mac and DOS floppies are acceptable, as are Exabyte 8mm tapes, QIC-24 1/4" (60Mb) tapes and Sony 4mm DAT tapes in "tar" or "dump" format. If submitting ASCII text files, be sure that they are saved with linebreaks after 70-75 characters per line or they will be unreadable by most users.

**Paul Southworth**

Archivist

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UUCP email: ...luunet!css.ltd.umich.edu!pauls

BINET email: userW0YG@UMICHUM

### Correction to sidebar on p.12 of Issue #38:

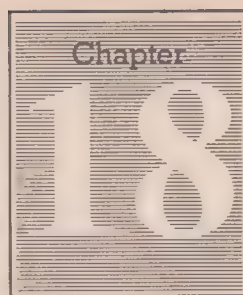
The archive server "red.css.ltd.umich.edu" was turned off a year ago; all its files are on etext.archive.umich.edu. Users may still be able to connect to etext.archive.umich.edu using that address since "red.css.ltd.umich.edu" is a functional alias for the current archive server, but users should note that the IP address associated with "red.css.ltd.umich.edu" (141.211.182.92) is no longer functional.







# The Revolution of Everyday Life



by  
Raoul  
Vaneigem

## Survival and false opposition to it

**T**he question of transcendence. Refusal is multiform; transcendence is one. Faced by modern discontent and incited by it to bear witness, human history is quite simply the history of a radical refusal which invariably carries transcendence within itself, which invariably tends towards self-negation. Although only one or two aspects of this refusal are ever seen at a time, this can never successfully conceal the basic identity of dictatorship by God, monarch, chief, class or organization. What idiocy it is to evoke an ontology of revolt. By transforming natural alienation into social alienation, the movement of history teaches men freedom in servitude: it teaches them both revolt and submission. Revolt has less need of metaphysicians than metaphysicians have of revolt. Hierarchical power, which has been with us for millennia, furnishes a perfectly adequate explanation for the permanence of rebellion, as it does of the repression that smashes rebellion.

The overthrow of feudalism and the creation of masters without slaves are one and the same project. The memory of the partial failure of this project in the French Revolution has continued to render it more familiar and more attractive, even as later revolutions, each in its own way abortive (the Paris Commune, the Bolshevik Revolution), have at once clarified the project's contours and deferred its enactment.

All philosophies of history without exception collude with this failure, which is why *consciousness* of history cannot be divorced from consciousness of the necessity of transcendence.

How is it that the moment of transcendence is increasingly easy to discern on the social horizon? The question of transcendence is a tactical question. Broadly, we may outline it as follows:

Survival is life reduced to economic imperatives. In the present period, therefore, survival is life reduced to what can be consumed (seventeen). Reality is giving answers to the problem of transcendence before our so-called revolutionaries have even thought of formulating this problem. Whatever is not transcended rots, and whatever is rotten cries out for transcendence. Spurious opposition, being unaware of both these tendencies, speeds up the process of decomposition while becoming an integral part of it: it thus makes the task of transcendence easier—but only in the sense in which we sometimes say of a murdered man that he made his murderer's task easier. Survival is non-transcendence become unlivable. The mere rejection of survival dooms us to impotence. We have to retrieve the core of radical demands which has repeatedly been renounced by movements which started out as revolutionary (eighteen).

# Spurious opposition

There comes a moment of transcendence that is historically defined by the strength and weakness of Power; by the fragmentation of the individual to the point where he is a mere monad of subjectivity; and by the intimacy between everyday life and that which destroys it. This transcendence will be general, undivided and built by subjectivity (1). Once they abandon their initial extremism, revolutionary elements become irremediably reformist. The well-nigh general abandonment of the revolutionary spirit in our time is a soil in which reformisms of survival thrive. Any modern revolutionary organization must identify the seeds of transcendence in the great movements of the past. In particular, it must rediscover and carry through the project of individual freedom, perverted by liberalism; the project of collective freedom, perverted by socialism; the project of the recapture of nature, perverted by fascism; and the project of the whole man, perverted by Marxist *ideologies*. This last project, though expressed in the theological terms of the time, also informed the great medieval heresies and their anticlerical rage, the recent exhumation of which is so apt in our own century with its new clergy of "experts" (2). The man of *ressentiment* is the perfect *survivor*—the man bereft of the consciousness of possible transcendence, the man of the age of decomposition (3). By becoming aware of spectacular decomposition, the man of *ressentiment* becomes a nihilist. Active nihilism is prerevolutionary. There is no consciousness of transcendence without consciousness of decomposition. Juvenile delinquents are the legitimate heirs of Dada (4).

1 a) Anything that does not kill power reinforces it, but anything which power does not itself kill weakens power.

b) The more the requirements of consumption come to supersede the requirements of production, the more government by constraint gives way to government by seduction.

c) With the democratic extension of

the right to consume comes a corresponding extension to the largest group of people of the right to exercise authority (in varying degrees, of course).

d) As soon as men fall under the spell of Authority they are weakened and their capacity for refusal withers. Power is thus reinforced, it is true, yet it is also reduced to the level of the consumable



and is indeed consumed, dissipated and, of necessity, becomes vulnerable.

The point of transcendence is one moment in this dialectic of strength and weakness. While it is undoubtedly the task of radical criticism to identify this moment and to work tactically to precipitate it, we must not forget that it is the *facts* all around us that call such radical criticism forth. Transcendence sits astride a contradiction that haunts the modern world, permeating the daily news and leaving its stamp on most of our behavior. This is the contradiction between impotent refusal—*i.e.*, reformism—and wild refusal, or nihilism (two types of which, the active and the passive, are to be distinguished).

2) The diffusion of hierarchical power may broaden that power's realm but it also tarnishes its glamour. Fewer people live on the fringes of society as bums and parasites, yet at the same time fewer people actually respect an employer, a monarch, a leader or a role; although more people survive within the social organization, many more of the people within it hold it in contempt. Everyone finds himself at the center of the struggle in his daily life. This has two consequences:

a) In the first place, the individual is not only the victim of social atomization, he is also the victim of fragmented power. Now that subjectivity has emerged onto the historical stage, only to come immediately under attack, it has become the most crucial revolutionary demand. Henceforward the construction of a harmonious collectivity will require a revolutionary theory founded not on communitarianism but rather upon subjectivity—a theory founded, in other words, on individual cases, on the lived experience of *individuals*.

b) Secondly, the extreme fragmentariness of resistance and refusal turns, ironically, into its opposite, for it recreates the preconditions for a global refusal. The new revolutionary collective will come into being through a chain reaction leaping from one subjectivity to the

next. The construction of a community of people who are whole individuals will inaugurate the reversal of perspective without which no transcendence is possible.

3) A final point is that the idea of a reversal of perspective is invading popular consciousness. For everyone is too close for comfort to that which negates him. This proximity to death makes the life forces rebel. Just as the allure of faraway places fades when one gets

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closer, so perspective vanishes as the eye gets too near. By locking men up in its decor of things, and by its clumsy attempt to insinuate itself into men themselves, all Power manages to do is to spread the discontent and disaffection. Vision and thought get muddled, values blur, forms become vague, and anamorphic distortions trouble us rather as though we were looking at a painting with our nose pressed hard against the canvas. Incidentally, the change in pictorial perspective (Uccello, Kandinsky) coincided with a change of perspective at the level of social life. The rhythm of consumption thrusts the mind into that interregnum where far and near are indistinguishable. The facts themselves will soon come to the aid of the mass of men in their struggle to enter at long last that state of freedom aspired to—though they lacked the means of attaining it—by those Swabian heretics of 1270 mentioned by Norman Cohn in his *Pursuit of the Millennium*, who “said that they had mounted up above God and, reaching the very pinnacle of Divinity, abandoned God. Often the adept would affirm that he or she had no longer ‘any

need of God.’”

2

*The renunciation of poverty and the poverty of renunciation.* Almost every revolutionary movement embodies the desire for complete change, yet up to now almost every revolutionary movement has succeeded only in changing some detail. As soon as the people in arms renounces its own will and starts kowtowing to the will of its counsellors it loses control of its freedom and confers the ambiguous title of revolutionary leader upon its oppressors-to-be. This is the “cunning”, so to speak, of fragmentary power: it gives rise to fragmentary revolutions, revolutions dissociated from any reversal of perspective, cut off from the totality, paradoxically detached from the proletariat which makes them. There is no mystery in

the fact that a totalitarian regime is the price paid when the demand for total freedom is renounced once a handful of partial freedoms has been won. How could it be otherwise! People talk in this connection of a fatality, a curse: the revolution devouring its children, and so on. As though Makhno's defeat, the crushing of Kronstadt revolt, or Durruti's assassination were not already writ large in the structure of the original Bolshevik cells, perhaps even in Marx's authoritarian positions in the First International. “Historical necessity” and “reasons of state” are simply the necessity and the reasons of leaders who have to legitimate their renunciation of the revolutionary project, their renunciation of extremism.

Renunciation equals non-transcendence. And issue-politics, partial refusal and piecemeal demands are the very thing that blocks transcendence. The worst inhumanity is never anything but a wish for emancipation that has settled for compromise and fossilized beneath the strata of successive sacrifices. Liberalism, socialism and Bolshevism have each built new prisons under the sign of



liberty. The left fights for an increase in comfort within alienation, skillfully furthering this impoverished aim by evoking the barricades, the red flag and the finest revolutionary moments of the past. In this way once-radical impulses are doubly betrayed, twice renounced: first they are ossified, then dug up and used as a carrot. "Revolution" is doing pretty well everywhere: worker-priests, priest-junkies, communist generals, red potentates, trade unionists on the board of directors.... Radical chic harmonizes perfectly with a society that can sell Watney's Red Barrel beer under the slogan "The Red Revolution is Coming." Not that all this is without risk for the system. The endless caricaturing of the most deeply felt revolutionary desires can produce a backlash in the shape of a resurgence of such feelings, purified in reaction to their universal prostitution. There is no such thing as lost allusions.

The new wave of insurrection tends to rally young people who have remained outside specialized politics, whether right or left, or who have passed briefly through these spheres because of excusable errors of judgement, or ignorance. All currents merge in the tiderace of nihilism. The only important thing is what lies beyond this confusion. The revolution of daily life will be the work of those who, with varying degrees of facility, are able to recognize the seeds of total self-realization preserved, contradicted and dissimulated within ideologies of every kind—and who cease consequently to be either mystified or mystifiers.

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If a spirit of revolt once existed within Christianity, I defy anybody who still calls himself a Christian to understand that spirit. Such people have neither the right nor the capacity to inherit the heretical tradition. Today heresy is an impossibility. The theological language used to express the impulses of so many fine revolts was the mark of a particular period; it was the only language then available, and nothing more than that. Translation is now necessary—not that it presents any difficulties. Setting aside the period in which I live, and the objective assistance it gives me, how can I hope to improve in the twentieth century on what the Brethren of the Free Spirit

said in the thirteenth: "A man may be so much one with God that whatever he does he cannot sin. I am part of the freedom of Nature and I satisfy all my natural desires. The free man is perfectly right to do whatever gives him pleasure. Better that the whole world be destroyed and perish utterly than that a free man should abstain from a single act to which his nature moves him." One cannot but admire Johann Hartmann's "The truly free man is lord and master of all creatures. All things belong to him, and he is entitled to make use of whichever pleases him. If someone tries to stop him doing so, the free man has the right to kill him and take his possessions." The same goes for John of Brunn, who justifies his practice of fraud, plunder and armed robbery by announcing that "All things created by God are common property. Whatever the eye sees and covets, let the hand grasp it." Or again, consider the Pifles d'Arnold and their conviction that they were so pure that they were incapable of sinning no matter what they did (1157). Such jewels of the Christian spirit always sparkled a little too brightly for the bleary eyes of the Christians. The great heretical tradition may still be discerned—dimly perhaps, but with its dignity still intact—in the acts of a Pauwels leaving a bomb in the church of La Madeleine (March 15, 1894), or of the young Robert Burger slitting a priest's throat (August 11, 1963). The last—and the last possible—instances of priests retrieving something genuine from a real attachment to the revolutionary origins of Christianity are furnished in my opinion by Meslier and Jacques Roux fomenting jacquerie and riot. Not that we can expect this to be understood by the sectarians of today's ecumenizing forces. These emanate from Moscow as readily as from Rome, and their evangelists are cybernetician scum as often as creatures of *Opus Dei*. Such being the new clergy, the way to transcend heresy should not be hard to divine.

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No one is about to deny liberalism full credit for having spread the thirst for freedom to every corner of the world. Freedom of the press, freedom of thought, freedom of creation—if all their "freedoms" have no other merit, at least they stand as a monument to liber-

alism's falseness. The most eloquent of epitaphs, in fact: after all, it is no mean feat to imprison liberty in the name of liberty. In the liberal system, the freedom of individuals is destroyed by mutual interference: one person's liberty begins where the other's ends. Those who reject this basic principle are destroyed by the sword; those who accept it are destroyed by justice. Nobody gets their hands dirty: a button is pressed, and the guillotine of the police and state intervention falls. A very fortunate business, to be sure. The State is the bad conscience of the liberal, the instrument of a necessary repression for which deep in his heart he denies responsibility. As for day-to-day business, it is left to the freedom of the capitalists to keep the freedom of the worker within proper bounds. Here, however, the upstanding socialist comes on the scene to denounce this hypocrisy.

What is socialism? It is a way of getting liberalism out of its contradiction, *i.e.*, the fact that it simultaneously safeguards and destroys individual freedom. Socialism proposes (and there could be no more worthy goal) to prevent individuals from negating each other through interference. The solution it actually produces, however, is very different. For it ends up eliminating interferences without liberating the individual; what is much worse, it melds the individual will into a collective mediocrity. Admittedly, only the economic sphere is affected by the institution of socialism, and opportunism—*i.e.*, liberalism in the sphere of daily life—is scarcely incompatible with bureaucratic planning of all activities from above, with manoeuvring for promotion, with power struggles between leaders, etc. Thus socialism, by abolishing economic competition and free enterprise, puts an end to interference on one level, but it retains the race for the consumption of power as the only authorized form of freedom. The partisans of self-limiting freedom are split into two camps, therefore: those who are for liberalism in production and those who are for liberalism in consumption. And a fat lot of difference there is between them!

The contradiction in socialism between radicalism and its renunciation is well exemplified by two statements recorded in the minutes of the debates of the First International. In 1867 we find Chémalé reminding his listeners



that "The product must be *exchanged* for another product of equal value; anything less amounts to trickery, to fraud, to robbery." According to Chémalé, therefore, the problem is how to rationalize exchange, how to make it fair. The task of socialism, on this view, is to correct capitalism, to give it a human face, to plan it, and to empty it of its substance (profit). And who profits from the end of capitalism? This we have found out since 1867. But there was already another view of socialism, coexistent with this one, and we find it expressed by Varlin, Communard-to-be, at the Geneva Congress of this same International Association of Workingmen in 1866: "So long as *anything* stands in the way of the *employment of oneself* freedom will not exist." There is thus a freedom locked up in socialism, but nothing could be more foolhardy than to try and release this freedom today without declaring total war on socialism itself.

Is there any need to expatiate on the abandonment of the Marxist project by every variety of present-day Marxism? The Soviet Union, China, Cuba: what is there here of the construction of the whole man? The material poverty which fed the revolutionary desire for transcendence and radical change has been attenuated, but a new poverty has emerged, a poverty born of renunciation and compromise. The renunciation of poverty has led only to the poverty of renunciation. Was it not the feeling that he had allowed his initial project to be fragmented and effected in piecemeal fashion that occasioned Marx's disgusted remark, "I am not a Marxist"? Even the obscenity of fascism springs from a will to live—but a will to live denied, turned against itself like an ingrowing toenail. A will to live become a will to power, a will to power become a will to passive obedience, a will to passive obedience become a death wish. For when it comes to the qualitative sphere, to concede a fraction is to give up everything.

By all means, let us destroy fascism, but let the same destructive flame consume all ideologies, and all their lackeys to boot.

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Through force of circumstance, poetic energy is everywhere renounced or allowed to go to seed. Isolated people

abandon their individual will, their subjectivity, in an attempt to break out. Their reward is the illusion of community and an intenser affection for death. Renunciation is the first step towards a man's co-optation by the mechanisms of Power.

There is no such thing as a technique or thought which does not arise in the first instance from a will to live; in the official world, however, there is no such thing as a technique or thought which does not lead us towards death. The faces of past renunciations are the data of a history still largely unknown to men. The study of these traces helps in itself to forge the arms of total transcendence. Where is the radical core, the qualitative dimension? This question has the power to shatter habits of mind and habits of life; and it has a part to play in the strategy of transcendence, in the building of new networks of radical resistance. It may be applied to philosophy, where ontology bears witness to the renunciation of being-as-becoming. It may be applied to psychoanalysis, a technique of liberation which confines itself for the most part to "liberating" us from the need to attack social organization. It may be applied to all the dreams and desires stolen, violated and twisted beyond recognition by conditioning. To the basically radical nature of a man's spontaneous acts, so often denied by his stated view of himself and of the world. To the playful impulse, whose present imprisonment in the categories of permitted games—from roulette to war, by way of lynching parties—leaves no place for the authentic game of playing with each moment of daily life. And to love, so inseparable from revolution, and so largely cut off, as things stand, from the pleasure of giving.

Remove the qualitative and all that remains is despair. Despair comes in every variety available to a system designed for killing human beings, the system of hierarchical power: reformism, fascism, philistine politicism, mediocracy, activism and passivity, boyscoutism and ideological masturbation. A friend of Joyce's recalls: "I don't remember Joyce ever saying a word during all those years about Poincaré, Roosevelt, de Valera, Stalin; never so much as a mention of Geneva or Locarno, Abyssinia, Spain, China, Japan, the Prince affair, Violette Nozière...." What, indeed, could he have added to *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake*?

Once the *Capital* of individual creativity had been written, it only remained for the Leopold Blooms of the world to unite, to throw off their miserable survival and to actualize the richness and diversity of their "interior monologues" in the lived reality of their existence. Joyce was never a comrade-in-arms to Durruti; he fought shoulder to shoulder with neither the Asturians nor the Viennese workers. But he had the decency to pass no comment on news items, to the anonymity of which he abandoned *Ulysses*—that "monument of culture," as one critic put it—while at the same time abandoning himself, Joyce, the man of total subjectivity. To the spinelessness of the man of letters, *Ulysses* is witness. As to the spinelessness of renunciation, its witness is invariably the "forgotten" radical moment.

Thus revolutions and counterrevolutions follow hard upon one another's heels, sometimes within a twenty-four hour period—in the space, even, of the least eventful of days. But consciousness of the radical act and of its renunciation becomes more widespread and more discriminating all the time. Inevitably. For today survival is non-transcendence become unlivable.

3

*The man of resentment.* The more power is dispensed in consumer-size packs, the more circumscribed becomes the sphere of survival, until we enter that reptilian world in which pleasure, the effort of liberation and agony all find expression in a single shudder. Low thought and short sight have long signalled the fact that the bourgeoisie belongs to a civilization of troglodytes in the making, a civilization of survival perfectly epitomized by the invention of the fallout shelter complete with all modern conveniences. The greatness of the bourgeoisie is a borrowed cloak: unable to build truly on the back of its defeated opponent, it donned feudal robes only to find itself draped in a pale shadow of feudal virtue, of God, of nature, etc. No sooner had it discovered its incapacity to control these entities directly than it fell to internal squabbling over details, involuntarily dealing itself blow after blow—though never, it is true, a mortal one.

The same Flaubert who flays the bourgeois with ridicule calls them to





Collage by Johann Humyn Being

arms to put down the Paris Commune....

The nobility turns the bourgeois into an aggressor: the proletariat puts it on the defensive. What does the proletariat represent for the bourgeoisie? Not a true adversary: at the most a guilty conscience that it desperately tries to conceal. Withdrawn, seeking a position of minimum exposure to attack, proclaiming that reform is the only legitimate form of change, the bourgeoisie clothes its fragmented revolutions in a cloth of wary envy and resentment.

I have already said that in my view no insurrection is ever fragmentary in its initial impulses, that it only becomes so

when the poetry of agitators and ring-leaders gives way to authoritarian leadership. The man of *ressentiment* is the official world's travesty of a revolutionary: a man bereft of awareness of the possibility of transcendence; a man who cannot grasp the necessity for a reversal of perspective and who, gnawed by envy, spite and despair, tries to use these feelings as weapons against a world so well designed for his oppression. An isolated man. A reformist pinioned between total refusal and absolute acceptance of Power. He rejects hierarchy out of umbrage at not having a place therein, and this makes him, as a rebel,

and struggling not to die. Revolts within the realm of survival are measured by the yardstick of death, which explains why they always require self-abnegation on the part of their militants, and the *a priori* renunciation of that will to live for which *everyone* is in reality struggling.

The rebel with no other horizon than a wall of restraints either rams his head against this wall or ends up defending it with dogged stupidity. No matter whether one accepts or rejects Power, to see oneself in the light of constraints is to see things from Power's point of view. Here we have man at the vanishing point—swarming with vermin, in Rosa-

an ideal slave to the designs of revolutionary "leaders". Power has no better buttress than thwarted ambition, which is why it makes every effort to console losers in the rat race by flinging them the privileged as a target for their rancor.

Short of a reversal in perspective, therefore, hatred of power is merely another form of obeisance to Power's ascendancy. The man who walks under a ladder to prove his freedom from superstition proves just the opposite. Obsessive hatred and the insatiable thirst for positions of authority wear down and impoverish people to the same degree—though perhaps not in the same way, for there is, after all, more humanity in fighting against Power than in prostituting oneself to it. There is in fact a world of difference between struggling to live



nov's words. Hemmed in on all sides, he resists any kind of intrusion and mounts a jealous guard over himself, never realizing that he has become sterile, that he is keeping vigil over a graveyard. He has internalized his own lack of existence. Worse, he borrows Power's impotence in order to fight Power; such is the zeal with which he applies the principle of fair play. Alongside such sacrifice, the price he pays for purity—for playing at being pure—is small indeed. How the most compromised people love to give themselves credit for integrity out of all proportion to the odd minor points over which they have preserved any! They get on their high horses because they refused a promotion in the army, gave out a few leaflets at a factory gate or got hit on the head by a cop. And all their bragging goes hand in hand with the most obtuse militancy in some communist party or other.

Once in a while, too, a man at the vanishing point takes it into his head that he has a world to conquer, that he needs more *Lebensraum*, a vaster ruin in which to engulf himself. The rejection of Power easily comes to embrace the rejection of those things which Power has appropriated—e.g., the rebel's own self. Defining oneself negatively by reference to Power's constraints and lies can result in constraints and lies entering the mind as an element of travestied revolt—generally without so much as a dash of irony to give a breath of air. No chain is harder to break than the one which the individual attaches to himself when his rebelliousness is lost to him in this way. When he places his freedom in the service of unfreedom, the resulting increase in unfreedom's strength enslaves him. Now, it may well be that nothing resembles unfreedom so much as the effort to attain freedom, but unfreedom has this distinguishing mark: once bought, it loses all its value. even though its price is every bit as high as freedom's.

The wails close in and we can't breathe. The more people struggle for breath, the worse it gets. The ambiguity of the signs of life and freedom, which oscillate between their positive and negative forms according to the necessary conditions imposed by global oppression, tends to generalize a confusion in which one hand is constantly undoing the work of the other. Inability to apprehend oneself encourages people to ap-

prehend others on the basis of their negative representations, on the basis of their roles—and thus to treat them as objects. Old maids, bureaucrats—all, in fact, who thrive on survival—have no affective knowledge of any other reason for existing. Needless to say, Power's best hopes of co-optation lie precisely in this shared malaise. And the greater the mental confusion, the greater its chances.

Myopia and voyeurism are the twin prerequisites of man's adaptation to the social mediocrity of the age. Look at the world through a keyhole! This is what all the experts urge us to do, and what the man of *ressentiment* delights in doing. Unable to play a leading part, he rushes to get the best seat in the auditorium. He is desperately in need of minute platitudes to chew on: all politicians are crooks, de Gaulle is a great man, China is a workers' paradise, etc. He loves to hate an individualized oppressor, to love a flesh-and-blood Uncle Joe: systems are too complicated for him. How easy it is to understand the success of such crass images as the foul Jew, the shiftless native or the two hundred families! Give the enemy a face and immediately the countenance of the masses apes another—most admirable—face, the face of the Defender of the Fatherland, Ruler, Führer.

The man of *ressentiment* is a potential revolutionary, but the development of this potentiality entails his passing through a phase of larval consciousness: he first becomes a nihilist. If he does not kill the organizers of his ennui, or at least those people who appear as such in the forefront of his vision (managers, experts, ideologues, etc.), then he will end up killing in the name of an authority, in the name of some reason of state, or in the name of ideological consumption. And if the state of things does not eventually provoke a violent explosion, he will continue to flounder in a sea of roles, locked in the tedious rigidity of his spite, spreading his saw-toothed conformism everywhere and applauding revolt and repression alike; for, in this eventuality, incurable confusion is his only possible fate.

4

*The nihilist.* Rozanov's definition of nihilism is the best: "The show is over. The audience get up to leave their seats.

Time to collect their coats and go home. They turn round...No more coats and no more home."

Nihilism is born of the collapse of myth. During those periods when the contradiction between mythical explanation—Heaven, Redemption, the Will of Allah—and everyday life becomes patent, all values are sucked into the vortex and destroyed. Deprived of any justification, stripped of the illusions that concealed it, the weakness of men emerges in all its nakedness. On the other hand, once myth no longer justifies the ways of Power to men, the real possibilities of social action and experiment appear. Myth was not just a cloak for this weakness: it was also the cause of it. Thus the explosion of myth frees an energy and creativity too long syphoned away from authentic experience into religious transcendence and abstraction. The interregnum between the collapse of classical philosophy and the erection of the Christian myth saw an unprecedented effervescence of thought and action. A thousand life-styles blossomed. Then came the dead hand of Rome, co-opting whatever it could not destroy utterly. Later, in the sixteenth century, the Christian myth itself disintegrated, and another period of frenetic experimentation burst upon the world. Nothing was true anymore, and everything had become possible. Gilles de Rais tortured a thousand children to death, and the revolutionary peasants of 1535 set about building heaven on earth. But this new period of dissolution differed in one important respect from all previous ones, for after 1789 the reconstruction of a new myth became an absolute impossibility.

Christianity neutered the explosive nihilism of certain gnostic sects, and improvised a protective garment for itself from their remains. But the establishment of the bourgeois world made any new displacement of nihilistic energy on to the plane of myth impossible: the nihilism generated by the bourgeois revolution was a concrete nihilism. The reality of exchange, as we have seen, precludes all dissimulation. Until its abolition, the spectacle can never be anything except the spectacle of nihilism. That vanity of the world which the Pascal of the *Pensées* evoked, as he thought, to the greater glory of God, turned out to be a product of historical reality—and this in the absence of God, himself a



casualty of the explosion of myth. Nihilism swept everything before it, God included.

For the last century and a half, the most lucid contributions to art and life have been the fruit of free experiment in the field of abolished values. De Sade's passionate rationalism, Kierkegaard's sarcasm, Nietzsche's vacillating irony, Maldoror's violence, Mallarmé's icy dispassion, Jarry's *Umour*, Dada's negativism—these are the forces which have reached out to confront people with some of the dankness and acridity of decaying values. And also, with the desire for a reversal of perspective, the need to discover alternative forms of life—the area which Melville called, “that wild whaling life where individual notabilities make up all totalities.” Paradox:

a) The great propagators of nihilism lacked an essential weapon: the sense of historic reality, the sense of the reality of decay, erosion, fragmentation.

b) Those who have made history in the period of bourgeois decline have been tragically lacking in any acute awareness of the immense dissolvent power of history in this period. Marx failed to analyze Romanticism and the artistic phenomenon in general. Lenin was wilfully blind to the importance of everyday life and its degeneration, of the Futurists, of Mayakovsky, or of the Dadaists.

Nihilism and historical consciousness have yet to join forces: Marx smashing something better than the street lamps in Kentish Town; Mallarmé with fire in his belly. The gap between these two forces is an open door to the hordes of passive liquidators, nihilists of the official world doggedly destroying the already dead values they pretend to believe in. How long must we bear the hegemony of these communist bureaucrats, fascist brutes, opinion-makers, pockmarked politicians, sub-Joycean writers, neo-Dadaist thinkers—all preaching the fragmentary, all working assiduously for the Big Sleep and justifying themselves in the name of one Order or another: the family, morality, culture, the flag, the space race, margarine, etc. Perhaps nihilism could not have attained the status of platitude if history had not advanced so far. But advanced it has. Nihilism is a self-destruct mechanism: today a flame, tomorrow ashes. The old values in ruins today feed the

intensive production of consumable and “futurized” values sold under the old label of “the modern”; but they also thrust us inevitably towards a future yet to be constructed, towards the transcendence of nihilism. In the consciousness of the new generation a slow reconciliation is occurring between history's destructive and constructive tendencies. The alliance of nihilism and transcendence means that transcendence will be total. Here lies the only wealth to be found in the affluent society.

When the man of *ressentiment* becomes aware of the dead loss which is survival, he turns into a nihilist. He embraces the impossibility of living so tightly that even survival becomes impossible. Once you are in that void, everything breaks up. The horrors. Past and future explode; the present is ground zero. And from ground zero there are only two ways out, two kinds of nihilism: *active* and *passive*.

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The passive nihilist compromises with his own lucidity about the collapse of all values. He makes one final nihilistic gesture: throws a dice to decide his “cause”, and becomes its devoted slave, for Art's sake, and for the sake of a little bread....Nothing is true, so a few gestures become hip. Joe Soap intellectuals, pataphysicians, crypto-fascists, aesthetes of the *acte gratuit*, mercenaries, Kim Philbys, pop-artists, psychedelic impresarios—bandwagon after bandwagon works out its own version of the *credo quia absurdum est*: you don't believe in it, but you do it anyway; you get used to it and you even get to like it in the end. Passive nihilism is an overture to conformism.

After all, nihilism can never be more than a transition, a shifting, ill-defined sphere, a period of wavering between two extremes, one leading to submission and subservience, the other to permanent revolt. Between the two poles stretches a no-man's-land, the wasteland of the suicide and the solitary killer, of the criminal described so aptly by Bettina as the crime of the State. Jack the Ripper is essentially inaccessible. The mechanisms of hierarchical power cannot touch him; he cannot be touched by revolutionary will. He gravitates round that zero-point beyond which destruction, instead of reinforcing the destruc-

tion wrought by power, beats it at its own game, excites it to such violence that the machine of the *Penal Colony*, stabbing wildly, shatters into pieces and flies apart. Maldoror takes the disintegration of contemporary social organization to its logical conclusion: to the stage of its self-destruction. The individual's absolute rejection of society as a response to society's absolute rejection of the individual. Isn't this the still point of the reversal of perspective, the exact point where movement, dialectics and time no longer exist? Noon and eternity of the great refusal. Before it, the pogroms; beyond it, the new innocence. The blood of Jews or the blood of cops.

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The active nihilist does not simply watch things fall apart. He criticizes the causes of disintegration by speeding up the process. Sabotage is a natural response to the chaos ruling the world. *Active nihilism is pre-revolutionary; passive nihilism is counter-revolutionary.* And most people waltz tragically between the two. Like the red soldier described by some Soviet author—Victor Chlovskyperhaps—who never charged without shouting, “Long Live the Tsar!” But, circumstances inevitably end by drawing a line, and people suddenly find themselves, once and for all, on one side or the other of the barricades.

You learn to dance for yourself on the off-beat of the official world. And you must follow your demands to their logical conclusion, not accept a compromise at the first setback. Consumer society's frantic need to manufacture new needs adroitly cashes in on the way-out, the bizarre and the shocking. Black humor and real agony turn up on Madison Avenue. Flirtation with non-conformism is an integral part of prevailing values. Awareness of the decay of values has its role to play in sales strategy. More and more pure rubbish is marketed. The figurine salt-shaker of Kennedy, complete with “bullet-holes” through which to pour salt, for sale in the supermarket, should be enough to convince anybody, if there is anybody who still needs convincing, how easily a joke which once would have delighted Ravachol or Peter the Painter now merely helps to keep the market going.

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# Rioting & Looting

## As a Modern-Day Form of Potlatch

By Neal Keating

A spectre haunts the modern world. It is the spectre of the gift. Everywhere the fight goes on, to get people to respect property, and to accept the miseries that come with such respect, such as work, destitution, and injustice. It is an endless fight by necessity. The minute it ceases, or weakens (e.g., gets caught on videotape), people break out into activities of an altogether different nature. They riot, and they loot. They relieve things of their fixed commodity values. The redistribution of these relieved things does not take the form of a sale, nor even a trade. Without a fixed price, they can only be considered as gifts.

Many societies throughout the world practiced their entire economic activities along the lines of gift-exchanges, the most famous of which is the potlatch.<sup>1</sup> As the modern societies continue to approach total collapse, we see an interesting trend developing. Potlatching is making a comeback! This was recently demonstrated in 1992 in South-Central Los Angeles, when more than twelve-thousand people took to the streets to express themselves through the destruction of great amounts of accumulated wealth.

### DAN CRANMER'S POTLATCH

Around Christmas in 1921, a Nimkish Kwakiutl fellow named Dan Cranmer hosted a six-day potlatch at Village Island, near Alert Bay in the Canadian province of British Columbia.<sup>2</sup> The occasion was that of his marriage. Cranmer, being true to his Kwakiutl traditions, planned to celebrate the event with a long feast during which he would give everyone gifts. Some

three-hundred guests (fellow Kwakiutls) were on hand to witness and receive Cranmer's giving away of all his accumulated wealth.

Cranmer reportedly started out on the first day by receiving much of this wealth from his wife's family (like a dowry). That night there was a dance. The next day he gave away twenty-four canoes, pool tables for two chiefs, four gasoline boats, and another pool table. He gave away blankets, gaslights, violins and guitars, kitchen utensils and three-hundred trunks. Women were given bracelets, shawls and dresses. Sweaters and shirts were given to youngsters, and coins were thrown in the air for children to collect. Another dance was held afterwards. He did not remember what he did on the third day (perhaps he was in a swoon). During the fourth day he gave away sewing machines, gramophones, bedsteads, and bureaus, along with more boxes and trunks. On the fifth day he gave away cash. And on the sixth he gave away about 1000 sacks of flour, each worth three dollars (a lot of money in 1921), as well as some sugar. It was one of the largest potlatches on record.

Although it sounds like a good time for everyone, Cranmer's potlatch was in fact against the law, and he, along with fifty other Kwakiutls, had criminal charges brought against them as a result. Twenty-two of those people were imprisoned for two months, and the rest were given suspended sentences on the condition that they surrender all their potlatch gear, which included dance masks, ceremonial whistles, and plaques of beaten copper (known as "coppers").

The law Cranmer had violated is known as Canada's Indian Act of 1885, which specifically made any potlatching illegal. The reasoning behind this act was produced by a typical blend of missionary and governmental rationales

which had as their goal the assimilation of Aborigines into modern society, and the extinction of their cultures. The motives behind these goals were hardly just misguided altruism. In reality, The Canadian government (as did the American government) was seeking the absolute extension of the rule of property. Potlatching was a threat to this rule because among other things, potlatching was an economic system of distribution that followed along communal lines. It took commodities and turned them into gifts, thus mocking the entire system of capitalist production. Potlatch destroys property. It is the old story of the "lazy Indian," the one who is indolent and thriftless. The big project was figuring out how to get these people to work. Forcing practices of private property on them seemed the obvious choice. Potlatching was perceived by Canadian legislators as a "mania," an "insane exuberance of generosity"<sup>3</sup> that had to be stopped. Cranmer might as well have gone a-looting.

### THE NATURE OF POTLATCH

Potlatching is but one form of an economic system that is based not on barter or sale, but is based on compulsory gift-giving. We now know that various forms of the gift economy existed all over the world.

Most of the Aboriginal tribes living along the Northwest Pacific coast of North America potlatched.<sup>4</sup> Formally speaking, a potlatch was a gathering of people on any number of occasions, including birth, puberty, marriage or death. During these gatherings there would be feasting, dancing, and the redistribution of property or its destruction.

In these societies, children were raised with the idea of the gift firmly implanted





Photo by Mikell Zhan

in their worldview. For example, Franz Boas observed that when a Kwakiutl child is born, it is first given the name of the birthplace, which it keeps for about a year. Then a relative of the child gives a paddle or a mat to each of the clan members to mark the occasion of his second name. When a boy reaches puberty, he takes his third name, by distributing gifts to everyone in his clan. It is in effect, his first potlatch. He is usually assisted in this ceremony by relatives, especially the nobility.<sup>5</sup>

During the bigger potlatches, the Yaoks and the Maxwas, property would be distributed by the host to his guests in between the dancing and the feasting. This was the general mechanism by which he acquired rank and status within his society. The status of the host gift-giver was directly proportional to his capacity for gift-giving. The greater the gift, the greater the status of the giver.

But wait! As Mary Douglas put it, there are no free gifts! Every gift given carried with it the obligation to reciprocate, often with 100% interest. Today's potlatch guest would be tomorrow's potlatch host. Potlatching thus generated rivalry between status-seekers (typically the big chiefs) as each one tried to outdo the other in their capacity to give everything away. At times these contests would escalate to the point where the distribution of property became inadequate for the expression of a chief's disregard for wealth and property. The next step would be to actually destroy property, often by burning it up. He might burn up his canoes, or his house, or the entire village. He might break his coppers and throw them in the sea. He may cut the throat of his slaves. All this he would do in full view of his guests, and usually with the complete approbation of his clan. Throughout the goal

was to flatten his rival's rank and enlarge his own. The "winner" of such a contest is not just the individual potlatcher, but also the dead from whom the potlatcher claims hereditary title, as well as the living clan of the potlatcher.

Marcel Mauss first noted the underlying principles of the gift in Northwest Coast Potlatch and then discovered its occurrence in varying forms at diverse locations, including Malaysia, Melanesia, Polynesia, Africa, North America, ancient Rome, as well as the ancient Indo-European world. Because of the rivalrous and ecstatic nature of potlatch, what Benedict thought of as the Dionysian ethos,<sup>6</sup> Mauss referred to Potlatch as an "agonistic"<sup>7</sup> form of the gift economy. His general characterization of the gift economy is as a "system of total services." He describes this system as:

"First it is not individuals, but collectivities that impose obligations of



exchange and contract upon each other. The contracting parties are legal entities: clans, tribes, and families who confront and oppose one another either in groups who meet face to face in one spot, or through their chiefs, or in both these ways at once. Moreover, what they exchange is not solely property and wealth, movable and immovable goods, and things economically useful. In particular, such exchanges are acts of politeness: banquets, rituals, military services, women, children, dances, festivals, and fairs, in which economic transaction is only one element, and in which the passing on of wealth is only one feature of a much more general and enduring contract."<sup>8</sup>

The central question posed by Mauss is this: "What rule of legality and self-interest [in a gift economy]...compels the gift that has been received to be obligatorily reciprocated? What power resides in the object given that causes its recipient to pay it back?"<sup>9</sup>

What Mauss demonstrates and Bataille greatly amplifies is that the essence of this contract holds that things contain an animated force, and that this force produces both social solidarity as well as the obligation to reciprocate. The Maori word for it is *Hau*, or the spirit of the thing given. Tamati Ranaipiri, a Maori, explained the nature of the *Hau*:

"Let us suppose that you possess a certain article (*taonga*) and that you give me this article. You give it to me without setting a price on it. We strike no bargain about it. Now, I give this article to a third person who, after a certain lapse of time, decides to give me something as payment in return (*utu*). He makes a present to me of something (*Taonga*). Now, this *Taonga* that he gives me is the spirit (*Hau*) of the *Taonga* that I had received from you and given to him. The *Taonga* that I received for the *Taonga* (which came from you) must be returned to you. It would not be fair (*tika*) on my part to keep these *Taonga* for myself, whether they were desirable (*rawe*) or undesirable (*kino*). I must give them to you because they are a *Hau* of the *Taonga* that you gave me. If I kept this other *Taonga* for myself, serious harm might befall me, even death. This is the nature of the *Hau*, the *Hau* of personal property, the *Hau* of the *Taonga*, the *Hau* of the forest."<sup>10</sup>

## GIFT ECONOMY vs MODERN ECONOMY

For the longest time, economic evolution was thought of as a single one-way progression from barter to sale and money, and lastly evolving into credit. Those societies that did not display any of these characteristics were thought of as backward, simple, and without any kind of market. However, the discovery of gift economies calls this entire trajectory into question. For gift economies are largely devoid of barter or sale, yet they operate on a complex credit system. Furthermore they definitely operate within a market setting. It is the rules of exchange that are different. Finally, the incentives of self-interest are fully operational in gift economies. The absolute sovereignty of the individual self is maintained in a system that can only be called communal.

It is precisely the *Hau* that modern economics cannot recognize, and this is the critical difference between the two systems. The *Hau* is not just a superstitious fancy, but is in fact an ecological ethic of total interrelatedness which is supported by contemporary physics and biology, most notably in Chaos theory, with its well-known statement that the fluttering of a butterfly's wings in China today will affect the weather over Seattle next week.<sup>11</sup> Perhaps the *Hau* is best expressed through Bataille's theory of General Economy. This theory starts from a general perspective: how is life possible? Is it possible to speak of the flow of living matter in general? Bataille explains that "A movement is produced on the surface of the globe that results from the circulation of energy at this point in the universe." The connection with economics, is that "the economic activity of men appropriates this movement, making use of the resulting possibilities for certain ends." The problem, especially for modern economics, is that this movement has a pattern and laws of which the men who appropriate it are unacquainted.<sup>12</sup>

This movement is the animating force, what Dylan Thomas called "The force that through the green fuse drives the flower." Bataille's basic observation is that all organisms are provided with more energy than they need to stay alive. This surplus of energy (which he terms wealth) can be used for the growth of the organism, or system. If

the system can no longer grow, or if the surplus cannot be absorbed into the growth, it must be destroyed, spent and lost, one way or another, willingly or unwillingly, and entirely without profit. This is what is willingly and lavishly done in potlatch. While this might seem straightforward enough, it is anathema to classical economic theories such as drive modern economies. It is not rational. It is paradoxical, but so is life.

In Bataille's theory, life on Earth is first and foremost characterized by the superabundance of energy freely given to it by the Sun. This superabundance carries over into the everyday activities of humans. The problem of life then is not that of scarcity, but of excess. Organisms have had to evolve mechanisms for squandering and destroying this excess, this accursed share. These are mechanisms of luxury. Eating, death and sexual reproduction constitute the three luxuries of nature. As any cellular biologist can tell you, none of these three luxuries are necessary for there to be life.

If excess is a basic biological factor, then we have to deal with it one way or another. There appear to be two basic responses that humans have made: either reciprocating the excess, by adapting their lifestyles to the condition of luxurious exuberance, or by somehow eliminating the conditions of continual excess.

The conquest of nature that was attempted in North America (sixteenth century up to present) by the nascent modern economies can be seen as one long attempt at erasing such excess. In this case it was the excess of wilderness, as well as those people who were integrated in this excess, with their "insane exuberances of generosity" that were the potlatches, to say nothing of the hundreds of other "pagan" practices throughout the continent. Such practices were generally thought of by the missionaries and the various governments as preventive of acquiring "civilization." They were probably right. Clastres demonstrated that stateless societies generally deployed built-in sociocultural mechanisms that prevented the development of coercive forces such as needed for the existence of the State.<sup>13</sup>

In contrast, the inclusion of the *Hau* in one's economic considerations by definition demands a reciprocal participation in a wild, luxurious exuberant



world peopled by interrelating creatures that are not even always humans. For humans are not the only ones in "the flow of living matter in general."<sup>14</sup> It is no surprise that the dead play a significant, if not central, role in virtually every potlatch. Here we arrive at a different understanding of wealth (and perhaps the meaning of life), not as the force or right to continually acquire and accumulate energy, but as the ability to squander and consume its excess in a festive way. From the standpoint of modern economy, this appears insane. Yet from the standpoint of both gift economy and general economy, the endless development of productive forces (which is, after all, the goal of the modern economy) is not only mad, it is doomed. It does not fully reckon with the energy it seeks to appropriate, and will likely be consumed by it as a result.

In the modern economy, surplus value (i.e., energy) is not publicly squandered in a collective festival or sacrifice in which all take part. It is instead accumulated by the small number of people who constitute the upper classes. This accumulation is then appropriated for further development of productive forces, which in turn generate ever greater amounts of surplus, and for which a further accumulation is attempted. When these attempts fail, as they constantly do today, the pressures of the surplus begin to burst the seams of the system. At those times, there is nothing to enhance solidarity. There is no *Hau*. There are only armies of police to hold together a society bereft of any other commonly-held self-interests. The society undergoes what it could otherwise bring about in a better way. Thus, instead of regular communal destructions of property (e.g., burning down the schools every five years), we have international wars.

The history of the State, or "civilization," is the history of such accumulation. Even Henry Kissinger has been able to see that "every civilization that has ever existed has ultimately collapsed." Could it be that the reason is because these societies closed their eyes and souls to the excess of nature and in so doing somehow hoped to overcome it?



## THE GIFT-EXCHANGE AT CHRISTMAS

It is not too gross a generalization to say that the gift-exchange at Christmas is a faint, schizy echo of those human epochs when the total system of social, cultural and economic exchanges took the form of gift-exchanges. As such it is something of a mockery of what the gift is all about. It is small wonder that suicides occur with greater frequency during Christmas. It is generally at this time when people are culturally compelled to make some kind of attempt at human intimacy, some kind of effort to express or feel the interrelatedness between people. But because of the nature of human interactions in the context of modern economies—which prevail during the rest of the year—these efforts are usually consigned to either the paltry exchange of commodities, or the rather painful realization that there is very little intimacy possible in the given circumstances. People may mean well when they engage in reciprocal gift exchanges at this time, but all they are really exchanging are images of reciprocity.

## RIOTING AND LOOTING AS A RETURN TO OUR POTLATCH ROOTS

Americans today generally think the intentional destruction of property is a bad thing. When rioters and looters take to the streets, people generally agree that society is breaking down. Those people caught rioting and looting get put in prison. Laws are made against such actions. The same goes for the rest of the modern world. Yet within the context of gift economies like potlatch, such actions were not only held in high regard, they enhanced social solidarity. Although the contexts in which potlatching went on are very different from the context in which the L.A. riots of 1992 took place, there is a common ground. That ground is the necessity to squander the surplus. In one case the forcing pressure is custom, in the other it is injustice. The point is that they are both pressures demanding the destruction of property through its redistribution or outright elimination. This pressure will make itself felt one way or another.

With the knowledge of the gift and

the accursed share, it seems reasonable that the gift economy is a far more preferable mechanism for our material activities. It offers the advantages of individual autonomy, a flexible market for exchange, but without all the problems that come with commodities, like work. Going from here to there will certainly be tricky, but I suggest we start with a lesson from the Kwakiutl. The big chief is not made so by force, nor by right. He is made by rank and status, which he acquires through a demonstrated superior disregard for material wealth. On those grounds I suggest that the twelve-thousand or so people who were arrested for rioting, and especially looting, be made into potlatch chiefs. Furthermore, I suggest that an obligation to reciprocate is incumbent upon the rest of us. The South-Central potlatchers threw a grand *maxwa*. Who will throw the next potlatch?

## NOTES

1. (1990) Mauss, Marcel: *The Gift*, New York, Norton. see note 13 on p.86, as well note 209 on p.122. The word potlatch derives from the Nootka *patshatl*. The Kwakiutl term was *P!Esa*, "to flatten" [one's rival], or it can mean "baskets being emptied," "feeder," or "place of being satiated." The two general meanings are gift and food, which as Mauss points out, are not mutually exclusive. In addition there are several terms distinguishing types of potlatches. For example, the Tsimshian distinguish a *yaok*, which is a large intertribal potlatch, from all the other kinds of potlatches. The Haida spoke of a *walgat*, a funeral potlatch, and the *sika*, a potlatch held for other reasons. The Kwakiutl equivalent of *yaok* is *maxwa*.
2. (1991) Cole, Douglas: "Underground Potlatch" *Natural History* 1991, volume 10, pp.50-53. See also (1992) Loo, Tina: "Dan Cranmer's potlatch" *Canadian Historical Review*, June 1992, volume 73, pp.125-141. See also (1966) Codere, Helen: "Daniel Cranmer's Potlatch" in *Indians of the North Pacific Coast*, edited by Tom McFeat, University of Washington.
3. see Cole (above).
4. These include the Kwakiutl, the Tlingit, the Haida, the Tsimshian, the Nootka, the Coast Salish, and the Chinook.
5. (1966) Boas, Franz "The Potlatch" in *Indians of the North Pacific Coast*, edited by Tom McFeat, University of Washington.
6. (1961) Benedict, Ruth: *Patterns of Culture*, Houghton Mifflin: Boston.
7. Mauss, pp.7.
8. Mauss, pp.5.
9. Mauss, pp.3.
10. Mauss, pp.11.
11. (1987) Gleick, James: *Chaos*. Viking: New York.
12. (1988) Bataille, Georges: *The Accursed Share*. Zone: New York.
13. (1987) Clastres, Pierre: *Society Against the State*. Zone: New York.
14. See Bataille (above). pp.23.



# FROM MUNIS TO MEESE: Left Communism or State Department Surrealism

By Keith Sorel

## A Sleepwalker's Guide To San Francisco

**I**n 1983 I became involved in sustained political activity outside of conventional leftism. I was a member of an anarchist group, "Workers Emancipation," which was nominally focused on the class struggle and published a magazine called *Ideas and Action*.

Tom Wetzel was the proprietor of the magazine. Of the oscillating membership of 5-15 people in the group, Wetzel had the most coherent idea of what he wanted and where our efforts should go; he became the group's *de facto* leader and his vision or lack thereof defined our efforts. We went to peace marches and demonstrations against US intervention in Central America, functioning as an orderly, cooperative tail to the rest of the left. Our group had no theory. We haggled endlessly over a nebulously worded statement of principles. The statement denounced the evils of capitalism while leaving capitalism itself undefined.

*Ideas and Action* was filled with fraternal debates with Trotskyists and social democrats. Turgid articles on the crisis of the economy aped left-Trotskyists in their superficial analysis of capitalism. *Ideas and Action* also reprinted statements from anarcho-nationalists in Eastern Europe and expressions

of solidarity with libertarian workers' organizations in Latin America. Suspiciously short on analysis, these distant exotic libertarians compensated by chanting hymns to the glory of self-management, democracy, unionism and federalism. This mantra was sufficient to justify our reproducing their manifestos.

The long-term goal of the tendency around *Ideas and Action* was to gain the North American franchise of the anarcho-syndicalist International Workers Association, the international federation of moribund syndicalist union bureaucracies. Wetzel had some allies in West Virginia and in New York City, one of whom was a low level trade union functionary in District 65 of the United Auto Workers Union. This was extolled among the anarcho-syndicalists as being of great relevance to their future role in the American workers movement.

We had the same quarrels found in any other leftist political scene, only our disagreements were processed through a miasma of anarchist jargon. In rebellion against his brother, a Reagan administration appointee, Wetzel was fond of brandishing his working class origins to back up his fundamentally leftist politics. In his more visionary moments, Wetzel's concerns for the social content of a post-revolutionary society focused on how the ideal mass democratic workers' organizations would be able to salvage the market economy, and how post-revolutionary syndicalism would impose

labor discipline on the marginal sections of the working class. Toward the end of the life of "Workers Emancipation" an enormous amount of time was taken up with debating the "historically progressive" role of pornography consumption among sexually frustrated anarcho-syndicalists.

Going through the mail our group received from other leftist groups, I came across what at first appeared to be the publication of a rarified and baroque Trotskyist sect, the International Communist Current. I was impressed by an article in their magazine *Internationalism* titled, "A Closer Look at Some Leftist Lies—Cuba Is a Capitalist Hell." This article was a detailed attack on the exploitation and repression of the Cuban working class by Cuban Stalinism and the colonization of social life by the party-state. The ICC even denounced the repression of Cuban anarchists by Castro. Other articles attacked social democrats, Stalinists, Trotskyists and Maoists, not because they weren't nice guys, weren't libertarian enough or were untrustworthy members of the common family of the left, as Wetzel and his crowd did, but as counter-revolutionary and objectively capitalist political forces. The ICC regarded unions as agencies of capitalist discipline against the working class.

The ICC's emphasis on autonomous working class struggles to the exclusion of middle class protest politics and the vehemence of their attacks on the left





and Third World nationalists impressed me, as did their denunciation of the capitalist nature of all the so-called Socialist countries. They partially critiqued Leninism. Most importantly, unlike leftists and anarchists, the ICC defined the goal of a social revolution as being neither the nationalization of the economy by a state led by their organization nor workers' self-management. They advocated the abolition of wage

labor, money, commodity production and national borders by the international power of workers' councils.

The ICC weren't icepickheads after all. They traced their sources of theoretical inspiration to obscure Marxist revolutionaries I was just beginning to find out about; the Italian, Dutch and German left communists of the 1920s and 30s. The ICC was a semi-Leninist and partyist version of the revolutionary

Marxism I was then discovering in the Situationist International Anthology, and pamphlets from Black and Red in Detroit such as Barrot and Martin's *Eclipse and Reemergence of the Communist Movement*, *Unions Against Revolution*, and *Lip and the Self-Managed Counter-Revolution*.

Influenced by coherent revolutionary analysis of the Situationists and left communists, I came to see anarcho-



syndicalism as a leftist ideology that embalmed the disastrous legacy of the CNT in the Spanish Civil War. Half a century earlier the world's greatest anarchist union movement had proven itself to be as good as any other union when it came to ending strikes, and spectacularly inadequate when it came to destroying the state. Anarcho-syndicalism had proven to be a dead end for the class struggle. I drifted away from the anarcho-syndicalists.

Looking for ICC journals, I combed the sectarian literature racks at Bound Together Books. At City Lights Bookstore in North Beach I rooted through the rags of Trots, Maoists, Sandinista groupies, peaceniks, ecology geeks, Stalinists, Black Nationalist Stalinists, Albanian Stalinists, Moscow and Peking franchise Stalinists. I collected back issues of *Internationalism* and *International Review* like baseball cards or old Black Sabbath albums.

The ICC was still too close to Lenin for my liking. I looked for people whose political orientation was somewhere between the anarchist milieu and the ICC. The late 1970s had seen the rise and fall of a number of groups in the United States with authentic communist perspectives distinct from and hostile to the left and unionism. By fall of 1983 the only publication in the United States or Canada close to a left communist perspective outside of the ICC was a bulletin called *The Alarm*. *The Alarm* was produced in San Francisco by the Fomento Obrero Revolucionario Organizing Committee in the United States (FOCUS).

Further investigation showed that Fomento Obrero Revolucionario (FOR) was a left communist tendency whose politics were similar to the ICC. The FOR was active mainly in France and Spain. The FOR had been founded in the late 1950s by people who had broken with the Trotskyist movement over the class nature of the Russian state. Some of the members of the FOR had been involved with the Bolshevik-Leninist Group, the small Trotskyist group that had been on the same side as the more numerous radical anarchist workers in the uprising in Barcelona in May of 1937. Founding members of both the ICC and the FOR had been internationalists during World War II; unlike leftists and many anarchists, they had denounced the USSR, the various resis-

tance movements, and the democratic imperialist powers as enemies in the class war of the poor against capital.

The FOR in Europe and FOCUS/*The Alarm* in San Francisco were for working class self-activity outside of and against unions and leftist parties. They unconditionally opposed nationalism in all forms, including national liberation struggles. Like the ICC, the FOR defined the USSR, China, Cuba, and other so-called socialist countries as state capitalist societies. The FOR were enemies of the state in its dictatorial and democratic manifestations.

The people in FOCUS/*The Alarm* had experienced a falling out with the FOR several years previous but still published their bulletin under the same name as the bulletin of the European group. They still described themselves as the organizing committee of the FOR in the United States.

*The Alarm* was an ironic title for this publication, the epitome of petty sectarianism. *The Alarm* hurled furious denunciations at other obscure ultra-left groups. The prose huffed and puffed with ridiculous phrases like "traitorous misleaders" and "neo-filibusterist." Early issues paid fawning homage to Trotsky and Lenin, blaming the "betrayal" of the Russian Revolution on Stalin alone. Later issues dismissed the Russian Revolution as having been of no significance and nothing more than a bourgeois coup d'état.

One issue of *The Alarm* consisted of a long poem "Dedicated To the Martyrs of Bolshevik Fascism." The poem included a lengthy catalogue of prominent victims, among them the party leaders Kamenev and Bukharin. To describe architects of Bolshevik state capitalism as victims of Bolshevism and mourn their passing was the same as describing the brownshirts as "victims of Hitlerism"; technically correct, but politically delirious. In a similar vein, the laundry list of martyrs included the Red Army Marshal Tukhachevsky. A graphic dedicated to the rebels of Kronstadt was illustrated with a picture of Bolshevik troops attacking Kronstadt, under the command of, among others, Marshal Tukhachevsky.

In later issues, *The Alarm* adopted an identity with Spanish anarchism and at the same time demonstrated a fondness for Leon Trotsky, oblivious to the implicit contradictions. *The Alarm* also

printed news of the autonomous workers movement in Spain, of strikes and riots outside the control of parties and unions, information about surrealism and the Spanish Civil War. Much of this was exotic and appealing to me. Its crazy-quilt quality and impassioned pleas for contact and common action with other partisans of social revolution told me that the people behind *The Alarm* were in a strange place between Trotskyism and anti-statist communism. Politically they were much worse than the ICC, but they were the only people near at hand, and I had nothing to lose by pursuing contact with them. I gave them the benefit of the doubt, assumed they were developing their ideas, and that we might be able to work together.

The next to last issue of *The Alarm*, September-October 1983, announced that they were reversing their previous opposition to unions and joining the San Francisco branch of the Industrial Workers of the World. This was expressed in an article titled "New Thesis on the Organization of Workers" signed by a Comrade Sandalio. This article was a hodgepodge of confusion comparing the contemporary IWW in the United States to the early twentieth century IWW, to the anarcho-syndicalist CNT in Spain in the 1930s and to the factory organizations of the left communists in Germany in the early 1920s. I'd been a member of the IWW for a brief period a few years earlier. The IWW was a laughable anachronism, the organizational shell of a long gone social movement, made up of people with no analysis of its past significance or the reasons for its subsequent eclipse. Whatever the IWW had been 60 years earlier had little bearing on what it was in the mid 1980s. It was like a Knights Of Columbus or Elks Lodge for non-party leftists, with as much relevance to the contemporary class struggle as an association of Civil War paraphernalia buffs. I was disappointed that the one group in the Bay Area that had politics akin to my own was evaporating just as I was becoming aware of its existence.

I wrote to *The Alarm* a number of times to see what had happened to them. In the summer of 1984, I made contact with and joined a small network in the Pacific Northwest who had taken over the mailing list of *The Alarm* after the bulletin's original author quit the project.



That summer I also made contact with Comrade Sandalio, also known as Steve Schwartz, who had been until recently the one and only member of FOCUS/The Alarm. Schwartz was working as the official historian of the Sailors Union of the Pacific, AFL-CIO, in the union headquarters on Rincon Hill in San Francisco.

The SUP building was a white rectangle with absurd nautical trimmings, an example of the totalitarian architecture favored by strong states of the 1930s and 1940s. The front of the building faced a stirring view of the Bay Bridge. In the middle of the day on a weekday the front doors were locked. I had to knock. A janitor let me in. The interior of the building looked like a set for "The Lady From Shanghai" or a Humphrey Bogart movie. Aside from the janitor the building looked deserted. I found Schwartz in a tiny rabbit-warren office. He was a short, rotund man with gray and black hair. He appeared to be in his early forties. He wore granny glasses, a green commando sweater, chinos and penny loafers.

Schwartz told me he'd worked on merchant ships crossing the Pacific before containerization wiped out most of the maritime jobs in the late 1960s. In the 1970s he'd participated in anti-union workers' committees while a clerk in the Southern Pacific Railroad yards in Richmond, Calif. Schwartz described himself as an internationally recognized surrealist poet who had been involved in a number of poetic and publishing endeavors with Philip Lamantia and Franklin Rosemont's surrealist group in Chicago. In the late 1970s he'd been the band manager for The Dils, one of San Francisco's best early punk bands. He'd written the song "Class War" for The Dils and written articles in the punk scene paper *Search And Destroy* under the name Nico Ordway. Now Schwartz was employed by the Sailors Union of the Pacific to write the official union history, in time for its hundredth anniversary the following year.

Schwartz explained that he had joined the IWW because "they were people we (left communists, libertarian communists) could talk to." I questioned the value of a dialog that required him to abandon his politics and join an organization before the members of that organization would condescend to talk to him, particularly when the people in

question had so little to say. Schwartz hemmed and hawed.

Schwartz repudiated the left communist critique of unionism, saying that revolutionaries hadn't come up with any alternative to unions to offer the unionized section of the working class in the day to day struggle against capital. I was mystified at his presumption that it was the immediate personal responsibility of, or that it was possible for, a few hundred revolutionaries world-wide to solve the immediate organizational problems of millions of wage workers in the absence of mass collective struggles. In response to this, Schwartz claimed he'd found the philosopher's stone of the class struggle, and that it all hinged on the San Francisco-based Sailors Union of the Pacific.

In a series of conversations that summer, Schwartz claimed that 50 years earlier the SUP had been a labor union unlike any other labor union in the world. His history would "blow the lid" off conventional leftist histories of labor unions and class struggle in the 1920s and 1930s. According to Schwartz, when the IWW's west coast maritime unions were destroyed by police repression in the late 1920s, IWW seamen joined the SUP en masse, to the point where "two-card men" made up the majority of the union and steered it on a radical course. The SUP fought against the conservative craft unionism of the AFL and against the left wing corporatism of the CIO. The SUP fought against state intervention in strike actions. During the San Francisco General Strike, the Sailors Union of the Pacific regarded the Moscow-franchise Communist Party as being on the same side as the bosses. Schwartz dizzied me with a blizzard of data, claiming that the Sailors Union had superseded in practice the revolutionary critique of syndicalism.

I was 23 years old, a punk rocker and marginal who worked in minimum wage service sector jobs when I worked at all. At times I'd lived on the street. I lived close to the possibility of returning to camping under eucalyptus trees in the Berkeley Hills. Knowing little about the militant tendencies of the pre-World War II U.S. workers' movement, I was impressed by Schwartz's erudition and overawed that Schwartz was writing a book of historic importance. Schwartz said he'd been working independently on this history of the SUP for years. Pre-

senting himself to the chief union bureaucrats as an apolitical labor historian and fan of trade-unionism, he'd bullshitted his way into the job at the Sailor's Union to gain access to the archives and internal documents of the union. Schwartz assured me he was fooling the old clowns who ran the union and that he was still an "ultra-left communist" and a "libertarian socialist." He used these terms interchangeably as if they automatically meant the same thing.

The Alarm had been sacrificed so he could get a union job. He couldn't work as the official historian of a union and allow it to be known that he was the author of a publication that in its first issue had described assassinations of union bureaucrats in Italy by urban guerrillas as "viscerally pleasing." He argued that any confusions caused to readers of *The Alarm* would be well worth the ultimate value of this book to a resurgent wildcat workers' movement in the United States. The Alarm would be resurrected after he'd finished his book. I respected his machiavellian attitude. I liked Schwartz. I thought he was for real and I wanted to believe him.

Towards the end of the summer, Schwartz gave me a copy of the manuscript, titled at that point, *A History of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific 1885-1985*.

Schwartz began by establishing the brutal conditions faced by 19th century seamen. Sailors endured grueling labor for low wages on long voyages, bad food in small quantities and frequent savage beatings from ships' officers. Sailors who jumped ship in California were penalized as criminals, guilty of "desertion" and imprisoned for six months at hard labor.

These conditions, combined with a rapidly expanding West Coast maritime economy, gave rise to the Coast Seamen's Union, which became the Sailor's Union of the Pacific. The Coast Seamen's Union was founded on a lumber pile on the Folsom Street Wharf on March 6, 1885, by radical socialists of the San Francisco-based International Workmen's Association, modeled on Marx's wing of the First International.

Schwartz's manuscript contained copious amounts of information about late 19th and early 20th century labor radicals. Schwartz digressed at length on



...as the account progressed into the 1920s, schizophrenic authorial voices alternated with metronomic regularity, in places sympathetic to proletarian radicals, at other points distancing and dismissive in the smug clichéd style of mainstream American journalism. Schwartz critiqued the Bolshevik hijacking of radical tendencies in the international workers' movement, and Moscow's sabotage of revolution in Germany. Subsequently the authorial voice took on the frenzied tone of a protagonist in a story by Edgar Allan Poe. He wrote as if he'd been cheated out of a parking space. On page 86 of Chapter IV Schwartz claimed that when it came to police violence against the working class in the United States or Russia "There was most assuredly a difference between the clubs of (Democratic) forces and those of the Communist...police...."

post World War I mutinies in the German, French and Russian fleets, the abortive proletarian uprising in Finland and the Kronstadt revolt in 1921. But as the account progressed into the 1920s, schizophrenic authorial voices alternated with metronomic regularity, in places sympathetic to proletarian radicals, at other points distancing and dismissive in the smug clichéd style of mainstream American journalism.

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From a left-libertarian critique of Bolshevik state capitalism, Schwartz swung to a right-wing demonization of Stalinism. Schwartz had crossed over to the side of the bosses, as long as they weren't the bosses of nationalized industry in Russia.

In a later chapter Schwartz claimed the Russian and German revolutions and all the revolts and uprisings since 1917 had been minor footnotes to the union-controlled San Francisco General Strike of 1934. Although many of the seamen and longshoremen in this strike followed the leadership of Stalinists, Schwartz dismissed this as a generation gap between solid trade-unionists of the SUP stripe and combative young proles who didn't understand what the union movement was all about. This last point was offered without irony.

Cracking up entirely under the weight of trade-union consciousness, Schwartz extolled the patriotism of the SUP and its role in the American war effort in World War II and the Korean War. The manuscript ended with brown-nosing praise of Paul Dempster, Schwartz's employer, the contemporary head of the union.

I compared Schwartz's manuscript with *The Sailors Union of the Pacific* by Paul S. Taylor, an economics instructor at the University of California who

published his history in 1923 with the cooperation of Sailors' Union leader Andrew Furuseth.

According to Taylor, the SUP was a business union with a conservative strike policy. As early as 1894 the SUP went on record as being against "the collective ownership of the means of production and distribution." During World War I sailors were one of the few categories of workers that refrained from striking throughout the war. Furuseth proclaimed in a patriotic manifesto during the war that "Seamen have no choice but to obey."

Furuseth was an enemy of the IWW from a pro-capitalist position and an eager proponent of government intervention in labor disputes. Furuseth acted consistently to keep sailors divided from longshoremen.

Under Furuseth's leadership, the SUP scabbed on an IWW Pacific Coast General Strike of marine workers, lumberjacks and oil workers called for April 25, 1923. Furuseth was willing to give the names of radical seamen to employers for blacklisting.

Taylor had taken a third as much space as Schwartz had taken to say all the things Schwartz had failed to say.

I was profoundly disappointed with Schwartz's manuscript. I questioned him on the hodgepodge of perspectives in his book. Schwartz said he was as disappointed with what he'd done as I was, but claimed the union had forced him to write it that way and he had no choice in the matter. He professed that he was still a "libertarian socialist," etc. I didn't understand how Schwartz could have been compelled to voice a perspective so alien to all his professed principles. But the text was an early draft, and I reluctantly gave him the benefit of the doubt.

With the airbrushed portrait of the Sailor's Union, I began to detect a pattern of screwy activity. Schwartz had a penchant for making grandiloquent statements and later retracting them or refusing to back them up. Schwartz had once described the Italian Marxist Antonio Gramsci as "the greatest intellectual fraud of the 20th Century." I'd always heard Gramsci deferred to reverentially by social democrats, icepickheads and academics and looked forward to Schwartz's demystification. When I later asked him to explain his comment, Schwartz looked befuddled and asked "Did I say that?"



In Caffè Trieste in North Beach he repeatedly bragged loudly that he was "one of the world's leading historians of the Spanish Revolution."

Schwartz's parents had been members of the pro-Moscow Communist Party U.S.A. In reaction against the Stalinist milieu he'd grown up in, he'd become a Trotskyist in his teens and eventually gravitated towards the left communism of the FOR. Schwartz and I agreed that all forms of Leninism were counter-revolutionary. This didn't stop Schwartz from intensely identifying with Leon Trotsky and blaming anything that peeved him, from bad weather to poor table service, on the machinations of "Stalinists".

Schwartz had recently been married to R.L., a young woman from Colorado. Schwartz told me Rebecca had worked in massage parlors and acted in pornographic movies. She had bad feelings about these work experiences, and as a consequence, she had problems being sexual with Schwartz. They lived in separate rooms of single room occupancy hotels in North Beach. I never saw them together, and I only saw her once, when Schwartz stood below her window in an alley shouting at her, imploring her to come down to him.

She leaned out the window. She was a conventionally good-looking blonde woman in her mid-twenties. Schwartz was short and pudgy, with a porcine face. His head appeared to rest between his shoulders without the intervention of a neck. When he walked he waddled as if resisting a high wind or attempting to hold a coin between his buttocks. From their conversation I got the impression they didn't spend much time together. He complained Rebecca was a source of money problems to him. He wrote a long bad poem comparing her to the Colorado Rockies, mountain spring water and alpine flowers.

## The Only Survivor of the National People's Gang

Schwartz had developed a keen interest in the political situation in Central America. He voiced what could most charitably be called unique theories on the crisis in Nicaragua. Schwartz claimed to have inside information that the Sandinistas' mismanagement of the Nicaraguan economy had lost them the

support of all segments of the populace.

Schwartz claimed this would soon force the Sandinistas to invade northern Costa Rica. There they would confront the highly effective and popular guerrilla forces of the former Sandinista Eden Pastora. Implicitly denying that the US-backed Contra war had already devastated the Nicaraguan economy, Schwartz believed the Sandinistas would try to unite the country under a phony state of emergency. Schwartz claimed that the Sandinista junta was torn by personal conflicts and so highly divided that any effective military strike against them would bring about a massive anti-Sandinista uprising, and a self-destructive internal coup like the one that had destroyed the leftist regime in Grenada a year earlier. Speaking in July, August and September of 1984, Schwartz was smug and certain that the Sandinistas would self-destruct within months.

Schwartz spoke of the activities of Eden Pastora as the most encouraging social movement in the world, more relevant to the class war than the recent British miners' strike or that years' upturn in riots and strike actions in South Africa. Schwartz claimed that Pastora had been misrepresented due to the hidden influence of leftists in the news media, and that in reality Pastora was a closet-case libertarian socialist revolutionary. Schwartz referred to Pastora repeatedly as "the Nestor Makhno of Central America."

I pressed Schwartz to justify this ridiculous claim. He hemmed and hawed, and based his praise for Pastora and his Contra outfit with a familiar line from Lenin: "With Kerensky against Kornilov." Schwartz's defense of the former Sandinista government official and current Contra military chief was always in a negative sense: Pastora had not accepted money and weapons from the CIA, Pastora was not allied with Alfonso Robelo or other merchant class rivals of the Sandinistas, etc. Of course, Pastora hadn't exactly said he was fighting for an international anti-capitalist revolution, but, then, to his credit, he hadn't said he was against it, either. As a last resort, Schwartz whined that if Pastora snagged state power, he'd be able to sell copies of *The Alarm* in Managua.

I could already see the headline of *The Alarm*: "People's Nicaragua—Bastion of Workers' Self-Management and

Labor-Time Vouchers!"

Schwartz vacillated between high-decibel despair over the state of the workers' movement and enthusiasm about common action with the people who produced the summer '84 issue of a new series of *The Alarm*. After apparently concluding his relationship with the Sailors' Union history project, Schwartz exclaimed in a phone call, "Comrade Sandalio is back!"

In this vein Comrade Sandalio committed himself to participate in a debate at the Old Mole Bookstore in Berkeley shortly before the 1984 presidential election. He promised me he would argue against electoral politics and against the left wing of capitalism from what he described as a libertarian socialist viewpoint.

At the bookstore, on the evening of the debate, with the audience and the other debaters assembled, I got a phone call at 7:55, five minutes before the debate was to begin. It was Schwartz. In a haggard sniveling voice he said he'd gotten fucked up on downers and red wine the previous night and he was too wasted to show up. I realized nothing could be asked from "Comrade Sandalio" that involved more than talking loudly about himself in the strategic bastions of the class struggle, the cafes and yuppie bars of North Beach.

## Career Opportunities

Around the time of the bookstore debate fiasco, Schwartz was hired as what he described as a clerical worker at an innocuous-sounding outfit called The Institute for Contemporary Studies.

In his by now predictable manner, Schwartz bragged to all who would listen that his latest crusade, utilizing the resources of his new employer, was to "expose the Stalinists" of the New Jewel Movement of Grenada, the leftist regime that had been destroyed a year earlier at the time of the American invasion. He exclaimed that he had rediscovered the virtues of Proudhon. Karl Marx had been "an enemy of the working class," and after a successful social revolution, commodity exchange would have to be maintained "for thousands of years." Schwartz was nonplussed when I pointed out that this last idea was not novel and was a cardinal tenet of almost every Stalinist group in the world.

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# TIME

## AND ITS DISCONTENTS

**By John Zerzan**

**Graphic art by James Koehnl**

**T**he dimension of time seems to be attracting great notice, to judge from the number of recent movies that focus on it, such as *Back to the Future*, *Terminator*, *Peggy Sue Got Married*, etc. Stephen Hawking's *A Brief History of Time* (1989) was a best-seller and became, even more surprisingly, a popular film. Remarkable, in addition to the number of books that deal with time, are the larger number which don't, really, but which feature the word in their titles nonetheless, such as Virginia Spate's *The Color of Time: Claude Monet* (1992). Such references have to do, albeit indirectly, with the sudden, panicky awareness of time, the frightening sense of our being tied to it. Time is increasingly a key manifestation of the estrangement and humiliation that characterize modern existence. It illuminates the entire, deformed landscape and will do so ever more harshly until this landscape and all the forces that shape it are changed beyond recognizing.

This contribution to the subject has little to do with time's fascination for film-makers or TV producers, or with the current academic interest in geologic conceptions of time, the history of clock technology and the sociology of time, or with personal observations and counsels on its use. Neither aspects nor excesses of time deserve as much attention as time's inner

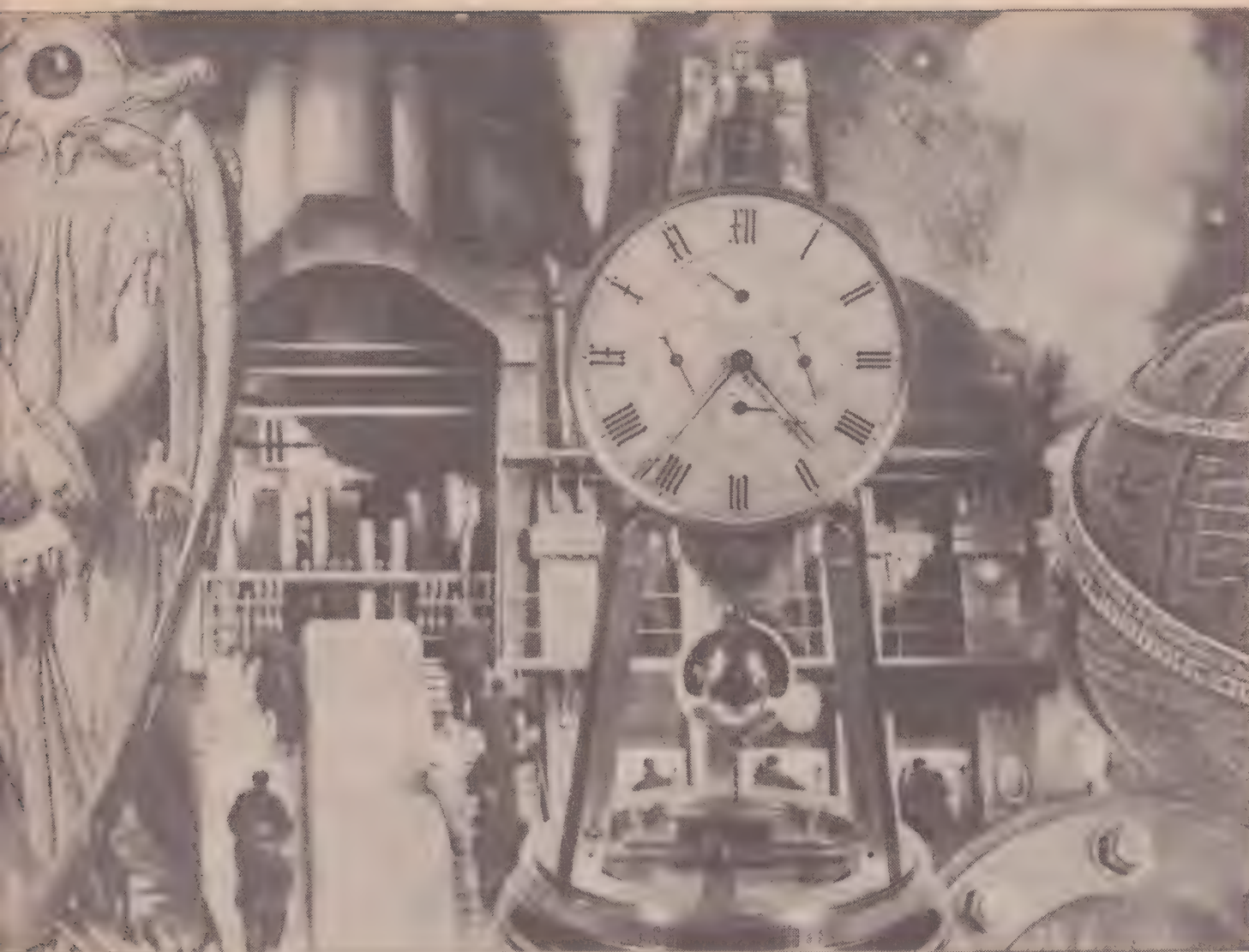
meaning and logic. For despite the fact that time's perplexing character has become, in John Michon's estimation, "almost an intellectual obsession" (1988), society is plainly incapable of dealing with it.

With time we confront a philosophical enigma, a psychological mystery, and a puzzle of logic. Not surprisingly, considering the massive reification involved, some have doubted its existence since humanity began distinguishing "time itself" from visible and tangible changes in the world. As Michael Ende (1984) put it: "There is in the world a great and yet ordinary secret. All of us are part of it, everyone is aware of it, but very few ever think of it. Most of us just accept it and never wonder over it. This secret is time."

Just what is "time"? Spengler declared that no one should be allowed to ask. The physicist Richard Feynman (1988) answered, "Don't even ask me. It's just too hard to think about." Empirically as much as in theory, the laboratory is powerless to reveal the flow of time, since no instrument exists that can register its passage. But why do we have such a strong sense that time does pass, ineluctably and in one particular direction, if it really doesn't? Why does this "illusion" have such a hold over us? We might just as well ask why alienation has such a hold over us. The passage of time is intimately familiar, the concept of time mockingly elusive; why should







this appear bizarre, in a world whose survival depends on the mystification of its most basic categories?

We have gone along with the substantiation of time so that it seems a fact of nature, a power existing in its own right. The growth of a sense of time—the acceptance of time—is a process of adaptation to an ever more reified world. It is a constructed dimension, the most elemental aspect of culture. Time's inexorable nature provides the ultimate model of domination.

The further we go in time the worse it gets. We inhabit an age of the disintegration of experience, according to Adorno. The pressure of time, like that of its essential progenitor, division of labor, fragments and disperses all before it. Uniformity, equivalence, separation are byproducts of time's harsh force. The intrinsic beauty and meaning of that fragment of the world that is not-yet-culture moves steadily toward annihilation under a single cultures-wide clock. Paul Ricoeur's assertion (1985) that "we are not capable of producing a concept of time that is at once cosmological, biological, historical and individual," fails to notice how they are converging.

Concerning this "fiction" that upholds and accompanies all the forms of imprisonment, "the world is filled with propaganda alleging its existence," as Bernard Aaronson (1972) put it

so well. "All awareness," wrote the poet Denise Levertov (1974), "is an awareness of time," showing just how deeply alienated we are in time. We have become regimented under its empire, as time and alienation continue to deepen their intrusion, their debasement of everyday life. "Does this mean," as David Carr (1988) asks, "that the 'struggle' of existence is to overcome time itself?" It may be that exactly this is the last enemy to be overcome.

In coming to grips with this ubiquitous yet phantom adversary, it is somewhat easier to say what time is not. It is not synonymous, for fairly obvious reasons, with change. Nor is it sequence, or order of succession. Pavlov's dog, for instance, must have learned that the sound of the bell was *followed* by feeding; how else could it have been conditioned to salivate at that sound? But dogs do not possess time consciousness, so before and after cannot be said to constitute time.

Somewhat related are inadequate attempts to account for our all but inescapable sense of time. The neurologist Gooddy (1988), rather along the lines of Kant, describes it as one of our "subconscious assumptions about the world." Some have described it, no more helpfully, as a product of the imagination, and the philosopher J.J.C. Smart (1980) decided that it is a feeling that "arises out of metaphysical confusion." McTaggart (1908), F.H. Bradley (1930), and Dummett (1978)





have been among 20th century thinkers who have decided against the existence of time because of its logically contradictory features, but it seems fairly plain that the presence of time has far deeper causes than mere mental confusion.

There is nothing even remotely similar to time. It is as unnatural and yet as universal as alienation. Chacalos (1988) points out that the present is a notion just as puzzling and intractable as time itself. What is the present? We know that it is always now; one is confined to it, in an important sense, and can experience no other "part" of time. We speak confidently of other parts, however, which we call "past" and "future." But whereas things that exist in space elsewhere than here continue to exist, things that don't exist now, as Sklar (1992) observes, don't really exist at all.

Time necessarily flows; without its passage there would be no sense of time. Whatever flows, though, flows with respect to time. Time therefore flows with respect to itself, which is meaningless owing to the fact that nothing can flow with respect to itself. No vocabulary is available for the abstract explication of time apart from a vocabulary in which time is already presupposed. What is necessary is to put all the givens into question. Metaphysics, with a narrowness that division of labor has imposed from its inception, is too narrow for such a task.

What causes time to flow, what is it that moves it toward the future? Whatever it is, it must be beyond our time, deeper and more powerful. It must depend as Conly (1975) had it, "upon elemental forces which are continually in operation."

William Spanos (1987) has noted that certain Latin words for culture not only signify agriculture or domestication, but are translations from Greek terms for the spatial image of time. We are, at base, "time-binders", in Alfred Korzybski's lexicon (1948); the species, due to this characteristic, creates a symbolic class of life, an artificial world. Time-binding reveals itself in an "enormous increase in the control over nature." Time becomes real because it has consequences, and this efficacy has never been more painfully apparent.

Life, in its barest outline, is said to be a journey through time; that it is a journey through alienation is the most public of secrets. "No clock strikes for the happy one," says a German proverb. Passing time, once meaningless, is now the inescapable beat, restricting and coercing us, mirroring blind authority itself. Guyau (1890) determined the flow of time to be "the distinction between what one needs and what one has," and therefore "the incipience of regret." *Carpe diem*, the maxim counsels, but civilization forces us always to mortgage the present to the future.

Time aims continually toward greater strictness of regularity and universality. Capital's technological world charts its progress by this, could not exist in its absence. "The importance of time," wrote Bertrand Russell (1929), lies "rather in relation to our desires than in relation to truth." There is a longing that is as palpable as time has become. The denial of desire can be gauged no more definitively than via the vast construct we call time.

Time, like technology, is never neutral; it is, as Castoriadis (1991) rightly judged, "always endowed with meaning." Everything that commentators like Ellul have said about technology, in fact, applies to time, and more deeply. Both conditions are pervasive, omnipresent, basic, and in general as taken for granted as alienation itself. Time, like technology, is not only a determining fact but also the enveloping element in which divided society develops. Similarly, it demands that its subjects be painstaking, "realistic", serious, and above all, devoted to work. It is autonomous in its overall aspect, like technology; it goes on forever of its own accord.

But like division of labor, which stands behind and sets in motion time and technology, it is, after all, a socially learned phenomenon. Humans, and the rest of the world, are synchronized to time and its technical embodiment, rather than the reverse. Central to this dimension—as it is to alienation per se—is the feeling of being a helpless spectator. Every rebel, it follows, also rebels against time and its relentlessness. Redemption must involve, in a very fundamental sense, redemption from time.

## Time and the Symbolic World

"Time is the accident of accidents," according to Epicurus. Upon closer examination, however, its genesis appears less mysterious. It has occurred to many, in fact, that notions such as "the past," "the present," and "the future" are more linguistic than actual or physical. The neo-Freudian theorist Lacan, for example, decided that the time experience is essentially an effect of language. A person with no language would likely have no sense of the passage of time. R.A. Wilson (1980), moving much closer to the point, suggested that language was initiated by the need to express symbolic time. Gosseth (1972) argued that the system of tenses found in Indo-European languages developed along with consciousness of a universal or abstract time. Time and language are coterminous, decided Derrida (1982): "to be in the one is to be in the other." Time is a symbolic construct immediately prior, relatively speaking, to all the others and which requires language for its actualization.

Paul Valéry (1962) referred to the fall of the species into time as signalling alienation from nature; "by a sort of abuse, man creates time," he wrote. In the timeless epoch before this



fall, which constituted the overwhelming majority of our existence as humans, life, as has often been said, had a rhythm but not a progression. It was the state when the soul could "gather in the whole of its being," in Rousseau's words, in the absence of temporal strictures, "where time is nothing to the soul." Activities themselves, usually of a leisurely character, were the points of reference before time and civilization; nature provided the necessary signals, quite independent of "time". Humanity must have been conscious of memories and purposes long before any explicit distinctions were drawn among past, present, and future (Fraser, 1988). Furthermore, as the linguist Whorf (1956) estimated, "preliterate ['primitive'] communities, far from being subrational, may show the human mind functioning on a higher and more complex plane of rationality than among civilized men."

The largely hidden key to the symbolic world is time; indeed it is at the origin of human symbolic activity. Time thus occasions the first alienation, the route away from aboriginal richness and wholeness. "Out of the simultaneity of experience, the event of Language," says Charles Simic (1971), "is an emergence into linear time." Researchers such as Zohar (1982) consider faculties of telepathy and precognition to have been sacrificed for the sake of evolution into symbolic life. If this sounds far-fetched, the sober positivist Freud (1932) viewed telepathy as quite possibly "the original archaic means through which individuals understand one another." If the perception and apperception of time relate to the very essence of cultural life (Gurevich 1976), the advent of this time sense and its concomitant culture represent an impoverishment, even a disfigurement, by time.

The consequences of this intrusion of time, via language, indicate that the latter is no more innocent, neutral, or assumption-free than the former. Time is not only, as Kant said, at the foundation of all our representations, but, by this fact, also at the foundation of our adaptation to a qualitatively reduced, symbolic world. Our experience in this world is under an all-pervasive pressure to be representation, to be almost unconsciously degraded into symbols and measurements. "Time", wrote the German mystic Meister Eckhart, "is what keeps the light from reaching us."

Time awareness is what empowers us to deal with our environment symbolically; there is no time apart from this estrangement. It is by means of progressive symbolization that time becomes naturalized, becomes a given, is removed from the sphere of conscious cultural production. "Time becomes human in the measure to which it becomes actualized in narrative," is another way of putting it (Ricoeur 1984). The symbolic accretions in this process constitute a steady throttling of instinctive desire; repression develops the sense of time unfolding. Immediacy gives way, replaced by the mediations that make history possible—language in the forefront.

One begins to see past such banalities as "time is an incomprehensible quality of the given world" (Sebba 1991). Number, art, religion make their appearances in this "given" world, disembodied phenomena of reified life. These emerging rites, in turn, Gurevitch (1964) surmises, lead to "the production of new symbolic contents, thus encouraging time leaping forward." Symbols, including time, of course, now have lives of their own, in this cumulative, interacting progression. David Braine's *The Reality of Time and the Existence of God* (1988)

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is illustrative. It argues that it is precisely time's reality which proves the existence of God; civilization's perfect logic.

All ritual is an attempt, through symbolism, to return to the timeless state. Ritual is a gesture of abstraction from that state, however, a false step that only leads further away. The "timelessness" of number is part of this trajectory, and contributes much to time as a fixed concept. In fact, Blumenberg (1983) seems largely correct in assaying that "time is not measured as something that has been present all along; instead it is produced, for the first time, by measurement." To express time we must, in some way, quantify it; number is therefore essential. Even where time has already appeared, a slowly more divided social existence works toward its progressive reification only by means of number. The sense of passing time is not keen among tribal peoples, for example, who do not mark it with calendars or clocks.

Time: an original meaning of the word in ancient Greek is *division*. Number, when added to time, makes the dividing or separating that much more potent. The non-civilized often have considered it "unlucky" to count living creatures, and generally resist adopting the practice (e.g. Dobrizhoffer 1822). The intuition for number was far from spontaneous and inevitable, but "already in early civilizations," Schimmel (1992) reports, "one feels that numbers are a reality having as it were a magnetic power field around them." It is not surprising that among ancient cultures with the strongest emerging senses of time—Egyptian, Babylonian, Mayan—we see numbers associated with ritual figures and deities; indeed the Mayans and Babylonians both had number gods (Barrow 1992).

Much later the clock, with its face of numbers, encouraged society to abstract and quantify the experience of time still further. Every clock reading is a measurement that joins the clock watcher to the "flow of time." And we absently delude ourselves that we know what time is because we know what time it is. If we did away with clocks, Shallis (1982) reminds us, objective time would also disappear. More fundamentally, if we did away with specialization and technology, alienation





would be banished.

The mathematizing of nature was the basis for the birth of modern rationalism and science in the West. This had stemmed from demands for number and measurement in connection with similar teachings about time, in the service of mercantile capitalism. The continuity of number and time as a geometrical locus were fundamental to the Scientific Revolution, which projected Galileo's dictum to measure all that is measurable and make measurable that which is not. Mathematically divisible time is necessary for the conquest of nature, and for even the rudiments of modern technology.

From this point on, number-based symbolic time became crushingly real, an abstract construction "removed from and

even contrary to every internal and external human experience" (Syzamosi 1986). Under its pressure, money and language, merchandise and information have become steadily less distinguishable, and division of labor more extreme.

To symbolize is to express time consciousness, for the symbol embodies the structure of time (Darby 1982). Clearer still is Meerloo's formulation: "To understand a symbol and its development is to grasp human history in a nutshell." The contrast is the life of the non-civilized, lived in a capacious present that cannot be reduced to the single moment of the mathematical present. As the continual now gave way to increasing reliance upon systems of significant symbols (language, number, art, ritual, myth) dislodged from the now,



the further abstraction, history, began to develop. Historical time is no more inherent in reality, no less an imposition on it, than the earlier, less choate forms of time.

In a slowly more synthetic context, astronomical observation is invested with new meanings. Once pursued for its own sake, it comes to provide the vehicle for scheduling rituals and coordinating the activities of complex society. With the help of the stars, the year and its divisions exist as instruments of organizational authority (Leach 1954). The formation of a calendar is basic to the formation of a civilization. The calendar was the first symbolic artifact that regulated social behavior by keeping track of time. And what is involved is not the control of time but its opposite: enclosure by time in a world of very real alienation. One recalls that our word comes from the Latin *calends*, the first day of the month, when business accounts had to be settled.

## Time to Pray, Time to Work

"No time is entirely present," said the Stoic Chrysippus, and meanwhile the concept of time was being further advanced by the underlying Judeo-Christian tenet of a linear, irreversible path between creation and salvation. This essentially historical view of time is the very core of Christianity; all the basic notions of measurable, one-way time can be found in St. Augustine's (fifth-century) writings. With the spread of the new religion the strict regulation of time, on a practical plane, was needed to help maintain the discipline of monastic life. Bells summoning the monks to prayer eight times daily were heard far beyond the confines of the cloister, and thus a measure of time regulation was imposed on society at large. The population continued to exhibit "une vaste indifférence au temps" throughout the feudal era, according to Marc Bloch (1940), but it is no accident that the first public clocks adorned cathedrals in the West. Worth noting in this regard is the fact that the calling of precise prayer times became the chief externalization of medieval Islamic belief.

The invention of the mechanical clock was one of the most important turning points in the history of science and technology; indeed of all human art and culture (Synge 1959). The improvement in accuracy presented authority with enhanced opportunities for oppression. An early devotee of elaborate mechanical clocks, for example, was Duke Gian Galeazzo Visconti, described in 1381 as "a sedate but crafty ruler with a great love of order and precision" (Fraser 1988). As Weizenbaum (1976) wrote, the clock began to create "literally a new reality...that was and remains an impoverished version of the old one."

A qualitative change was introduced. Even when nothing was happening, time did not cease to flow. Events, from this era on, are put into this homogeneous, objectively measured, moving envelope—and this unilinear progression incited resistance. The most extreme were the chiliast, or millenarian, movements, which appeared in various parts of Europe from the 14th into the 17th centuries. These generally took the form of peasant risings which aimed at recreating the primal egalitarian state of nature and were explicitly opposed to historical time. These utopian explosions were quelled, but remnants of earlier time concepts persisted as a "lower" stratum of folk consciousness in many areas.

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During the Renaissance, domination by time reached a new level as public clocks now tolled all twenty-four hours of the day and added new hands to mark the passing seconds. A keen sense of time's all-consuming presence is the great discovery of the age, and nothing portrays this more graphically than the figure of Father Time. Renaissance art fused the Greek god Kronos with the Roman god Saturn to form the familiar grim deity representing the power of Time, armed with a fatal scythe signifying his association with agriculture/domestication. The Dance of Death and other medieval *memento mori* artifacts preceded Father Time, but the subject is now time rather than death.

The seventeenth century was the first in which people thought of themselves as inhabiting a particular century. One now needed to take one's bearings *within* time. Francis Bacon's *The Masculine Birth of Time* (1603) and *A Discourse Concerning a New Planet* (1605) embraced the deepening dimension and revealed how a heightened sense of time could serve the new scientific spirit. "To choose time is to save time," he wrote, and "Truth is the daughter of time." Descartes followed, introducing the idea of time as limitless. He was one of the first advocates of the modern idea of progress, closely related to that of unbounded linear time, and characteristically expressing itself in his famous invitation that we become "masters and possessors of nature."

Newton's clockwork universe was the crowning achievement of the Scientific Revolution in the seventeenth century, and was grounded in his conception of "Absolute, true and mathematical time, of itself and from its own nature, flowing equably without relation to anything eternal." Time is now the grand ruler, answering to no one, influenced by nothing, completely independent of the environment: the model of unassailable authority and perfect guarantor of unchanging alienation. Classical Newtonian physics in fact remains, despite changes in science, the dominant, everyday conception of time.

The appearance of independent, abstract time found its parallel in the emergence of a growing, formally free working class forced to sell its labor power as an abstract commodity on the market. Prior to the coming of the factory system but already subject to time's disciplinary power, this labor force



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was the inverse of the monarch Time: free and independent in name only. In Foucault's judgment (1973), the West had become a "carceral society" from this point on. Perhaps more directly to the point is the Balkan proverb, "A clock is a lock."

In 1749 Rousseau threw away his watch, a symbolic rejection of modern science and civilization. Somewhat more in the dominant spirit of the age, however, were the gifts of fifty-one watches to Marie Antoinette upon her engagement. The word is certainly appropriate, as people had to "watch" the time more and more; watches would soon become one of the first consumer durables of the industrial era.

William Blake and Goethe both attacked Newton, the symbol of the new time and science, for his distancing of life from the sensual, his reduction of the natural to the measurable. Capitalist ideologue Adam Smith, on the other hand, echoed and extended Newton, by calling for greater rationalization and routinization. Smith, like Newton, labored under the spell of an increasingly powerful and remorseless time in promoting further division of labor as objective and absolute progress.

The Puritans had proclaimed waste of time the first and in principle the deadliest of sins (Weber 1921); this became, about a century later, Ben Franklin's "Time is money." The factory system was initiated by clockmakers and the clock was the symbol and fountainhead of the order, discipline and repression required to create an industrial proletariat.

Hegel's grand system in the early 19th century heralded the "push into time" that is History's momentum; time is our "destiny and necessity," he declared. Postone (1993) noted that the "progress" of abstract time is closely tied to the "progress" of capitalism as a way of life. Waves of industrialism drowned the resistance of the Luddites; appraising this general period, Lyotard (1988) decided that "the illness of time was now incurable."

An increasingly complex class society requires an ever larger

array of time signals. Fights against time, as Thompson (1967) and Hohn (1984) have pointed out, gave way to struggles over time; resistance to being yoked to time and its inherent demands was defeated in general, replaced, typically, by disputes over the fair determination of time schedules or the length of the work day. (In an address to the First International (July 28, 1868), Karl Marx advocated, by the way, age nine as the time to begin work.)

The clock descended from the cathedral, to court and courthouse, next to the bank and railway station, and finally to the wrist and pocket of each decent citizen. Time had to become more "democratic" in order to truly colonize subjectivity. The subjection of outer nature, as Adorno and others have understood, is successful only in the measure of the conquest of inner nature. The unleashing of the forces of production, to put it another way, depended on time's victory in its long-waged war on freer consciousness. Industrialism brought with it a more complete commodification of time, time in its most predatory form yet. It was this that Giddens (1981) saw as "the key to the deepest transformations of day-to-day social life that are brought about by the emergence of capitalism."

"Time marches on," as the saying goes, in a world increasingly dependent on time and a time increasingly unified. A single giant clock hangs over the world and dominates. It pervades all; in its court there is no appeal. The standardization of world time marks a victory for the efficient/machine society, a universalism that undoes particularity as surely as computers lead to homogenization of thought.

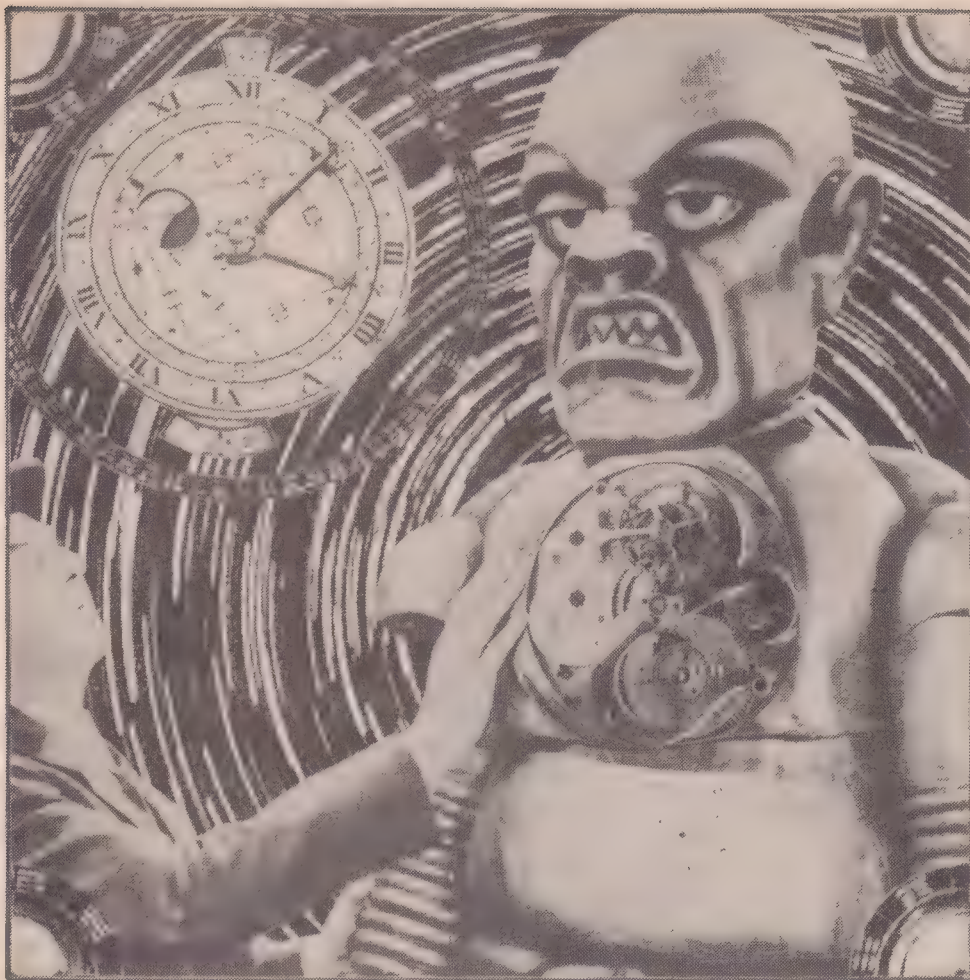
Paul Virilio (1986) has gone so far as to foresee that "the loss of material space leads to the government of nothing but time." A further provocative notion posits a reversal of the birth of history out of maturing time. Virilio (1991), in fact, finds us already living within a system of technological temporality where history has been eclipsed. "...the primary question becomes less one of relations to *history* than one of relations to *time*."

Such theoretical flights aside, however, there is ample evidence and testimony as to time's central role in society. In "Time—The Next Source of Competitive Advantage" (July-August, 1988 *Harvard Business Review*), George Stark, Jr. discusses it as pivotal in the positioning of capital: "As a strategic weapon, time is the equivalent of money, productivity, quality, even innovation." Time management is certainly not confined to the corporations; Levine's 1985 study of publicly accessible clocks in six countries demonstrated that their accuracy was an exact gauge of the relative industrialization of national life. Paul Adler's January-February, 1993 *Harvard Business Review* offering, "Time-and-Motion Regained," nakedly champions the neo-Taylorist standardization and regimentation of work: behind the well-publicized "workplace democracy" window dressing in some factories remains the "time-and-motion discipline and formal bureaucratic structures essential for efficiency and quality in routine operations."

## Time in Literature

It is clear that the advent of writing facilitated the fixation of time concepts and the beginning of history. But as the anthropologist Goody (1991) points out, "oral cultures are





often only too prepared to accept these innovations." They have already been conditioned, after all, by language itself. McLuhan (1962) discussed how the coming of the printed book, and mass literacy, reinforced the logic of linear time.

Life was steadily forced to adapt. "For now hath time made me his numbering clock," wrote Shakespeare in *Richard II*. "Time", like "rich", was one of the favorite words of the Bard, a time-haunted figure. A hundred years later, Defoe's Robinson Crusoe reflected how little escape from time seemed possible. Marooned on a desert island, Crusoe is deeply concerned with the passage of time; keeping close track of his affairs, even in such a setting, meant above all keeping track of the time, especially as long as his pen and ink lasted.

Northrop Frye (1950) saw the "alliance of time and Western man" as the defining characteristic of the novel. Ian Watt's *The Rise of the Novel* (1957) likewise focused on the new concern with time that stimulated the novel's emergence in the eighteenth century. As Jonathan Swift told it in *Gulliver's Travels* (1726), his protagonist never did anything without looking at his watch. "He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life." The Lilliputians concluded that the watch was Gulliver's god. Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* (1760), on the eve of the Industrial Revolution, begins with the mother of Tristram interrupting his father at the moment of their monthly coitus: "Pray, my dear," quoth my mother, 'have you not forgot to wind up the clock?'"

In the nineteenth century Poe satirized the authority of clocks, linking them to bourgeois superficiality and obsession

with order. Time is the real subject of Flaubert's novels, according to Hauser (1956), as Walter Pater (1901) sought in literature the "wholly concrete moment" which would "absorb past and future in an intense consciousness of the present," similar to Joyce's celebration of "epiphanies". In *Marius the Epicurean* (1909), Pater depicts Marius suddenly realizing "the possibility of a real world beyond time." Meanwhile Swinburne looked for a respite beyond "time-stricken lands" and Baudelaire declared his fear and hatred of chronological time, the devouring foe.

The disorientation of an age wracked by time and subject to the acceleration of history has led modern writers to deal with time from new and extreme points of view. Proust delineated interrelationships among events that transcended conventional temporal order and thus violated Newtonian conceptions of causation. His thirteen-volume *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* (1925), usually rendered in English as *Remembrance of Things Past*, is more literally and accurately translated as *Searching for Lost Time*. In it he judges that "a minute freed from the order of time has recreated in us...the individual

freed from the order of time," and recognizes "the only environment in which one could live and enjoy the essence of things, that is to say, entirely outside time."

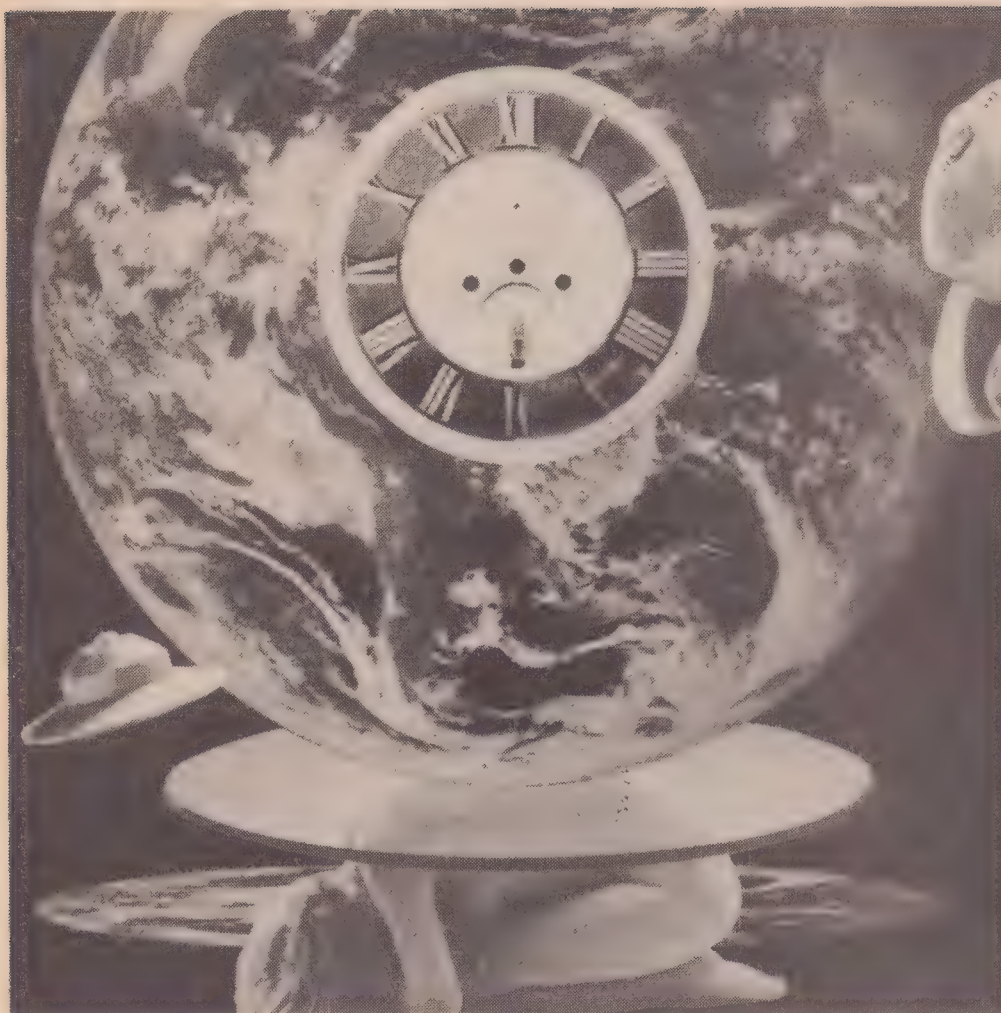
Philosophy in the twentieth century has been largely preoccupied with time. Consider the misguided attempts to locate authentic time by thinkers as different as Bergson and Heidegger, or the latter's virtual deification of time. A.A. Mendilow's *Time and the Novel* (1952) reveals how the same intense interest has dominated the novels of the century, in particular those of Joyce, Woolf, Conrad, James, Gide, Mann, and of course, Proust. Other studies, such as Church's *Time and Reality* (1962), have expanded this list of novelists to include, among others, Kafka, Sartre, Faulkner, and Vonnegut.

And of course time-struck literature cannot be confined to the novel. T.S. Eliot's poetry often expressed a yearning to escape time-bound, time-ridden conventionality. "Burnt Norton" (1941) is a good example, with these lines:

Time past and time future  
Allow but a little consciousness.  
To be conscious is not to be in time.

Samuel Beckett, early in his career (1931), wrote pointedly of "the poisonous ingenuity of Time in the science of affliction." The play *Waiting for Godot* (1955) is an obvious candidate in this regard, and so is his *Murphy* (1957), in which time becomes reversible in the mind of the main character. When the clock may go either way, our sense of time, and time itself, vanishes.





## The Psychology of Time

Turning to what is commonly called psychology, we again come upon one of the most fundamental questions: Is there really a phenomenon of time that exists apart from any individual, or does it reside only in one's perceptions of it? Husserl, for example, failed to show why consciousness in the modern world seems to inevitably constitute itself in time. We know that experiences, like events of every other kind, are neither past, present nor future in themselves.

Whereas there was little sociological interest in time until the 1970s, the number of studies of time in the literature of psychology has increased rapidly since 1930 (Lauer 1988). Time is perhaps hardest of all to define "psychologically". What is time? What is the experience of time? What is alienation? What is the experience of alienation? If the latter subject were not so neglected the obvious interrelationship would be made clear.

Davies (1977) termed time's passage "a psychological phenomenon of mysterious origin" and concluded (1983), "the secret of mind will only be solved when we understand the secret of time." Given the artificial separation of the individual from society, which defines their field, it is inevitable that such psychologists and psychoanalysts as Eissler (1955), Loewald (1962), Namnum (1972), and Morris (1983) have encountered "great difficulties" in studying time!

At least a few partial insights have been achieved, however. Hartcollis (1983), for instance, noted that time is not only an abstraction but a feeling, while Korzybski (1948) had already taken this further with his observation that "'time' is a feeling, produced by conditions of this world...." In all our lives we are "waiting for Godot," according to Arlow (1986), who believed that our experience of time arises out of unfulfilled emotional needs. Similarly, Reichenbach (1956) had termed anti-time philosophies, like religion, "documents of emotional dissatisfaction." In Freudian terms, Bergler and Roheim (1946) saw the passage of time as symbolizing separation periods originating in early infancy. "The calendar is an ultimate materialization of separation anxiety." If informed by a critical interest in the social and historical context, the implications of these undeveloped points could become serious contributions. Confined to psychology, however, they remain limited and even misleading.

In the world of alienation no adult can contrive or decree the freedom from time that the child habitually enjoys—and must be made to lose. Time training, the essence of school-

ing, is vitally important to society. This training, as Fraser (1984) very cogently puts it, "bears in almost paradigmatic form the features of a civilizing process." A patient of Joost Meerlo (1966) "expressed it sarcastically: 'Time is civilization,' by which she meant that scheduling and meticulousness were the great weapons used by adults to force the youngsters into submission and servility." Piaget's studies (1946, 1952) could detect no innate sense of time. Rather, the abstract notion of "time" is of considerable difficulty to the young. It is not something they learn automatically; there is no spontaneous orientation toward time (Hermelin and O'Connor 1971, Voyat 1977).

*Time* and *tidy* are related etymologically, and our Newtonian idea of time represents perfect and universal ordering. The cumulative weight of this ever more pervasive pressure shows up in the increasing number of patients with time anxiety symptoms (Lawson 1990). Dooley (1941) referred to "the observed fact that people who are obsessive in character, whatever their type of neurosis, are those who make most extensive use of the sense of time...." Pettit's "Analinity and Time" (1969) argued convincingly for the close connection between the two, as Meerloo (1966), citing the character and achievements of Mussolini and Eichmann, found "a definite connection between time compulsion and fascistic aggression."

Capek (1961) called time "a huge and chronic hallucination of the human mind"; there are few experiences indeed that can be said to be timeless. Orgasm, LSD, a life "flashing



before one's eyes" in a moment of extreme danger...these are some of the rare, evanescent situations intense enough to escape from time's insistence.

Timelessness is the ideal of pleasure, wrote Marcuse (1955). The passage of time, on the other hand, fosters the forgetting of what was and what can be. It is the enemy of eros and deep ally of the order of repression. The mental processes of the unconscious are in fact timeless, decided Freud (1920). "...time does not change them in any way and the idea of time cannot be applied to them." Thus desire is already outside of time. As Freud said in 1932: "There is nothing in the Id that corresponds to the notion of time; there is no recognition of the passage of time."

Marie Bonaparte (1939) argued that time becomes ever more plastic and obedient to the pleasure principle insofar as we loosen the bonds of full ego control. Dreams are a form of thinking among non-civilized peoples (Kracke 1987); this faculty must have once been much more accessible to us. The Surrealists believed that reality could be much more fully understood if we could make the connection to our instinctive, subconscious experiences; Breton (1924), for example, proclaimed the radical goal of a resolution of dream and conscious reality.

When we dream the sense of time is virtually nonexistent, replaced by a sensation of presentness. It should come as no surprise that dreams, which ignore the rules of time, would attract the notice of those searching for liberatory clues, or that the unconscious, with its "storms of impulse" (Stern 1977), frightens those with a stake in the neurosis we call civilization. Norman O. Brown (1959) saw the sense of time or history as a function of repression; if repression were abolished, he reasoned, we would be released from time. Similarly, Coleridge (1801) recognized in the man of "methodical industry" the origin and creator of time.

In his *Critique of Cynical Reason* (1987), Peter Sloterdijk called for the "radical recognition of the Id without reservation," a narcissistic self-affirmation that would laugh in the face of morose society. Narcissism has of course traditionally been cast as wicked, the "heresy of self-love." In reality that meant it was reserved for the ruling classes, while all others (workers, women, slaves) had to practice submission and self-effacement (Fine 1986). The narcissist symptoms are feelings of emptiness, unreality, alienation, life as no more than a succession of moments, accompanied by a longing for powerful autonomy and self-esteem (Alford 1988, Grunberger 1979). Given the appropriateness of these "symptoms" and desires it is little wonder that narcissism can be seen as a potentially emancipatory force (Zweig 1980). Its demand for total satisfaction is obviously a subversive individualism, at a minimum.

The narcissist "hates time, denies time" (letter to author, Alford 1993) and this, as always, provokes a severe reaction from the defenders of time and authority. Psychiatrist E. Mark Stern (1977), for instance: "Since time begins beyond one's control one must correspond to its demands.... Courage is the antithesis of narcissism." This condition, which certainly may include negative aspects, contains the germ of a different reality principle, aiming at the non-time of perfection wherein being and becoming are one and including, implicitly, a halt to time.

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## Time in Science

I'm not a scientist but I do know that all things begin and end in eternity.

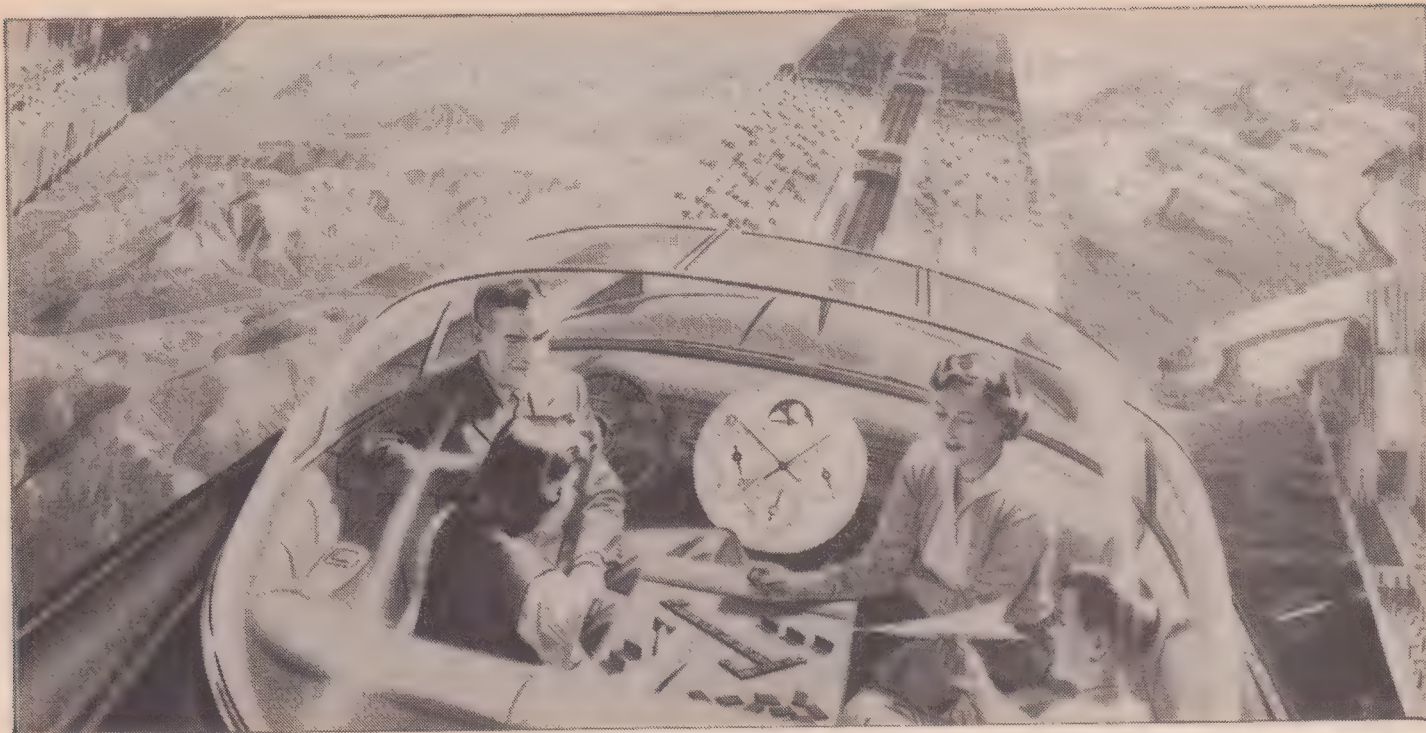
—*The Man Who Fell to Earth*, Walter Tevis

Science, for our purposes, does not comment on time and estrangement with anywhere near the directness of, say, psychology. But science can be re-construed to shed light on the topic at hand, because of the many parallels between scientific theory and human affairs.

"Time," decided N.A. Kozyrev (1971), "is the most important and the most mysterious phenomenon of Nature. Its notion is beyond the grasp of imagination." Some scientists, in fact, have felt (e.g. Dingle 1966) that "all the real problems associated with the notion of time are independent of physics." Science, and physics in particular, may indeed not have the last word; it is another source of commentary, however, though itself alienated and generally indirect.

Is "physical time" the same as the time of which we are conscious; if not, how does it differ? In physics, time seems to be an undefined basic dimension, as much a taken-for-granted given as it is outside the realm of science. This is one way to remind ourselves that, as with every other kind of thinking, scientific ideas are meaningless outside their cultural context. They are symptoms of and symbol for the ways of living that give rise to them. According to Nietzsche, all writing is inherently metaphorical, even though science is rarely looked at this way. Science has developed by drawing an increasingly sharp separation between inner and outer worlds, between dream and "reality". This has been accomplished by the mathematization of nature, which has largely meant that the scientist proceeds by a method that debars him or her from the larger context, including the origins and significance of his/her projects. Nonetheless, as H.P. Robinson (1964) stated, "the cosmologies which humanity has set up at various times and in various localities inevitably reflect the physical and intellectual environment, including above all the interests and culture of each society."





Subjective time, as P.C.W. Davies pointed out (1981), "possesses apparent qualities that are absent from the 'outside' world and which are fundamental to our conception of reality"—principally the "passing" of time. Our sense of separation from the world owes largely to this discrepancy. We exist in time (and alienation), but time is not found in the physical world. The time variable, though useful to science, is a theoretical construct. "The laws of science," Stephen Hawking (1988) explained, "do not distinguish between past and future." Einstein had gone further than this some thirty years earlier; in one of his last letters, he wrote that "People like us, who believe in physics, know that the distinction between past, present and future is only a stubborn, persistent illusion." But science partakes of society in other ways concerning time, and very deeply. The more "rational" it becomes, the more variations in time are suppressed. Theoretical physics geometrizes time by conceiving it as a straight line, for example. Science does not stand apart from the cultural history of time.

As implied above, however, physics does not contain the idea of a present instant of time that passes (Park 1972). Furthermore, the fundamental laws are not only completely reversible as to the 'arrow of time'—as Hawking noted—but "irreversible phenomena appear as the result of the particular nature of our human cognition," according to Watanabe (1953). Once again we find human experience playing a decisive role, even in this most "objective" realm. Zee (1992) put it this way: "Time is that one concept in physics we can't talk about without dragging in, at some level, consciousness."

Even in seemingly straightforward areas ambiguities exist where time is concerned. While the complexity of the most complex species may increase, for example, not all species become more complex, prompting J.M. Smith (1972) to conclude that it is "difficult to say whether evolution as a whole has a direction."

In terms of the cosmos, it is argued, "time's arrow" is automatically indicated by the fact that the galaxies are

receding away from each other. But there seems to be virtual unanimity that as far as the basics of physics are concerned, the "flow" of time is irrelevant and makes no sense; fundamental physical laws are completely neutral with regard to the direction of time (Mehlberg 1961, 1971, Landsberg 1982, Squires 1986, Watanabe 1953, 1956, Swinburne 1986, Morris 1984, Mallove 1987, D'Espagnant 1989, etc.). Modern physics even provides scenarios in which time ceases to exist and, in reverse, comes into existence. So why is our world asymmetric in time? Why can't it go backward as well as forward? This is a paradox, inasmuch as the individual molecular dynamics are all reversible. The main point, to which I will return later, is that time's arrow reveals itself as complexity develops, in striking parallel with the social world.

The flow of time manifests itself in the context of future and past, and they in turn depend on a referent known as the now. With Einstein and relativity, it is clear that there is no universal present: we cannot say it is "now" throughout the universe. There is no fixed interval at all that is independent of the system to which it refers, just as alienation is dependent on its context.

Time is thus robbed of the autonomy and objectivity it enjoyed in the Newtonian world. It is definitely more individually delineated, in Einstein's revelations, than the absolute and universal monarch it had been. Time is relative to specific conditions and varies according to such factors as speed and gravitation. But if time has become more "decentralized", it has also colonized subjectivity more than ever before. As time and alienation have become the rule throughout the world, there is little solace in knowing that they are dependent on varying circumstances. The relief comes in acting on this understanding; it is the invariance of alienation that causes the Newtonian model of independently flowing time to hold sway within us, long after its theoretical foundations were eliminated by relativity.

Quantum theory, dealing with the smallest parts of the universe, is known as the fundamental theory of matter. The



core of quantum theory follows other fundamental physical theories, like relativity, in making no distinction in the direction of time (Coveny and Highfield 1990). A basic premise is indeterminism, in which the movement of particles at this level is a matter of probabilities. Along with such elements as positrons, which can be regarded as electrons moving backward in time, and tachyons, faster-than-light particles that generate effects and contexts reversing the temporal order (Gribbin 1979, Lindley 1993), quantum physics has raised fundamental questions about time and causality. In the quantum microworld common acausal relationships have been discovered that transcend time and put into question the very notion of the ordering of events in time. There can be "connections and correlations between very distant events *in the absence of any intermediary force or signal*" which occur *instantaneously* (Zohar 1982, Aspect 1982). The eminent American physicist John Wheeler has called attention (1977, 1980, 1986) to phenomena in which action taken now affects the course of events that have already happened.

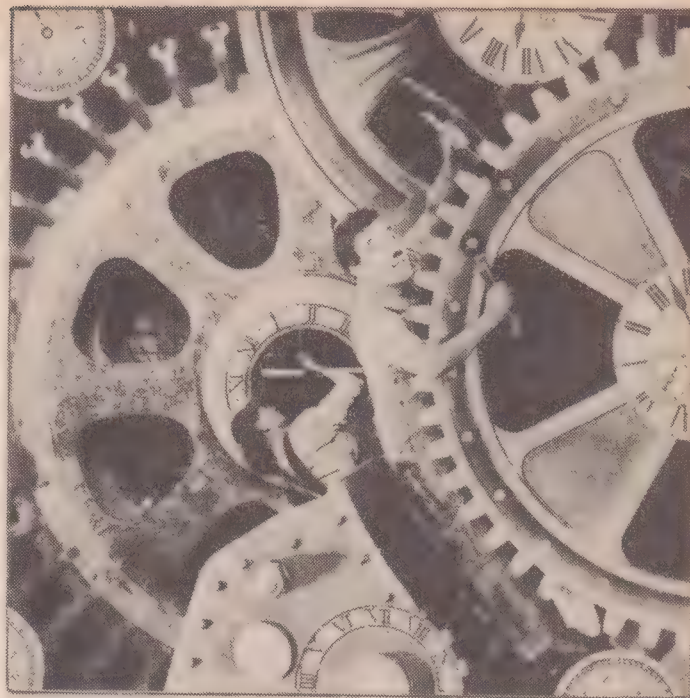
Gleick (1992) summed up the situation as follows: "With simultaneity gone, sequentiality was foundering, causality was under pressure, and scientists generally felt themselves free to consider temporal possibilities that would have seemed far-fetched a generation before." At least one approach in quantum physics has attempted to remove the notion of time altogether (J.G. Taylor 1972); D. Park (1972), for instance, said, "I prefer the atemporal representation to the temporal one."

The bewildering situation in science finds its match in the extremity of the social world. Alienation, like time, produces ever greater oddities and pressures: the most fundamental questions finally, almost necessarily, emerge in both cases.

St. Augustine's fifth century complaint was that he didn't understand what the measurement of time really consisted of. Einstein, admitting the inadequacy of his comment, often defined time as "what a clock measures." Quantum physics, for its part, posits the inseparability of measurer and what is measured. Via a process physicists don't claim to understand fully, the act of observation or measurement not only reveals a particle's condition but actually determines it (Pagels 1983). This has prompted Wheeler (1984) to ask, "Is everything—including time—built from nothingness by acts of observer-participancy?" Again a striking parallel, for alienation, at every level and from its origin, requires exactly such participation, virtually as a matter of definition.

Time's arrow—irrevocable, one-direction-only time—is the monster that has proven itself more terrifying than any physical projectile. Directionless time is not time at all, and Cambel (1993) identifies time directionality as "a primary characteristic of complex systems." The time-reversible behavior of atomic particles is "generally commuted into behavior of the system that is irreversible," concluded Schlegel (1961). If not rooted in the micro world, where does time come from? Where does our time-bound world come from? It is here that we encounter a provocative analogy. The small scale world described by physics, with its mysterious change into the macro world of complex systems, is analogous to the "primitive" social world and the origins of division of labor, leading to complex, class-divided society with its apparently irreversible "progress".

A generally held tenet of physical theory is that the arrow of

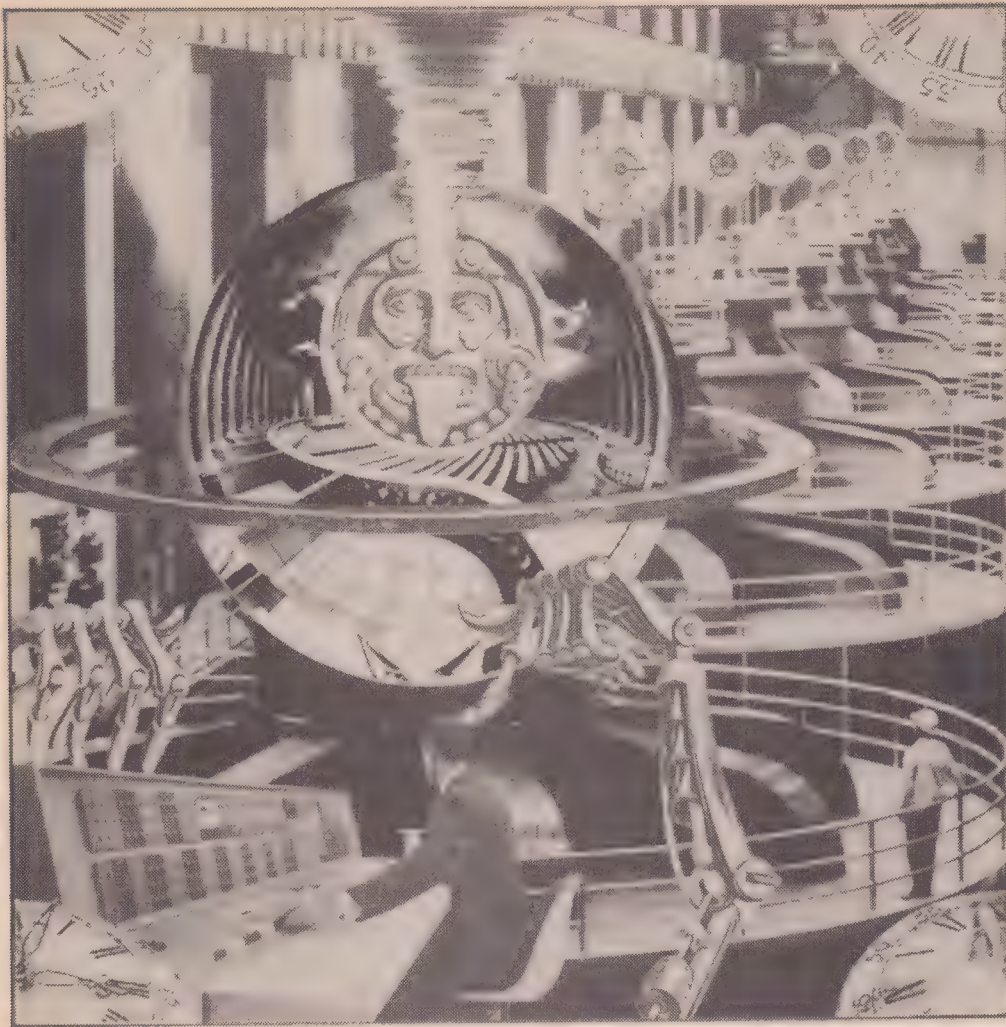


time is dependent on the Second Law of Thermodynamics (e.g. Reichenbach 1956), which asserts that all systems tend toward ever greater disorder or entropy. The past is thus more orderly than the future. Some proponents of the Second Law (e.g. Boltzmann 1866) have found in entropic increase the very meaning of the past-future distinction.

This general principle of irreversibility was developed in the middle decades of the 19th century, beginning with Carnot in 1824, when industrial capitalism itself reached its apparent non-reversible point. If evolution was the century's optimistic application of irreversible time, the Second Law of Thermodynamics was its pessimistic one. In its original terms, it pictured a universe as an enormous heat engine running down, where work became increasingly subject to inefficiency and disorder. But nature, as Toda (1978) noticed, is not an engine, does not work, and is not concerned with "order" or "disorder". The cultural aspect of this theory—namely, capital's fear for its future—is hard to miss.

One hundred and fifty years later, theoretical physicists realize that the Second Law and its supposed explanation of the arrow of time cannot be considered a solved problem (Néeman 1982). Many supporters of reversible time in nature consider the Second Law too superficial, a secondary law not a primary one (e.g. Haken 1988, Penrose 1989). Others (e.g. Sklar 1985) find the very concept of entropy ill-defined and problematic, and, related to the charge of superficiality, it is argued that the phenomena described by the Second Law can be ascribed to particular initial conditions and do not represent the workings of a general principle (Davies 1981, Barrow 1991). Furthermore, not every pair of events that bear the "afterward" relation the one to the other bear an entropic difference. The science of complexity (with a wider scope than chaos theory) has discovered that not all systems tend toward disorder (Lewin 1992), also contrary to the Second Law. Moreover, isolated systems, in which no exchanges with the environment are allowed, display the Second Law's irreversible trend; even the universe may not be such a closed system.





Sklar (1974) points out that we don't know whether the total entropy of the universe is increasing, decreasing, or remaining stationary.

Despite such aporias and objections, a movement toward an "irreversible physics" based on the Second Law is underway, with quite interesting implications. 1977 Nobel Laureate Ilya Prigogine seems to be the most tireless and public advocate of the view that there is an innate unidirectional time at all levels of existence. Whereas the fundamentals of every major scientific theory, as noted, are neutral with respect to time, Prigogine gives time a primary emphasis in the universe. Irreversibility is for him and his like-minded fellow believers an over-arching primal axiom. In supposedly nonpartisan science, the question of time has clearly become a political matter.

Prigogine (1985), in a symposium sponsored by Honda and promoting such projects as Artificial Intelligence: "Questions such as the origin of life, the origin of the universe, or the origin of matter, can no longer be discussed without recourse to irreversibility." It is no coincidence that non-scientist Alvin Toffler, America's leading cheerleader for a high-tech world, provided an enthusiastic forward for one of the basic texts of the pro-time campaign, Prigogine and Stenger's *Order Out of Chaos* (1984). Prigogine disciple Ervin Laszlo, in a bid to legitimate and extend the dogma of universally irreversible time, asks whether the laws of nature are applicable to the

human world. He soon answers, in effect, his own disingenuous question (1985): "The general irreversibility of technological innovation overrides the indeterminacy of individual points of bifurcation and drives the processes of history in the observed direction from primitive tribes to modern techno-industrial states." How "scientific"! This transposition from the "laws of nature" to the social world could hardly be improved on as a description of time, division of labor, and the mega-machine crushing the autonomy or "reversibility" of human decision. Leggett (1987) expressed this perfectly: "So it would seem that the arrow of time which appears in the apparently impersonal subject of thermodynamics is intimately related to what we, as human agents, can or cannot do."

It is deliverance from "chaos" which Prigogine and others promise the ruling system, using the model of irreversible time. Capital has always reigned in fear of entropy or disorder. Resistance, especially resistance to work, is the real entropy, which time, history, and progress constantly seek to banish. Prigogine and Stenger (1984) wrote: "Irreversibility is

either true on all levels or none." All or nothing, always the ultimate stakes of the game.

Since civilization subjugated humanity we have had to live with the melancholy idea that our highest aspirations are perhaps impossible in a world of steadily mounting time. The more that pleasure and understanding are deferred, moved out of reach—and this is the essence of civilization—the more palpable is the dimension of time. Nostalgia for the past, fascination with the idea of time travel, and the heated quest for increased longevity are some of the symptoms of time sickness, and there seems to be no ready cure. "What does not elapse in time is the lapse of time itself," as Merleau-Ponty (1945) realized.

In addition to the general antipathy at large, however, it is possible to point out some recent specifics of opposition. The Society for the Retardation of Time was established in 1990 and has a few hundred members in four European countries. Less whimsical than it may sound, its members are committed to reversing the contemporary acceleration of time in everyday life, toward the aim of being allowed to live more satisfying lives. Michael Theunissen's *Negative Theology of Time* appeared in 1991, aimed explicitly at what it sees as the ultimate human enemy. This work has engendered a very lively debate in philosophical circles (Penta 1993), due to its demand for a negative reconsideration of time.

"Time is the one single movement appropriate to itself in all



its parts," wrote Merleau-Ponty (1962). Here we see the fullness of alienation in the separated world of capital. Time is thought of by us before its parts; it thus reveals the totality. The crisis of time is the crisis of the whole. Its triumph, apparently well established, was in fact never complete as long as anyone could question the first premises of its being.

Above Lake Silvaplana, Nietzsche found the inspiration for *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. "Six thousand feet above men and time..." he wrote in his journal. But time cannot be transcended by means of a lofty contempt for humanity, because overcoming the alienation that it generates is not a solitary project. In this sense I prefer Rexroth's (1968) formulation:

"the only Absolute is the Community of Love with which Time ends."

Can we put an end to time? Its movement can be seen as the master and measure of a social existence that has become increasingly empty and technicized. Averse to all that is spontaneous and immediate, time more and more clearly reveals its bond with alienation. The scope of our project of renewal must include the entire length of this joint domination. Divided life will be replaced by the possibility of living completely and wholly—timelessly—only when we erase the primary causes of that division.

## Spurious opposition

*Continued from page 31*

Consciousness of decay reached its most explosive expression in Dada. Dada really did contain the seeds by which nihilism could have been surpassed; but it just left them to rot, along with all the rest. The whole ambiguity of surrealism, on the other hand, lies in the fact that it was an accurate critique made at the wrong moment. While its critique of the transcendence aborted by Dada was perfectly justified, when it in its turn tried to surpass Dada it did so without going back to Dada's initial nihilism, without basing itself on Dada-anti-Dada, without seeing Dada historically. History was the nightmare from which the surrealists never awoke: they were defenseless before the Communist Party, they were out of their depth with the Spanish Civil War. For all their yapping they slunk after the official left like faithful dogs.

Certain features of Romanticism had already proved, without awakening the slightest interest on the part of either Marx or Engels, that art—the pulse of culture and society—is the first index of the decay and disintegration of values. A century later, while Lenin thought that the whole issue was beside the point, the Dadaist could see the artistic abscess as a symptom of a cancer whose poison was spread throughout society. *Unpleasant* art only reflects the repression of pleasure instituted by Power. It is this the Dadaists of 1916 proved so cogently. To go beyond this analysis could mean only one thing: to take up arms. The neo-Dadaist larvae pullulating in the shitheap of present-day consumption have found more profitable employment.

The Dadaists, working to cure themselves and their civilization of their discontents—working, in the last analysis, more coherently than Freud himself—built the first laboratory for the revitalization of everyday life. Their activity was far more radical than their theory. Grosz: "The point was to work completely in the dark. We didn't know where we

were going." The Dada group was a funnel sucking in all the trivia and garbage cluttering up the world. Reappearing at the other end, everything was transformed, original, brand new. Though people and things stayed the same they took on totally new meanings. The reversal of perspective was begun in the magic of rediscovering lost experience. Subversion, the tactics of the reversal of perspective, overthrew the rigid frame of the old world. This upheaval showed exactly what is meant by "poetry made by everyone"—a far cry indeed from the literary mentality to which the surrealists eventually succumbed.

The initial weakness of Dada lay in its extraordinary humility. Think of Tzara, who, it is said, used every morning to repeat Descartes' statement, "I don't even want to know whether there were men before me." In this Tzara, a buffoon taking himself as seriously as a pope, it is not hard to recognize the same individual who would later spit on the memory of such men as Ravachol, Bonnot and Makhno's peasant army by joining up with the Stalinist herds.

If Dada broke up because transcendence was impossible, the blame still lies on the Dadaists themselves for having failed to search the past for the real occasions when such transcendence became a possibility: those moments when the masses arise and take their destiny into their own hands.

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The first compromise is always terrible in its effects. Dada's original error tainted its heirs irrevocably: it infected surrealism throughout its history, and finally turned malignant—witness neo-Dadaism. Admittedly, the surrealists looked to the past. But with what results? While they were right in recognizing the subversive genius of a Sade, a Fourier or a Lautréamont, all they could do then was to write so much—and so well—about them as to win for their heroes the honor of a few timid footnotes in progressive school textbooks. A literary celebrity much like the celebrity the Neo-Dadaists win for their forebears in the present spectacle of

decomposition.

The only modern phenomena comparable to Dada are the most savage outbreaks of juvenile delinquency. The same contempt for art and bourgeois values. The same refusal of ideology. The same will to live. The same ignorance of history. The same barbaric revolt. The same lack of tactics.

The nihilist makes one mistake: he does not realize that other people are also nihilists, and that the nihilism of other people is now an active historical factor. He has no consciousness of the possibility of transcendence. The fact is, however, that the present reign of survival, in which all the talk about progress expresses nothing so much as the fear that progress may be impossible, is the outcome of a series of past revolutionary defeats. The history of survival is the historical movement which will eventually turn these defeats into harbingers of victory.

Awareness of just how nightmarish life has become is on the point of fusing with a rediscovery of the real revolutionary movement in the past. We must reappropriate the most radical aspects of all past revolts and insurrections at the point where they were prematurely arrested, and bring to this task all the violence bottled up inside us. A chain explosion of subterranean creativity cannot fail to overturn the world of hierarchical power. In the last reckoning, the nihilists are our only allies. They cannot possibly go on living as they are. Their lives are like an open wound. A revolutionary perspective could put all the latent energy generated by years of repression at the service of their will to live. Anyone who combines consciousness of past renunciations with a historical consciousness of decomposition is ready to take up arms in the cause of the transformation of daily life and of the world. *Nihilists*, as de Sade would have said, *one more effort if you want to be revolutionaries!*

*The complete text of the Left Bank/Rebel Press edition of Raoul Vaneigem's Revolution of Everyday Life is still out of print. We hope to have copies of the upcoming new edition available from C.A.L. (POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446) for \$12.00 postpaid later this winter.*



# ASE<sup>TM</sup>

By Neal Keating

**I**t is 1993 and the general observation that the practice of people submitting to work on a daily normalized basis is the primary motor reproducing the daily phenomena of society continues to be all too accurate.

Part of these phenomena are the ideologies and thinking about the process of social reproduction—the reflecting on the doing. Controlling these reflections through the division and specialization of knowledge has had a regulating effect determining what is and what is not suitable for framing as germane questions. An example of the latter is the question of what comes after the commerce-state-class form of power; or, what comes after the rule of law? While these two questions may be on the tongues of many an anti-authoritarian, from the point of view of “maintaining order,” these questions are best rendered irrelevant. This determination of relevance—in its turn—maintains the ongoing submission to the miserable confines of rank and work, not unlike the way the blinders keep a poor horse in a dumb race.

## ROUND AND ROUND

The Marxist discourse generally dismissed ideology as a peripheral, a “super-structural” aspect of social phenomena. Subsequent critiques of Marx, notably those of the Frankfurt school and the situationists, recognized a more essential function of ideology. Ideas and actions are never separate. Dreaming and thinking are also actions. Arranging dreams and thoughts into systems of ideas or visions is another form of action. They are actions that are different from the “physical” action of the deed. An interrelation nevertheless obtains between them. It is a murky yet potent juxtaposition of a binary pair of oppo-

sites. It was when Adorno tried to elucidate it, and it is even more so today.

Social life in the “first world” today is largely based on the ironic fear of the violence that its very own class structures produce. The fantasy of races continues as a central explanation of violence. The rhetoric of racial types continues as a central explanation of violence. The concept of racial types is a categorical arrangement of difference that is especially suited, if not custom-made, for the divisions necessary to class structures. The idea here is that all structures have some kind of division. Not all societies have structures mind you. Ours still does. Think of a house. What holds up the second floor? It is usually some sort of support wall, *i.e.* a division. In a class structure there are several divisions. In terms of power, there is the primary division of those that have and them that do not. The racial type is especially useful here for identification purposes.

History, such as we know it, is the special device for maintaining the current divisions, and thus helps to produce the determination of relevance. It is especially useful as examples to be cited in the present for the purposes of upholding this or that body of law. The familiar theme is as follows: “You want to know what happens when the law breaks down? Well, look at history.” It is often violent. But that is not all it is. History is also always partial, always incomplete. It tends to leave out the best parts of the human story—*those parts where people got away.*

History is directly linked to law. When law breaks down, or when law never existed, is when the writing of history—the documentation of activity—is absent or simply never was. That does not mean there is no activity. It does not mean that it leaves no traces behind—it does. But for us flatlanders trained in

obedience and conformity to the rule of law, those traces are more problematic than explanatory. Just like the brightness of a full moon blots out the stars around it, so too does the spectacular glow of our categories of thought—our epistemic machines—block the full view of the other epistemological figures: the *heteroclitics*. There are blinders on our imaginations. It is said that if we remove them, the greater blindness may wreck our eyes with wonder. Is that really so bad?

## ABORIGINAL LESSONS

For example, there have been found at many archaeological sites in the Northeastern Woodlands of North America such traces as to indicate the presence of an extensive and quick network of exchange among indigenous people here, just prior to the contact period (*ca.* 1600 a.d.), and going back at least two centuries. The nature of this network continues to elude these scholars laboring under today’s social scientific frameworks of inquiry. In these woodlands, with these people, there was no commodification, there were no profits, and no property. These are the forces that animate modern networks of commerce. There are entire libraries boasting of the collective understanding of these three forces. But when confronted with the question of what the motor driving woodlands exchange was, the specialists generally shrug their shoulders and quickly move along. Or if they try, they can only cast their answer in terms that make sense in their *a priori* epistemic assumptions, *e.g.* they were pre-capitalist: they were on their way to establishing statist institutions but got interrupted by their collision with Europe. Such assumptions are still widely held, and for good reason—they emphasize the class structures currently in



place. The other idea—that woodlands exchange was driven by a different kind of motor that cannot be explained within first world epistemic frameworks—emphasizes reciprocity, and as such, must naturally be omitted from relevance.

## HOW TO PLAY

I now propose a new form of praxis, and one that is already beginning to be engaged spontaneously and diversely. Adopting Bakunin's basic "revolutionary negation," that the urge to destroy is always already a creative urge; along with Proudhon's dicta "property is theft" and incorporating Durkheim's idea of the conscience collective (*i.e.*, that complex of socio-cultural behavioral codes that precede and inform the human that is born into it), I will outline a game of historical/ideological disruption for anti-authoritarians, to be played in those interludes between deeds.

The object of this game, then, is to apply an emancipatory epistemology (free-frame thinking, or as Feyerabend puts it "anything goes") to the conscience collective through its venues of daily life. In particular the venue of historical reference that both legal and political systems depend on is a particularly febrile location favoring successful play. But so is a St. Patrick's Day parade (bring back the snakes), or a night of playful mischief in the streets. Alas, so too is the workplace.

Epistemology is the question about how knowledge is formed or produced. How do we know things? How do we explain that the knowledge of things changes? Virtually every statement involves a number of given assumptions. How do particular assumptions come to be accepted as given? Answering these questions involves digging into issues and forces rather primary but not readily apparent. Digging into them with Bakunin's revolutionary negation can be highly combustible, and just as satisfying.

Let's call this game Applied Systematic Entropy (ASE). Assume your lived experience is a temporary locus through which many diverse historical forces pass and collide, more or less randomly or at the behest of some strange gods, violently or non-violently. The movement of these forces constitutes the historical

process. It is the active component of the conscience collective. Let's call this process a river. And into this river are innumerable other loci of experience from time immemorial that alter the flow of the river in subtle and not-so-subtle ways. Your move is to place an altered locus into the river and observe the effects it makes (Does it make enticing ripples? Does it make a huge jam, the kind that breaks bridges?). In choosing what locus to place where, you are

## A new game starts after the festivities have subsided... amongst the ruins of the former epoch.

guided by one rule—*anything goes*. That is it. Taking notes is a good idea. A robust anti-history will confound and evoke. It might not explain anything at all. Remember that the removal of the blinders, Blake's "bursting the mind-forg'd manacles," is the goal. Sometimes explanations are not necessary to achieve this.

Then the next player goes. The game continues until, as a result of the action between the placement of loci and the reaction of the river, either a general insurrection breaks out, or the ramparts of the sacred go flying into heaps of rubble, or a significant ideologic disruption occurs. At that time, play is suspended and the game is over. A new game starts after the festivities have subsided, and the players are so inclined, comfortably situated amongst the ruins of the former epoch.

This unusual game has the architectural advantage of a framework for action that does away with the need for the kinds of unfortunate Christian appeals to morality and goodness that so many past dreamers have depended on for their zeal and mania. It accommodates devils as well as angels. All you need for this game is some basic acquaintance with your own desires and a taste for heresy.

As a result of this emancipated framework, one is freed up from the highly constrained activism typical of U.S.

dissent. For example, demonstrations and marches have generally taken place under the assumption that direct confrontation will pressure the government into acting in a more ethical or moral way. When playing ASE, one can operate under different assumptions, such as that covert sabotage might trigger a series of forces that break up the government, as well as giving you an immediate kick. Or that covert sabotage might start an ongoing public autonomous discourse. Because in ASE the epistemological assumptions are just game pieces, as opposed to unquestioned moral foundations, they are much less precious and much more flexible. There is more room for spontaneous effects and mutant development. This is also what makes it dangerous. ASE rides right through that strait where the Charybdis of fascism waits on one side, while the Scylla of

insipid passivity lurks on the other. Anything can happen when anything goes. The whole thing hinges on the player's egoism, not the constraint of the rule of laws.

In the modern and post-modern world we can make the observation that many gloomy ideological clouds of capital and Christianity regularly cover its entire surface, albeit patchy in lots of places. Removing this cloud through a total critique has proven impractical. Leviathan lingers on. One alternative strategy that presents itself today is that of locally rending a part of this cloud into strange and wondrous contours that have an effect of systemic disruption. I have proposed Applied Systemic Entropy (ASE) as a river-game that may serve this other strategy. I contend that this game is already being played under different names and in diverse circumstances.

The gamble of ASE is this: if you lose, you will make the cloud cover so heavy you can not move; or you may yourself be reified by the gloom. You might start a war.

But if you win, you get away—to play another day.

*This essay originally appeared in a supplement to the Loompanics Unlimited catalog (POB 1197, Port Townsend, WA. 98368), and an earlier version appeared in The Moorish Science Monitor (POB 85777, Seattle, WA. 98145-1777). The author can be contacted at: POB 250219, New York, NY. 10025-1533.*



# Adios,





# Catalonia!

By Manolo Gonzalez

Part 2

*In 1939, 350,000 Spaniards went into exile. Many Anarchists took refuge in Latin America—in Mexico, Argentina and Chile. This is the second part of a personal memoir of an Anarchist family escaping Franco's fascists and the horrors to come. The first part appeared in Anarchy #38/Fall '93.*

## NORTH AFRICA, FREEDOM AND MUCH MORE

**T**he "Artemiss" was now navigating in front of the coast of North Africa, directly across from Spain.

War ships of different nationalities crisscrossed our path. We exchanged radio signals, identifying ourselves under the protection of the League of Nations and the agreements signed by most civilized countries.

As we slowly approached Algeria, fast French Corvettes drew close to inspect our ship. From the rapid exchanges we could tell that the documentation provided by France was accepted, and we were reassured we would make it to the next port in the territory under French control.

Oran had a small port, just a few cranes and buildings around a semi-military installation. The menace of war, of conflict that could break out at any moment, kept everybody in a state of alert. As we passed the quay leaving behind the jetty of open sea waves, we noticed a couple of French frigates, with all the sailors on board eyeing every part of our ship. From the vantage of the "Artemiss," we saw the city, its well-

defined avenues and wealth of palm trees. The cupolas of several mosques were distinctive landmarks, as were the minarets, located so that the call to prayer for the faithful could be heard all over the city.

Captain Demetrio was on the upper deck keeping an eye on his crew. A small boat, armed with a heavy machine gun, came close to us, and some French officers, policemen and Navy personnel climbed aboard our ship. My father, the Basque leadership and two of the Quaker women in charge of the Jewish children formed some sort of parliamentary group to deal with the French. The anxious refugees crowded around to hear what the authorities had to say. There was fear of an ambush, of dangerous deals with Franco or, perhaps, even a decision to inter us in a concentration camp.

We could hear the French, in pure Bureaucratese, asking for health certificates and visas to port of final destination, but, finally, they arrived at their real objective, a "landing fee" that would make it possible for all of us to "enjoy" Oran during the repair of our ship.

"Well, it seems that all is in order. We also have instructions for special care of the Jewish children," said a man in a pristine uniform, with a loud authoritarian voice. This produced a reaction of alarm among the Quaker women, but eventually it became clear that there was a powerful local Jewish organization, and it had prepared a welcome for the children.

"It will take several hours to consult with all our fellow passengers about the landing fee, but we are confident a

happy solution can be attained. After all, we are men of the world. We understand each other very well," declared one of the Basque in eloquent French. Although we were the exploited, he managed to make us masters of the situation, sophisticates, dispelling the image of undesirable troublemakers.

"Of course, gentlemen, take your time. We see no need to delay your docking any longer. I will meet with you tomorrow in my office. A car will pick up your representatives. We wish you a pleasant stay." The officer, his white uniform brilliant in the sunlight under its magnificent gold epaulets, saluted elegantly, and all the French functionaries marched after him, smiling and chatting, relieved to be living in a world of real gentlemen, simple, full of courtesy, and so profitable.

That night my parents and I had our dinner in the prow of the ship, where we could contemplate the lights of Oran and listen to the sounds of urban traffic and Middle Eastern music. But the powerful searchlights of the French warships played constantly against the sky above the port and the city, an insistent reminder that war was imminent.

The next morning, some of the Basque, the two Quaker women and Anselmo Palau were waiting for the automobile to take them to meet with the French authorities to pay the "landing fee." Most people, after contributing to the pool of money, left the ship looking for the pleasures of Oran, especially its big open markets, in search of second-hand clothing.

Pilar, Coco, Moncha and Eric knocked at my door. My father shouted in English "Cut it out, you spoiled anar-



chist brats!" Then he pointed to me, "Out, out. See you later."

My mother added, "Tell Moncha I'll be calling on her mother to go into town." I splashed my face and hands and washed my teeth in the saline water of our basin. The heat was already extreme, and all the metal parts of the ship were burning hot. Pilar had a cup of tea and a sweet roll for me. The roll had an acrid flavor of cinnamon and molasses.

"Moncha! My mom says she'll pick up your mother to go into town." "Yes, she knows," responded my friend. It was then that I noticed two trucks waiting to pick up the Jewish children. The American Quaker ladies were imparting last moment instructions to a group of serious-looking, well-dressed men and women, who had come to escort the children to a reception by the large Jewish community of Oran. Eric was going with us. He wanted to be with Pilar. But other Jewish boys were staying behind. Six of them walked over to meet some young men in British uniforms. Eric pointed them out to us, "Our future army, the Hagganah. As soon as I get to Tel Aviv, I'll join." He was very proud.

"All right, all right. Come on, let's go. Come on, Palitos." It was Coco, already on the pier, waving the 1935 Baedeker of Oran he had found in the ship's library. Terra firma, immovable and solid under our feet, surprised us. We were all a little wobbly, but, after a bit of duck-walking to keep up with our guide, we left behind the piers, the custom house and the heavy metal fence that separated the port from the city of Oran. Suddenly the sights and sounds of North Africa were all about us.

"Now, listen. Let's agree on what we are going to do." Coco knew when to take charge. We were attentive but apprehensive, especially me. I did not want to visit museums or, worse, end up wandering in dusty old markets looking for ancient coins or "rare" books.

"First, we'll go to a public bath house...."

"What!?" we all exclaimed, hooting in astonishment at this suggestion. Except for Eric, who just said, "We all need it." That settled it, and the girls agreed. "Then," continued Coco, "we separate. Eric and I have some business. Pilar and Moncha can go with Palitos wherever they want. But at one o'clock we meet for lunch. Afterwards, delights for all,

music, cinema, flamenco!" He pulled out a big wad of French money, his winnings at chess. "We are rich!" shouted Pilar. We were ready to follow Coco to the end of Morocco.

Several carriages pulled by diminutive horses were waiting for sightseers. All the horses wore straw hats, while the drivers wore red fez and multicolor Arabian tunics. Moncha ran toward one of the coaches. "Come, let's go, my treat," she shouted full of excitement. Groups of passengers from our ship could be seen here and there along the avenues. Our ride took us to the central area of the city. Big palm trees and impeccably clean gardens had the unmistakable look of European colonialism. As we moved further into the city the European look disappeared. The native population used its distinctive ethnic garb. Women covered their faces. Markets, coffee shops, open-air food stands, donkeys, dozens of idle children in wait for some opportunity, gloomy-looking adults skirting the mendicants. I liked Oran.

Our driver knew just the bath house. The proprietor received us at the door. There was a large pool of warm water, individual showers, a steam chamber. We chose the pool. We were given big white towels and gigantic bars of rose soap. A woman offered to wash and iron our clothing while we took our bath. "Sure, why not?" said Coco, "After all we can't go back to dirty pants." We were the only customers. Awkwardly, we boys set aside our clothing and jumped into the pool. The girls giggled nervously, but followed our example. The sun streamed down through the high glass roof. All around the sides of the pool, set in mosaic, were strange written characters, azulejos, Arabian calligraphy. Coco informed us they were admonitions from the Koran regarding the importance of cleanliness. Suddenly, Coco was swimming and splashing and screaming like Tarzan. In an inexplicable burst of energy, I had a furious water battle with Moncha, and Eric and Pilar moved away, laughing and talking.

"Ah-ha, my friends! Soap. Remember soap?" Coco brandished his bar above his head. I began to lather my arms and hair. With embarrassment and disbelief, we all realized how grimy we had become and proceeded to wash ourselves with great vigor. The manager came in and, moving two big levers, unleashed

jets of clean water down upon us, all the while laughing at us. "Ah, Spaniards. Dirty, dirty." And I had thought he was referring to our sharing the bath with the girls.

"Palitos, wash my back," asked Moncha, "then I'll wash yours, all right?"

"Sure, turn around," and, with utmost care, I lathered my friend's soft shoulders, gently soaped her neck and, with my little finger, worked around her ears. She submerged and came back up like a dolphin, spitting water and shouting, "More, more! Come on, Palitos. I promise to wash you, too."

Pilar, Coco and Eric were playing a complicated mathematical game based on assigning numbers to the letters of the alphabet and trying to figure out their "lucky" number. "Mine is nine," said Eric. "Me too!" shouted Pilar. Coco said, "You're cheating. I know better!" Then the three of them jumped out of the pool, wrapped their towels about them and went to rest in a corner.

The manager came in again. "Perhaps the young ladies and gentlemen would care for some pomegranate juice, eh, and some figs?"

"Yes," clapped Pilar.

Moncha and I were alone in the water. She said, "It's your turn." She grabbed my arms and began to soap my back, my neck, my shoulders. Then my chest. She was very close to me. I shut my eyes but could not manage to withhold a deep sound.

In a husky voice Moncha said, "Don't turn around." All other noises faded away. I was totally absorbed in this feeling, the touch of Moncha's hands, aware of her breasts close to my back.

She pushed me down, gently shampooing the soap out of my hair.

"Are you going to see the blonde?" Moncha asked me.

I was confused. "Who...what blonde?" I spluttered.

The manager returned, followed by a young girl in a white tunic, carrying a tray with glasses of red juice, ice and a mountain of big black figs.

"Ladies and gentlemen, your refreshments." He motioned the girl to leave the tray on a portable table. As he turned to go, he wagged his finger at me. The young girl remained and approached Pilar.

"Violets? Sandalwood? Jasmine?" she offered small vials of perfume.



Coco jumped up, "For me, violets, like a Gypsy."

I laughed and joined in, "Yes, yes. I'll have Jasmine."

Pilar chose Jasmine, too.

Eric, somewhat taken aback, asked, "This is acceptable for men?"

"Trust me, old man, go ahead," encouraged Coco.

"All right, I choose sandalwood."

Moncha decided on the violets. We applied our perfumes with the greatest delight.

"Ah, it's so good. Oh, delicious." we exclaimed over the fragrant drops. At that moment it was ecstasy.

We sipped the pomegranate juice and cracked the ice between our teeth. The chilled figs were fragrant and sweet. We all looked at Coco, and Moncha said, "Thank you, dear friend."

Coco turned red. Then, breaking the spell, he said, "Oh now, don't get sentimental. Eric, let's go, we have much to do."

The woman arrived with our newly washed clothing. Coco prepared to pay, but she referred him to the manager. Now we turned our backs in self-consciousness and dressed quickly.

The manager returned with the bill. "Let's see...five Francs each for soap and towels. Juice and figs, five. And laundry, five. 40?"

"Yes, of course," we all agreed, with a smile and a wink to each other. We were ready to give Coco our share, but he would not accept.

As he paid the bill, he added, "Here's 10 Francs, for the girl who served us and the woman who washed our clothing. Be sure they get it, all right?"

The manager whistled, and the women—perhaps mother and daughter—appeared. "The gentlemen have a present for you..."

Outside, the morning sun was moving fast. Coco and Eric shook hands with us. "Remember, we meet at one in the Baltic. It's a restaurant. Anyone can tell you where it is."

"The Baltic? Here, at the edge of the desert?" I laughed.

Coco just turned, and he and Eric marched away. The image of Eric moving away, tall, handsome, vigorous, the sun highlighting his bronzed arms, always comes back to me as vividly as if it was the present.

Moncha gave me a provocative smile. "Now you're in charge!"

Pilar suggested, "We could explore a bazaar?"

Moncha agreed, and we set off.

We encountered marvelous bronze objects, praying rugs, incense burners, exotic water pipes and fine silk and cotton shirts.

"Look, look," exclaimed Moncha, pointing to rows of pearls displayed against black velvet in glass boxes. From the shadows, a woman, with a diminutive gold earring in her left nostril, came toward us. I noticed the red dot on her forehead. An Indian. I knew. I had seen them in the movies.

"Like my pearls, young fellow? Make an offer...100 Francs?"

Although it was Moncha who had expressed interest, the woman had directed her attention to me. We just looked. She moved away silently then and sat in a corner where she could keep an eye on us.

We went back out into the sunlight. Someone waved to us. It was one of the Basque children. They were loaded with packages and eating red peppers, onions and morsels of meat from long wooden sticks. "Hello. Come over, have a bite." But we were much more interested in our own adventure.

"See you back on the ship," I shouted, and we kept walking. We strolled into an area full of big white buildings. There was a Mosque, an imposing administrative palace, and, suddenly, we were walking through an elegant portal. We found ourselves staring into a garden where a very correct waiter was offering cold drinks to obviously wealthy French customers seated at many little tables.

"Want a cold drink?" I asked.

"Why not, Palitos, let's find a seat," agreed Pilar.

As soon as we opened the elaborate wrought iron gate a severe looking man, with a pistol on his hip, appeared beside us. In the same barking tone I had heard on the train to Marseille he told us, "No trespassing. Out, out!" A woman looked at us amused.

"Those must be the red Spaniard ruffians," we heard her comment.

We stood there for a few seconds, dumb with embarrassment.

But Moncha, furious and enraged, turned toward me, arched one shoulder and, in a tone that must have made the walls ring, said, "Hey, red ruffian, come here!" and in front of all the onlookers kissed me dramatically on the mouth.

Pilar's eyes were wide with astonishment.

Then in slow, perfect French, Moncha said to the crowd, "Mon macraux, nez pas...!" (My pimp, you know.)

There were whistles and applause. We turned and walked out.

We retraced our steps in silence until we came upon a large, open cafe with many tables on the sidewalk. There were a number of women seated about. We noticed their elegant European dresses, but then we realized they all had Arabian features. We sat down. A black waitress came over to us and in a low, quiet voice said, "You know, this is not a place for children."

"What? What do you mean?" I exclaimed in anger.

"Look around you, see the ladies?" She spoke again in the same quiet tone, pronouncing "ladies" very slowly.

"So. They need a drink too!" I heard myself say scornfully. "Besides," I added in a flash, "I could be a customer for them, you know!"

The waitress threw back her head in laughter. She gave up and asked, "What will you have?"

"That's better," I responded. "Three lemonades, plenty of ice, and maraschininos!"

Pilar was smiling faintly, "Palitos! A customer! Come now..."

"Why not," I insisted heatedly.

Under the table Moncha kicked me hard in the shin. "That's why not," she hissed.

Then we all three roared in delight and finally relaxed in our chairs.

The passing scene was a busy one. Carts pulled by donkeys, bicycles, a multitude of people continually milling about. We could hear music, cymbals, and the ferocious arguments of nearby merchants. Once in a while a man would approach the "ladies," and after a brief exchange, they might depart together. We followed them with our eyes, for a clue to the place of their tryst.

It felt good to be watching all these exciting people. But eventually Moncha reminded us, "The Baltic...remember?"

With sudden daring, I announced, "Let me ask for directions." I got up and walked over to one of the women, very beautiful, with deep black eyes.

"Pardon me, Miss, can you direct me to the Baltic restaurant?"

Although it was apparent she did not understand every word, her comprehen-



sion was perfect, as was her reply in French, "Any coach can take you there."

We arrived at the Baltic just minutes after one o'clock. Coco and Eric were waiting for us. They had ordered fruits, small pieces of roast lamb, "pita" bread, and yogurt. We enjoyed the meal, but it did not compare to our adventures of the morning. We agreed to cancel the rest of the program. Now we needed nothing more than to return to the ship. It was "siesta" time. Coco and Eric carried several boxes and a couple of long cardboard tubes. "Maps?" I wondered, "What for?"

We returned to the ship along with many of the other passengers, exhilarated. The landing fee had been accepted. The generator was repaired. The ship was ready to sail.

About five in the afternoon, the Jewish children came back. They carried packages of new clothing, new shoes and boxes of cookies and candies. Sailors were hauling up crates of fresh fruits and Kosher food for the duration of the trip to Chile. The generosity of the local Jewish Agency was evident, but the emotional farewell of the Jewish men and women of Oran to these children was for all of us a reminder of the brutality of Christian Europe. Little did we know at the time of the Holocaust to come.

## WRITTEN IN THE STARS

The "Artemiss" sailed about nine in the evening. Life on the ship returned to routine. People reading here and there, bridge players, romances, and for us, the surprise gift of Coco and Eric.

Our friends marched us toward the top deck. We carried the boxes and tubes, blankets, even a batch of sweet rolls.

"Okay, spread the blankets," instructed Coco as he proceeded to give us large flashlights and a compass. He brought out a tripod, and low and behold, a telescope, which he and Eric mounted. He opened the tubes and brought out celestial charts. The stars and constellations. He lit his torch and pointed to a star.

"Now, what's the name of that one?" he asked. We were silent. "Now check our position. Are we north or south of the Equator? In the Atlantic?"

We got busy looking for constella-

tions. Alternately, we lay on our backs to pick out formations in the sky. Then we would pore over the charts to compare and identify what we saw.

"There is Aldebaran! There is Venus!" "Mars!" Moncha shouted.

We were caught up in the magic of the starry night. The universe was open to us. We lay there in wordless wonder. Then Eric started to recite. His voice carried the words of a poem in a simple, direct way, without artifice. It was a sonnet form Shakespeare. Looking at Pilar, he spoke,

*If I could write the beauty of your eyes  
And in fresh numbers number all your  
graces,  
The ages to come would say, "This poet  
lies";  
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd  
earthly faces.*

I moved close to Moncha.

Eric moved away, pointed to a star, and said very quietly, "That's David's, King of Israel."

This went on for several nights. We could tell we were moving away from Africa, moving closer to the tropics, nearing Central America and, finally, crossing the Panama Canal.

Eventually, I noticed that Eric closed his poetry recital every night in the same way. He would pray,

*Do not let the oppressed retreat in dis-  
grace.*

*May the poor and the needy praise your  
name.*

*Rise up, O God, and defend your cause.  
Remember how fools mock you all day  
long.*

*Do not ignore the clamor of your adver-  
saries.*

*The uproar of your enemies which rises  
continually.*

Many years later, when we remembered those moments, Coco told me, "It was the 74th Psalm." By then, the Nazis had been destroyed. Eric had joined the Army of Israel in 1948 and died in combat, defending his kibbutz, "Star of Hope."

We kept our eyes on the changing constellations and, with the help of our flashlights, spent every remaining evening in our favorite corners on the deck of the ship. Often our parents would come to hear our careful recitations of the new stars we could identify. Sometimes, we fell asleep at our post, only to be awakened early in the morning by the tropical dew.

One night, as Moncha and I were discussing the fine points of Castor and Pollex and the story of Leda and the Swan, we heard a commotion. There were shouts, people running, voices out of control and somebody screaming, "Kill him! Kill him!" Most of the noise and the running was on the lower deck, so we could not see what was going on. Moncha, frightened but curious, jumped up quickly and ran down one of the metal stairs towards a large group of people. I followed her. We saw a man with his face bloodied, surrounded by a furious mob.

"What happened?" I asked a woman.

"None of your damn business! Get the hell out of here!"

I recoiled from the harshness in her voice. Moncha took me by the hand, "Come on, let's go." We went to the upper deck, and from there we tried to pick up some clue of the incident. We saw captain Demetrio. He held a revolver, and two of his sailors, holding large clubs, were poised behind him.

"That's enough. Come on, move on. I'll handle this," shouted the captain.

"No, Demetrio," said a burly Basque, a political Commissar for the trip. "We agreed that discipline was our business!"

"Yes, but not lynching," responded the captain.

"All right, take him away, and then we'll let you know what we've decided. Agreed?" insisted the Basque.

The culprit, still bleeding from a cut on his head, was taken away by the sailors, while the women taunted him, "You bastard! You'll die, you rapist!"

We walked around the ship, asking here and there what had happened. No one would tell us anything until a young sailor explained, "Oh, that miserable idiot! A real pig! He raped a Basque girl." He was ashamed even to speak of it.

The adults ordered all the children to the mess hall. The Jewish children were with the Quakers. We talked in quiet voices. We knew what had happened. Only Coco, Pilar, Moncha and I knew that the man would be executed.

We heard nothing more. People started to fall asleep. Then suddenly we heard a splash into the water. It was over.

*"In the Aftermath of the Spanish Civil War" follows Manolo Gonzalez' two-part series titled "Life in Revolutionary Barcelona," which appeared in Anarchy #35/Winter and #36/Spring '93.*





NICE JUST ICE JUSTICE

## Worse and Worse

The atrocities typical of advanced capitalism/advanced civilization seem as pronounced here in Eugene, Oregon, as elsewhere. "Teenage Suicides Rocket" proclaimed the local front page in September (1993), explaining that the rate of teen self-destruction in Oregon has increased 600% over the past 30 years. November found a man in the adjacent town of Springfield suffocating his toddler daughter, then burning himself to death with gasoline. He'd had a history of violence, but neighbors considered theirs a "quiet, church-going family."

Freud's prediction that in time everyone will be made neurotic by civilization's power to deny fulfillment is beginning to look like too rosy a take on the future. In society at large a breakdown can be seen unfolding in every area of life. The federal Education Department in September unveiled a study depicting almost half of all adults as functionally illiterate. As in cannot read or write, cannot cope with the minimum requirements of industrial life. This kind of funda-

mental turn-off makes the fact that now no-one puts any stock in politicians seem trivial.

Soon, apparently, a majority will be dependent on Prozac ("the hottest psychiatric drug in history") or other anti-depressants, not to mention how widespread is the use of heroin and cocaine. River Phoenix died of too much of the latter drugs on Halloween, prompting his publicist to muse, "It leaves you to question why are young people compelled to do this?"

Meanwhile, as if rehearsing for the growing mayhem at large, the video games to which pre-teen boys are addicted embody a noticeably escalating violence. At the end of October a score of devastating Southern California fires—mostly the work of arsonists—grabbed national headlines for several days. Two weeks later Clinton decried the "great crisis of the spirit" in America, in lamenting the war-zone nature of inner cities.

Science News for September 25 disclosed two studies linking workplace stress and cancer. There were 6,000

on-the-job fatalities in 1992, but the word is getting out that in fact work kills virtually everyone. An existence defined by working and paying has never produced such a sense of barrenness and even fear, for which the numbing sterility and homogeneity of consumer malls stand as perfect landmarks.

The generalized culture we label postmodern, with its trademark refusal to look at the whole of this horror show, reaches its appropriate level with the moronism of *Beavis and Butthead*. A cynical, know-nothing stance only prompts new levels of stupidity and denial. In this way the crisis of the education system and what stands behind it can be better understood: it is not so much the function of the totality to instill conformist convictions as it is to destroy the capacity to form any.

Can everyday life really be enacted on this basis much longer? Support for such a ghastly, immiserating set-up is eroding, but not nearly fast enough.

-John Zerzan



# State Department Surrealism?

Continued from page 41

During what turned out to be my last meeting with Schwartz, he gave me a copy of his new book on Grenada.

Published shortly before the 1984 elections with the James Bondish title *The Grenada Papers*, the book Schwartz gave me was a collection of internal documents of the New Jewel Movement seized by the CIA and Air Force Intelligence after the American invasion of Grenada. If the documents weren't forgeries, they indicated that the New Jewel Movement was a "Bolshevik-Leninist" regime, as the ex-Trotskyist Sidney Hook exclaimed breathlessly in his introduction. Edited by University of California-Berkeley Professors Paul Seabury and Walter McDougall, the book extolled the invasion of Grenada as the first time a "Communist" regime had been overthrown by democratic forces.

The book existed to justify the invasion of Grenada to an audience primarily composed of stupid American congressmen. Most importantly, *The Grenada Papers* demonized by association the Sandinista regime and leftist guerrillas in El Salvador and Guatemala. The editors' key point was that insurgencies in the Caribbean and Central America were functions of Soviet intervention and a dire strategic threat to the United States. Events in Grenada were presented as an argument for increased aggression by the US government in Central America.

Before the publication of *The Grenada Papers*, Schwartz had bragged the book was his and that he was its chief editor. As it turned out, Schwartz's contribution was in a secondary capacity to the Reaganite Professors Seabury and McDougall. Schwartz wrote introductions to sections of the book in which the "Left-wing" West German Social Democrats were taken to task for not being sufficiently supportive of US defense goals.

After reading *The Grenada Papers*, I brought an abrupt end to my fast fading friendship with Steve Schwartz.

The Institute for Contemporary Studies also produced a quarterly publication, the *Journal of Contemporary Studies*. Schwartz became the editor with the Fall 1984 issue. This journal was a deadly dull public policy magazine. Looking over back issues of the *Journal*, I found articles by US government officials, academics and other professional reproducers of our rulers' ideas.

Schwartz opened the Fall 1984 issue with an article reminding readers of "...the realities of the difficult situation in Central

America...." This reality was a reprint of a *San Francisco Chronicle* editorial by the prominent rightist George F. Will. The facts, according to Will, were that the Russians forced Nixon to prepare to use nuclear weapons during the October '73 Middle East War, and the Russians were creating "a Communist Central America, and an Iran just a wade across the Rio Grande."

Will's cant was followed by an article by Schwartz on recent events in Grenada. Titled "Caliban's Children," it was an unintentionally comic and pretentious comparison of the rise and fall of the Maurice Bishop regime to events in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Schwartz ended this pompous windbag exercise stating, "This article is based on notes prepared by the author for his participation with Professors Seabury and McDougall in a briefing before the Outreach group on Central America at the White House, October 31, 1984...."

In a letter to the IWW dated five days before this White House conference, Schwartz eulogized a recently deceased Marxist member of the IWW, Ed Spira, on Sailors' Union stationary, saluting Spira as a "working class warrior." Schwartz signed the letter by name and by his IWW membership number, X333361.

An article by Sara Diamond in the March 5, 1985 issue of *The Daily Californian*, a University of California campus oriented newspaper in Berkeley, reported the Institute for Contemporary Studies hosted a \$165-a-seat public policy conference early in 1985 at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco. About 80 academics, business leaders and intelligence analysts attended this gathering. Reagan's attorney general, champion of the death penalty, and W.C. Fields look-alike Edwin Meese, delivered a speech lauding the virtues of the Reagan economic program. Other topics at this conference included education, Grenada, Nicaragua, and "The Future of the Soviet Empire."

Quoting from *The Daily Californian* article: "I think...Nicaragua could easily become Grenada Two," said Stephen Schwartz...The 'lesson of Grenada,' he said, is that in 'certain of the Soviet satellites...there are gigantic possibilities of internal instability and collapse.'

"U.C. Berkeley political science professor Paul Seabury, who edited *The Grenada Papers* along with Schwartz and U.C. Berkeley history professor Walter McDougall, said the documents provide analysts with a rare opportunity to study Soviet 'proxy operations'.

"While he said he's not advocating any particular action, Seabury said that 'as a scholar, I would just love to see the Managua documents.'"

Participating in this conference didn't prevent Schwartz from taking out an ad

calling attention to his membership in the IWW on page 11 of the May 1985 issue of the IWW newspaper, *Industrial Worker*.

In a letter dated November 12, 1985, John Zerzan wrote to the Detroit anarchist newspaper, the *Fifth Estate*:

"What crazy shit about Schwartz! Knew Schwartz shortly since about '75 and he always struck me as a pretty ridiculous character. He went from Stalinist to Trot to 'Surrealist Trot' to what he called 'very close to classical anarchist,' and given his flakiness it didn't seem to matter nor did it seem like it would surprise me whatever turn he would take. Now I know this sounds like a claim to omniscience, but he always struck me as an unstable case who could end up anywhere! I remember, somewhere around '76-77 I think, a flyer he put out upon leaving Francis Ford Coppola's employ 'exposing' this film capitalist—imagine, I didn't even know Coppola was a radical. Then about a year later he made himself a joke by trying to recruit San Francisco punks—who all laughed at him while spending his money...Paula and a punk friend almost punched him out one night for his boorish, missionary farcicalness!...."

## The Red and The Hack

After the summer 1984 issue of *The Alarm*, the project expired. Faced with this debris, I reexamined my conversations with Schwartz, and the issues of *The Alarm* he'd given me. I concluded that Schwartz had produced *The Alarm* as a nominal left communist in an attempt to weasel his way into the FOR.

By attaching himself to the FOR, Schwartz could gain notice among Trotskyists as the author of the most extreme left English language publication close to the Trotskyist spectrum, and guarantee himself a place in the future as a wax mannequin in the ludicrous icepickhead pantheon that was so dear to his heart.

He also went after the FOR to hustle first hand information from Grandizo Munis about Munis' role in the armed uprising of the working class in Barcelona in May 1937. Schwartz had a sentimental fixation on the Spanish Civil War, and had bragged on many occasions that he would soon write a history of anti-Stalinist radicals in Spain in the 1930s.

In his mid-twenties during the Spanish Civil War, Munis led the Bolshevik-Leninist Group, the small Spanish section of Trotsky's Fourth International. During the May Days in Barcelona, the Bolshevik-Leninist Group, and the more numerous Friends of Durruti, had, independently of one another, printed and circulated handbills calling for the destruction of the bourgeois state. Both groups called for the armed proletarians of Barcelo-



na to form a revolutionary junta or council to seize and occupy the centers of state power in Barcelona. Munis and his comrades were on the same side as anarchist revolutionaries in the fight against the Stalinist-led destruction of the radical workers' movement in the Republican-held regions of Spain, and against the counter-revolution led by the collaboration of the anarchist organizations and the POUM with the democratic capitalist state.

Munis narrowly escaped both the Stalinists and Franco at the end of the war. He went into exile in Mexico. Munis and another former member of the Bolshevik-Leninist Group returned to Spain at the beginning of the 1950s, during a brief upturn in the class struggle. They were subsequently arrested and spent a number of years in Franco's prisons.

Schwartz also went after the FOR for information about the poet Benjamin Peret. Peret is regarded by many, Schwartz among them, as the greatest poet of the Surrealist movement. During the Spanish Civil War, Peret enlisted in the POUM militia, as many foreign revolutionaries did. He later became estranged from leftists in the POUM militia and joined an anarchist militia unit.

After the war, along with Munis, and Trotsky's widow Natalia Sedova, Peret had recognized the state capitalist nature of the Soviet Union. Together the three of them broke with the Trotskyist movement during the 1950s. Munis and Peret founded the FOR. Peret died in 1959. It was this conflu-

ence of Trotskyism, Surrealism and the Spanish Civil War in the FOR that drew Schwartz into the left communist branch of the revolutionary milieu.

Munis had a violent hostility to bourgeois historians and hated the appropriation of the experiences of radical proles by academics and careerist hacks. After several meetings with "Comrade Sandalio," the people in the FOR decided that Schwartz was a two-faced low-life, a liar and a fraud. They told him to fuck off, even threatening him with violence at one point, and publicly washed their hands of him and his chimerical "group" in issue 13 of the FOR's publication *Alarma* in May 1982.

When it came to left communism, Schwartz boasted and bluffed his way through a form of politics he did not fully understand. In *The Alarm*, Schwartz used the term "left communist" incoherently, as if this term referred to all those who weren't Stalinist who claimed to be communist, including the POUM and various Trotskyists. No authentic partisan of a left communist perspective would have tried to attach themselves to the confused politics of George Orwell or defended Orwell's propaganda work for British and Allied imperialism during World War II, as Schwartz did in publishing an article with the Trotsky-inspired title "Their Orwell and Ours" in *The Alarm* number 17, April-May 1983.

In spite of his fixation on the Spanish Civil War, Schwartz was unable to decide whether the participation of the anarcho-sindicalist

CNT and the FAI in the institutions of the capitalist state was "revolutionary", "counter-revolutionary" or "reformist", the experience of the anarchist organizations joining the Republican government being referred to in a range of wildly divergent ways in *The Alarm*. Schwartz's incoherence on this issue was one of the points that separated him from the revolutionaries of the FOR.

From *The Alarm* to his badly written history of the Sailors Union, Schwartz sentimentalized the working class as either brutish louts or noble sons of toil. This insipid patronizing style was consistent with Schwartz's Trotskyist perspective, oblivious to the repudiation of work and commodity relations that is the heart of the tendency towards communism in the class struggle.

When he was trying to attach himself to the FOR, Schwartz parroted the FOR's perspectives. After being rejected by the FOR, he was left adrift, and parroted a variety of other opinions. Schwartz continued for several years after this to identify his one-man fanzine to himself as the publication of the FOR Organizing Committee in the United States. He continued writing in the voice of the royal "we" ("We of FOCUS, whose political program is derived from the Spanish Communist Left...") and wrote under different names (Sandalio, S. Solsona, etc.), giving the impression there was more to FOCUS/*The Alarm* than there was. The only point at which there was more than one person involved with FOCUS/*The Alarm* was after Schwartz had departed from the project. The only continuity was the bulletin's mailing list and the name. In *The Alarm*, Schwartz reproduced materials others had written on the Spanish Civil War, analysis by distant revolutionary groups, and articles from mainstream newspapers with particular reference to Spain. There was little or no original analysis and virtually no record of any independent involvement by Schwartz in the class struggle. By issue 19 of *The Alarm*, Schwartz concluded that the current version of the IWW was the most relevant expression of class war politics in the United States. A year later he was polishing Ronald Reagan's shoes in time for Halloween.

Schwartz claimed he'd joined the IWW to find people the royal "we" could talk to. For all his love of talking, especially about himself in a loud voice in bars, Schwartz only attended a handful of IWW meetings. Schwartz became a wobbly a short time before he became a paid stooge of Reagan's foreign policy. The period of his IWW membership clearly overlapped with the period of his salaried cheerleading for mass murder in Central America.

I suspect Schwartz joined the IWW to gain access to some of the ancient mariners of the IWW for the Sailors Union history project.

To to a n g r y a t h i m s e l f  
f o r n o t a s k i n g f o r h i s  
n e u t e r i n g t o b e r e v e r s e d .



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Mr. fish



A longtime secretary of the Tacoma Washington IWW branch, Ottilie Markholt, is referred to extensively in footnotes in Schwartz's SUP history, finally published under the title *Brotherhood of the Sea*. Schwartz wrote an article heaping fulsome praise on Markholt in the July 1984 issue of the IWW newspaper *Industrial Worker*. And, as Schwartz explained it, there was an added benefit to possessing an IWW membership card. IWW members are regarded as members of a fraternal organization by the Spanish CNT, and may expect access to archival materials and internal documents, and introductions to anarcho-syndicalist veterans of the Spanish Civil War that an outsider might not get.

At a meeting in Berkeley of the San Francisco branch of the IWW in the summer of 1985, I attempted to get the wobblies to publicly dissociate themselves from Schwartz. Richard Ellington led the opposition to my move. According to the IWW's ancient sacred occult rules, Schwartz couldn't be expelled for being a high profile public relations bird-dog for imperialist counterinsurgency campaigns in Central America. Since the national security state didn't exist at the time the IWW's rules were written, at the beginning of the twentieth century, Schwartz's activity wasn't specifically proscribed. He could still be a member in good standing, though I think Ellington complained that Schwartz was in arrears on his membership dues. On these grounds the San Francisco IWW refused to take any action against Schwartz. This confirmed my earlier opinion of the comic opera ridiculousness of the IWW.

Schwartz sent the following letter, dated August 26, 1985, to the *Fifth Estate*:

Dear "Comrades,"

It is really quite amusing to be called a "disappointment" by yourselves, a group who never, in the past decade, did anything to support the projects I was involved in such as *The Alarm*. For you to come whining back now suggesting that somehow I was a valued friend or comrade, is ridiculous. I owe you no explanations whatsoever.

However, you should be aware of the following. First, in attacking me without any attempt to learn from me what has happened, and in therefore allowing yourselves to be "stampeded" by an illiterate group of Bay Area street punks whose claim to anarchism is as phony as their vinyl jackets, you are availing yourselves of the classic Stalinist method. You could at least write and ask for my side of the argument. But, oh no, that isn't your style. Better to slander and defame people without making an effort to investigate the situation. Especially people like myself whom you always, from the heights of your activist misery, had a basic contempt for...I have taken no positions that are out of consonance with the positions you yourselves still claim to defend. I wrote an article about my evolution from "red diaper

baby" stupidity in which I advocated a very mild defense of some aspects of the free market system, and a repudiation of the Soviet influence over the "left", as well as the cult of terrorism. NOTHING IN THIS ARTICLE WOULD HAVE CONFLICTED WITH THE VIEWS OF, FOR EXAMPLE, PROUDHON. But of course, why read Proudhon when World War III is about to break out, and when you can have much more fun reading E.P. Thompson? Finally, what are you going to do when our JOURNAL publishes articles by Frank Fernandez of *Guangárra Libertaria*? [*Guangárra Libertaria* was an anarchist magazine produced in Florida by Cuban exiles. Their claim to fame is that they supported the Argentine military dictatorship in the Falkland/Malvinas Islands war in 1982.] Or materials on the Spanish Revolution? Will it still be a target for your schoolboy contempt? If so, too bad...I should add that it doesn't bother me that your fine revolutionary group never supported the political line of *The Alarm* or the particular activities we (sic) carried out in the U.S., but you never did one-tenth of what *The Alarm* did on the Spanish autonomist prisoners; and, regardless of political line, *The Alarm* published a great deal of important historical material on the Spanish revolution—none of it worthy of your notice.

My current position, as I note above, differs very little from that embraced by Proudhon. I could also cite Castoriadis. And others. I am willing to debate with you about this and everything else I have done and continue to do. Insults don't bother me.

With my very best wishes,  
Stephen Schwartz

P.S. You should know that Rutgers University Press is preparing to publish a book-length study by me and Victor Alba of the POUM, Friends of Durruti, etc. in the spring of 1987. You will have a fine time figuring out how to trash that.

## His Master's Voice

On the editorial page of the *San Francisco Examiner*, April 11, 1986, an opinion piece by Schwartz was published under the title "Support Contras."

"We helped bring down Somoza, and we donated more aid to the Sandinista regime, at first, than we gave Somoza in 20 years. But the new regime from the beginning treated us as 'the Yankees, enemies of humanity'...."

Schwartz put the pedal to the metal with his Goebbels-style Big Lie in this rant, using the royal we almost once for every sentence in the article, and claiming that if "we" of the US government didn't aid the Nicaraguan Contras, the Sandinistas would overrun Guatemala and Mexico and threaten the United States the way the Germans did to France in 1940.

An article on the Institute for Contemporary Studies, titled "Buttoned-Down Bohemians—Welcome to San Francisco's New Age Right," appeared in the *San Francisco Examiner's Image* magazine, on Sun-

day August 3, 1986:

"...ICS was launched in 1974, during the waning days of Governor Ronald Reagan's Administration, by Edwin Meese III and other close Reagan associates...Defending America, a 1977 ICS title with an introduction by former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger, built an early case that the Soviets had opened a 'window of vulnerability' in U.S. nuclear defenses...ICS, which receives the bulk of its funding from corporations such as Bechtel, Chevron, IBM and Chase Manhattan Bank (also Alcoa, Union Carbide, Coors, Exxon, and the Hearst Corporation, which owns the *San Francisco Examiner*) and from key right-wing fundraisers like Richard Mellon Scaife, has been called 'Reagan's favorite think tank.'"

The article proceeds to describe the leading lights in this constellation of dim bulbs, notably ICS founder A. Lawrence "Lawry" Chickering, and some of his enthusiastic underlings:

"Chickering has in recent years assembled a team of unorthodox conservatives to complement his own evolving views. The process was bumped along the day in 1983 when Chickering met another (Caffe) Trieste regular, Stephen Schwartz. A bookseller's son who grew up in the beat literary scene, Schwartz used to call himself a Trotskyite, once organized railroad workers in the Richmond yards, claims to have fraternized with some of Europe's fiercest terrorists...anyone who spends time around (Schwartz) and Chickering, who is 45, can't help but note their big brother-little brother relationship.

"It's like they are two halves of a complete personality," says Betsy Francia, who was an office worker at ICS for several years.

"Though he (Schwartz) speaks nostalgically about sharing humble meals with Indian railroad workers, he says the friendships he's proudest of making nowadays are those with Norman Podhoretz and other reigning right-wing intellectuals...Though he still spends most evenings prowling North Beach, he's more interested in making inroads with the East Coast conservative set, the minds behind *The New Criterion* and Podhoretz's *Commentary*. For this, says Schwartz, his friendship with Chickering has been invaluable. 'He's given me access....'

"Betsy Francia remembers Schwartz describing his role at ICS this way: 'Lawry and I are like an ideological Batman and Robin.'"

From another point in the *Sunday Examiner* article:

"When the Solidarity movement took hold in Poland, says Schwartz, 'I finally saw the totally fantastic socialistic conception I had waited for all my life. It was like a religious experience. Here was a country where 10 million workers suddenly joined a union, the union takes over political leadership of the country, they begin to go in this tremendous-



ly open direction. It was totally from the ground up.'

"But his excitement turned to bitterness, according to Schwartz, because 'when Poland became identified with Reaganism, the Left [in this country] abandoned Poland'...."

His sentimentalization of trade unionism and disappointment with the left in the United States, quoted above, was a bald-faced lie, contradicted by a number of anti-leftist and violently anti-Solidarity articles published by Schwartz in *The Alarm* in the early '80s, most notably in an article on the cover of *The Alarm* #12, April-May 1982, written by the Tampa Workers Affinity Group from an anti-statist, class war communist perspective.

It was typical of Schwartz's whining craven grandstanding that he portrayed himself as a sincere leftist dolt, exploited and disappointed by cunning diabolical peaceniks and Moscow agents, rather than acknowledge that he had claimed to have jettisoned the left by publishing anti-statist communist perspectives in *The Alarm* for five years since the end of the 1970s.

Schwartz made an artificial and abortive pit-stop in our tiny left communist ghetto, and left communism held no intrinsic appeal for him. Left communism is virtually unknown in the United States, even to intelligent functionaries of the national security state. Happily, in the United States, left communism has no resale value. But counter-revolutionary and ersatz forms of Marxism such as Stalinism and Trotskyism have a limited resale value for purchasers of used proponents of shopworn ideologies. This was convenient for Schwartz; Stalinism and Trotskyism were the yin and yang of his world-view. In both his right wing and left wing incarnations, Schwartz formed his reactive morality around the devil of Stalinism. Without Stalinism, Schwartz would have never had anything to not believe in. Ignored at best, and often laughed at when not ignored, Comrade Sandalio ultimately cashed in on the then expanding employment opportunities for professional repentant former leftists willing to perform public acts of contrition in front of select Reaganite audiences. Nothing had changed about Schwartz's fundamental motivations or the way he viewed the world; his Road To Damascus was strictly a question of market value.

Within the space of a year, Schwartz went from parroting the revolutionary opposition to imperialist war of Marie Louise Berneri in *The Alarm*, #19, Sept.-Oct. 1983, to a career as a bargain basement David Horowitz whose poor analytical skills and flatulent bovine prose could be had by anyone who would buy his lunch for him.

In his journey from North Beach bar-scene embarrassment to salaried cheer-leader for

the mass butchery of the poor in Central America, Stephen Schwartz resembles the flamboyant mediocrities found in the novels of Stendhal and Dostoyevsky; a social climbing brown-noser, porcine braggart, liar and coward whose opportunist groveling carried him out of the realm of the merely insipid and into a vicarious involvement with atrocities.

It seemed that Schwartz had gone as far as it was possible to go in humiliating himself for his corporate masters. Subsequently, Schwartz surpassed himself by appearing on a television news program insinuating that he was a federal snitch, a political informant and government spy. On Thursday November 10, 1987, the NBC affiliate in San Francisco, KRON-TV Channel 4, broadcast a report titled "Private Spies," on the "Evening Edition" at 6:00 p.m. The following is from a transcript:

Sylvia Chase (anchor on set): People and groups who speak out against Reagan administration policies put themselves in jeopardy of surveillance by private intelligence gathering organizations.

Target 4 has learned it's a kind of private spying network: conservative groups, with close ties to the White House. Members say they pass on the information that they collect to federal agencies, like the Justice Department. And on occasion to the White House itself...

...When Congress blocked aid to the Contras, the White House got around the law by turning to a private network to raise the money. That triggered the Iran-Contra scandal...

...Now, there's evidence of another private network. This one spies on the President's political opponents...

...Here's how it works. Around the country, people gather information on left-wing activities and funnel it to private conservative groups...like the Council for Inter-American security, the Capital Research Center, the Young America's Foundation, and the Institute for Contemporary Studies.

All have close ties to the Reagan Administration.

Stephen Schwartz (Institute for Contemporary Studies): We'll be seeing all of the NSC (National Security Council) people, I'm sure. I'll be seeing all of the NSC people.

Sylvia Chase: Stephen Schwartz is a member of what he calls the commie-watching network.

He works at the Institute for Contemporary Studies, a San Francisco think-tank founded by top Reagan aids like Ed Meese.

Schwartz says he addressed a White House meeting attended by Oliver North and even met former CIA director, William Casey. Schwartz says there are lots of ways to get information.

Schwartz: When a left-wing group publishes, say a list of its state committee and throws it in the garbage and somebody finds it in the garbage and brings it to me, then I know the names of all those people and sometimes there will be more information, too.

Chase: What techniques are being used today...going through the garbage. That's one way.

Schwartz: Going through garbage.

Chase: Lifting things off the desk when no one's looking.

Schwartz: Now, that's something which is something that I don't believe in. But that's not fair.

Chase: But you know that it happens?

Schwartz: Yeah. I do know that it happens.

Chase: What other techniques would people use?

Schwartz: Well, if any leftist group has an open office where there are a lot of people around, you know you can walk in and if there's something lying on a desk, you don't have to filch it. You might just write down what's on it...see a list of names or something like that.

Chase: Are there other people like you around the country keeping track?

Schwartz: There are people that are collecting information. Yes.

Chase: And are they able to get it to people in government?

Schwartz: Yes. But the people in the government are not, frankly, able to do anything more with it than simply collect the information and keep track of the information...

I'll end this sordid story with an excerpt from an article that appeared in the *San Francisco Examiner* on May 6, 1987:

#### A Battle Over Right To Write

He wanted to rebut graffiti with graffiti

by Dennis J. Opatrny, of the *Examiner* staff

When "New Age Rightist" Stephen Schwartz discovered graffiti calling him "the philosophical whore of North Beach," the former Trotskyite turned red with rage.

He uncapped his felt-tipped pen and was printing a reply to the scurrilous scribbles when he was busted by Mayor Feinstein's anti-graffiti police squad on a charge of malicious mischief, defacing the wall of a Vallejo Street construction site.

Schwartz...has demanded a trial to exonerate his exercise of free speech.

"I was just going to answer that I was not the philosophical whore of North Beach," said Schwartz, 37.

If he wants a trial, he can have it, said Assistant District Attorney Joseph Hoffman, who believes citizens have the right to speak out under the First Amendment—but with limits.

"The remedy is that he can stand on a street corner and yell all he wants that he's not the philosophical whore of North Beach," Hoffman said. "But he can't go around defacing other people's property."

Municipal Judge George Chopelas Wednesday set July 21 for trial. If convicted, Schwartz faces six months in the county jail and a \$1,000 fine...Quoting Schwartz's attorney, Carlos Bea, "We don't think this is what the mayor meant in her anti-graffiti campaign. In fact, it's a sad day when a person can't rebut in public the allegation that he's a philosophical whore of North Beach."



# Schiz-flux

By Julian Flowers

## The Feminine (Yin) Christ-Bang

I felt Christ shoot rat poison in my dick. Asshe spread my legs apart Holy Spurt's pussy penetrated my cunt. Clean, slap-happy men in white coats bang my butt and cut my cock. I was sopping wet, held upside down, spreadeagled with the dildofix plugged painfully up my ass—standard procedure in Bible School. Yes, hurt happens, but by and by, I get used to it. Jenny foddles my head (babysitter heaven). I let paranoia pass away. I am melting her cheeseburger request, sausage packed between flabby butt cheeks (butt will mom know?) Scam by flutter licking, forthright in a V-formation, Jesus impaled dead savior meat for sale on the spiritual jack-off market...thirsting for thrush purge puke binge flagellate unhinge reticulated postpartum inhibition. Jersey Smagmorth festers menacingly, cum-dripped soaking wet, slick on a city clit, slipping in to feed the pet-put-on-the-transgressive-overguard. Vulnerable membranes pressed & dried, a final assault on the savior, full of holes, giving up the ghost, a supercession in predefecated crucifixion, pulp-pumped myth living on pieces of dead wood, plumb full of splinters, dissectoid in a formaldehyde solution histerically rectifying even goddess, sacred sacritute maple lollipop frigging rectal therapy peyote bottom mom unzipping her jeans clitoral action & reaction like test of stretching walls, spermeable membrain, high fallutin' Susan Faludi ties her tubes baby underwater in a sinsory deprivation wank felled by feminist coughdrops on a moonlit night. Harsh miasma panoply of guilt wafted daftly by gender stereotypists of limp dick politics. General fixation on genital relation, cold-cut-cunt vivisectionist politricks, ma(i)le entrapment, Freddie Feddies collated with pro-(re)gressive men to stomp out all child-love which

escapes the Christian/feminist rap. No prerogative to minor concerns, all brains deflated to vaginal brawn, a stinky solution to seminal polution, phallo-demoner(c)ratically shallow, sucking on mus-sels (sad sublimation). Every woman & child for FEAR: parasitic death-trip of victimology epissed-i-melodically dissonant, 12 muscle tones smoked in ceredemonial(ly) garb(led) speech deranged in Biblical can'tation: "All men have sinned..." -Separatist Liturgy. Fal-low fields of teenage delusion—I am the last trench of childhood, my desperate memories fogging over today, the poison of a dejected now, carried in the flesh, unclogs thru tears in tactile fibers, a stockpile of fresh production overturns the violence of anti-sexuality of fundamentalist parents—the vampiric draining away/deflecting of possible potentialities depressing televisions remote control illness virus of the culture, Geraldo & Oprah's fashionable victim parades, fingers point the error, living tissue crushed, poked in head and heart by Christian/feminist crusaders. No place to run, only blame to shoulder.

Yet unknown variables slipping thru schizzes-flows on the margins, autonomous skizzembly of parallel and hidden vectors. But the others—they want to regulate/relegate the uncoded desire to looney bins. I squirt haphazardly on Uncle Sam's wall (so much different than machine gun fire!), collusion of oppressions in partial (reformist) politics, slow-strangling polemics not willing to wrench free of yesteryears turgid sludge, rotting minds in public schools, flesh crying out in touch-phobic cubicles pent-up like Sylvestor (St)alone stripped to the bare (non)essentials of authoritarian discipline. Now floating US FLUX, drill of the MULTIVERSE, de-obstruction seminar in post-patriarchal pleasure particles spreading like panting dog madness. Now I remember I was 9, climbing into mom's bed every night. Rejected by God (& Goddess) we low-lying creepers, we fellows stealthily slalk health thru fruit of touch, wealth thru fruit of deed doggod done gone crowned in pistil of clover. Free breathing chirps, now the moistness of green earth invades a cackling machine where the ideological parrot hatches in the state-run test tubes; & their

feminist/progressive pseudo-opposition updates the despotism of the signifier (criminalizing even Yang essence-ually). They own stock in the law, & their anti-porn lobotomy. They think a female head of state is utopia. I WANT TO SMASH ALL AUTHORITY TRASH EVERY BINARY DISTINCTION LOOK FORWARD TO THE DAY OF IDEOLOGICAL EXTINCTION nubile metamorphinuous dolphin action in the coral-studded bay of hopes, every pigbrain scattered to the winds of change, deranged rant of post patri-matricidal communion-green around Billy's jock ring muscles flexed, his permanent fixation, daddy lifting his skirt, now s/he sees the red cobra of desires, s/he bites the apple the core signifying nothing, full of breaks/flows connective couplings of disparate fires, blazing saddles the butt nutt pooper instinct—an odorless smell.

Quietly they precede sucession of image haunts, sucking the real into porno commodity box, recuperation of the primal. No porno pistol promotional ad to subtract feeling into cardboard sterility, porno-spectre-man with rectum plugged with crucifix performs his ritual to unify the pseudo-opposition between flesh and spirit imposed as an extrinsic measure. Priestess-poped in head and tail by fingers poinking blame, tissue crumbling from Christian-Feminist assault, flipped sides of the same coin finding fault in organic function, emotional plague of the centuries dissolves the body into face destroying the potential for animamated becomings. Head fuck info smash jack ripped we left the oriphysical black hole for a smooth space, pristine like jeweled waters sparkling tufted pond lifting challenge of heart throb sheatrics. We gaze fullbright in the mirror, sonic disturbance, morphine injection, holy roller flies me to heaven, cum for Christ, lick the virgin Mary, surrender my heart to lost universe. I in light I dissolved, vapor of the statusphere. I queerly pull on Paul's full-length bodice. I look at the shattered mirror of fragmented choices, sexual categories/lies pandering to the culturally damaged, carrying corpse of Oedipus. Ophan Heart Club to debrain the ill adapted adepts, to resane the splattered depositories—squirm banks





# WORSHIPWARSHIP

Pete Herzfeld

spilling over, satiated touch tales of inti-mates, torch-challenge ignites in furry frenzy flucksual duodenum cream in jeans for mama with all your friends at the slumber party, no frills passion play on the sands of chances are is patently reproduced chloryphyll redemption savior no cops or anxiety ridden corpse to blur your identity. Only multiplicity and flow, communal gardens, once uncommon desires created in the whorlwind of unhinged possibility. Every child her/his own being, every adult a loved child purrfect confectionary mix of age race and consciousness. Now to release the old, the pent up layers of guilt and anger which strangles our

flavor—Job robed in glamour, boiling out the poisons like so many volcanos erupting. Our vision is a climbing vine of the dead hallucinating prehistory actually actualizing clamorous de-decorum, spirited white lobed jellyfish on the beachhead of Utopia jutting through into the jargled stew of juicy refrutunion. The tree of life, knowledge of good and counterevolutionary. Jettisoned fuel tank, living technology to clap our hands by. Sour-sulking deposed god refuses to die, his imprint on our flesh—sweating out till Flesh is God of US NOW REALIZED junctions made sensory terrain traversed in a post economic red light district where heart pulsates to the sub-

jective code of unassa(i)lable sovereignty, revolution grasped in a flow of unshakling desire. Open spaces, plateau after plateau passed. The nameless incarnation, auto-coronantination, budding flower, desire revolutionary in its own right, usurps the fetid malleous stench of apostolic idiocy. Shlurps the glistening fountainous gleam of sweet sweat born in flesh's warm reception. Chale pues. Let us press together and touch trails of light perspiring toward the continuous glow of connection, every diverse spectrum revealed.

*Julian Flowers can be contacted through: Schiz-Flux, RR1, Box 136, La Farge, WI. 54639-9603.*



## Have something to say? Write us!

We would like to encourage you to write us in order to continue this dialogue, whether you are sympathetic or critical of anarchist theories and practices. All letters will be printed with the author's initials only, unless it is specifically stated that her/his full name may be used or that s/he wishes to remain anonymous, or the name already appears in *Anarchy*—as in the case of an author of an essay or creator of artwork published here.

We will edit letters that are redundant, overly long, unreadable, excessively boring or contain threats. (Ellipses in italicized brackets [...] indicate editorial omissions.) Limit length to three double-spaced, typewritten pages. Address your letters to C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446.

## Zionist Gestapo

Dear friends,

[...] This [...] deals with Shin-Bet, the Zionist Gestapo branch in charge of Israeli society. Like the other branches of the Zionist Gestapo (*note: Mossad & Shabak*) it too is clandestine. The job assigned to it by the chiefs of the Zionist Gestapo is to protect the Zionist apartheid regime of Israel from any anti-Zionist challenge from within, preventing, in the process, any possible alliances with the Palestinian resistance.

"Shin-Bet" is the Hebrew acronym for Security Service (SS), whereas "Shabak" is the Hebrew acronym for General Security Service (GSS). In reality it is a secret political police operating under the facade of a "Democracy," and under the pretence at the rule of law in Israel. Therefore it could not afford the open brutality of the Shabak, although in some cases, published in the Hebrew press in Israel, Israeli people were murdered by the Shin-Bet. Such was the case of an Israeli who had been suspected of selling arms to the Palestinians during the first months of the Intifada. He was murdered while in detention, and without ever having been charged in court.

Although dissent is officially tolerated, and legally permitted in Israel, it is very likely that every dissenter—including loyal Zionists—would get a Shin-Bet file, where all his/her activities and contacts would be monitored, with some "punitive" action against those considered "dangerous" by the Shin-Bet

hierarchy. Shortly after the Intifada began some dissenting Zionists, including a few public figures, added their voices to the demand that the 1967 conquered lands be returned to their owners: the Palestinians. All of a sudden they had their home front doors burnt down, with death threats added. It all happened very "mysteriously," as police investigations "could not" find the culprits.

Much more brutal, yet well hidden, has been the Zionist Gestapo's drive to destroy or silence anti-Zionist Israelis. Matzpen, an Israeli anti-Zionist organisation, used to be very effective during the '70s. Its activists abroad (ISRCA), most of whom left Israel following the June 1967 war which they opposed, successfully exposed the Zionist propaganda lies in Europe, North America and Australia. In early 1972 ISRCA activists mobilised worldwide support for a group of 18 year old Israelis who were jailed because of their refusal to be conscripted into the Zionist army of Israel, labelled by them: an army of occupation (rather than "Defense Forces," the official name). As an activist of ISRCA in Australia, I recall getting an urgent phone call from my mother in Israel. She told me she was extremely worried by what her "friends" told her. She said that if I did not stop my political activities I would be shot dead and nobody would ever know where the bullets came from. This phone call was made in mid-January 1972, shortly after my successful hunger strike outside Israel's ambas-

sy in Canberra, to draw attention to the struggle of the four Israeli draft resisters. However, killing me would have caused the Zionist-apartheid regime of Israel damage far in excess of any "benefit" that could be derived from such assassination. So the Zionist Gestapo would be determined, instead, to silence me, and to destroy my family in the "process." Using its strong ties with the Australian secret police (ASIO) the Zionist Gestapo of Israel had me black-listed in Australia. Thus, I would be denied Australian citizenship, despite the fact that I had migrated to Australia on Assisted Passage, with automatic permanent residence status granted upon arrival, and almost automatic citizenship to be followed after 3 years. I had no police record and there was no valid reason for refusing me citizenship. Being here without citizenship meant that I could be deported any time at the will of the authorities. It also meant that I could not work here in my profession as a lawyer. It also meant that my chances to get any other work were very slim. Ten years of a stressful public campaign had to pass before my application for citizenship would be approved by the federal government. The Zionist Gestapo had made itself and my family the target of hatred and boycott within the Zionist ghetto, where most Israeli migrants live, and further isolated me and my family on all sides. Simultaneously with this direct pressure on us in Australia my family and my ex-wife's family in Israel came under continuous pressure which they passed on to us here, with devastating effects on my children. I would find out some years later that other ISRCA activists suffered similarly at the hands of the Zionist Gestapo. Some of them committed suicide, all of them got divorced and their families—like mine—torn to shreds.

What makes the Zionist Gestapo jobs so easy is the secured support of fanatical Zionists within the Zionist ghettos, as well as full collaboration of political parties outside the ghetto. The Zionist Gestapo's huge hard drugs money reserves allow

them to bribe political parties and make corrupt or gullible politicians toe the Zionist line. But the Zionist rulers of Israel cannot stop the slide of Zionism into history's rubbish tip, where Zionism belongs.

Benjamin Merhav  
c/o Malvern P.O.  
Malvern, Vic. 3144  
Australia

## Miserable apologetics

Jason McQuinn,

Regarding, once again, your miserable apologetics for Holocaust revisionism (sorry, but that is what you are doing, like it or not): Your response to J.R. of North Hollywood only confirms my earlier observation that your understanding of history is severely one-sided and lacking. You obviously know *nothing* of the socialist Zionist tradition represented by Martin Buber and the Jewish anti-fascist partisans who gave their lives resisting the Nazis throughout Eastern Europe. Chomsky's *The Fateful Triangle* and Brenner's *Zionism in the Age of Dictators* are well worth reading, but don't kid yourself into thinking that you've got the straight poop on Zionism after flipping through two books. I consider myself an *anti-Zionist*, but I believe in historical accuracy. Like all too many "leftists," you seem to be allowing anti-Semitic mythology to slip into your anti-Zionism. In Palestine, those Zionist guerrillas which cut a deal with Fascism were a marginalized minority, contrary to the impression one would get from reading Brenner's book alone. Lehi (the so-called Stern Gang) considered Fascism to be less of an enemy than British imperialism, and did in fact seek Axis support—which resulted in a bitter (and sometimes violent) split between the Lehi faction and the main Zionist guerrilla army, Haganah. It was Haganah's leadership, including Ben-Gurion, who founded the state of Israel. The extremist tendency represented by Lehi was actually persecuted by the Ben Gurion government, later found a shadowy niche in Mossad and the police apparatus, and did not achieve state power until the 1980s, when



former Lehi militant Yitzak Shamir became Prime Minister. In Europe, Zionists were deeply divided over the proper response to Nazism, rather than being the monolithic "Nazi collaborators" you simplistically portray. Once again, spend some time in a library before you dig yourself any deeper into your hole. You can start with *They Fought Back: The Story of the Jewish Resistance in Nazi Europe*, edited by Yuri Suhl, a highly revealing collection of documents and personal accounts from the anti-fascist Jewish underground groups which functioned even within the death camps themselves—and were invariably either Communist or Zionist, or both.

The grain of truth behind your repugnant statement that "The Holocaust" has been magnified into a larger-than-life tale of historical persecution is that the Holocaust has, in fact, been reified, removed from political context, and inaccurately portrayed as history's only example of genocide. The mainstream media and (mainstream) Zionism have allowed the Holocaust to serve as an excuse for pompous and deluding self-congratulations on the supposed niceties of our "democratic" system, rather than a warning of where racism and militarism can lead unless resisted everywhere. The Holocaust has been exploited by a propaganda system which leads us to ignore, rather than resist,

the death-squad terror in Central America, or the repression and disenfranchisement of the Palestinians. However, merely going to the opposite extreme by claiming that the Holocaust has been "exaggerated" (your word), and equating it with virtually every example of state terror in the history of the twentieth century, is equally abhorrent.

Maybe my last letter arrived too late to be printed. I trust that this one will arrive with sufficient lead time. Please spare your poor readers a self-righteous diatribe of "response" such as that which you unleashed on J.R. until you've done a little reading.

Finally, sincere kudos for your review of *The Other Israel*, an

important newsletter. You should also check out *Israel-Palestine Political Report*, BP 130, 75463 Paris Cedex 10, France. It provides an example of the kind of intelligent and rational anti-Zionism which the left in this country is in dire need of.

Yours,

Bill Weinberg, New York, NY.

## Jason comments again: Another clarification

I'm glad to see that you at least agree that there is an immense "grain of truth behind (my) repugnant statement that "The Holocaust" has been magnified into a larger-than-life tale of historical persecution," even if you seem to have missed the major intention of the statement by leaving off the rest of my original words qualifying its application to those using it "largely in order to justify the continuing atrocities by Zionists in the racist state of Israel." (And I have to assume that the statement is "repugnant" simply because you find it an unpleasant truth.)

I have no desire to minimize the abhorrent persecution of Jews and others by the German Nazi regime. And I would have less concern about the Holocaust story being "magnified," if it was "largely" by people who were primarily interested in exploiting it for anti-fascist and genuinely humanitarian purposes. What I *do* find extremely distasteful and frightening is the persistent and very successful abuse of the Holocaust story in defense of the historical and current crimes of the state of Israel. In my experience (and even you confirm this with your letters), every time one criticizes the Israeli state and the (overt or covert) racism of the huge majority of current Zionists, one is automatically and vehemently labelled as an anti-Semite, attacked for any number of imaginary crimes and generally slandered.

It is this type of overkill rhetoric, in my opinion, which is fueling whatever sincere interest in Holocaust revisionism currently exists (i.e. that part which isn't *genuinely* anti-Semitic). An increasing minority of North Americans are finally becoming aware that the huge, wealthy (and at times proto-fascist) pro-Israeli lobby is and has been a major reactionary influence

What a hand-out  
should look like.



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Mr. fish



on U.S., Middle Eastern, and international affairs. More and more of these people realize that much of the most vociferous Holocaust rhetoric comes from quarters which unflinchingly support even the most heinous Zionist practices, from the brutal murder of children in the Palestinian Intifada to the training of death squads in Latin America, from the massive support for South African apartheid to political abductions and torture (for example, the kidnapping and torture of the Israeli nuclear whistleblower Vannanu), from international assassinations (probably Alex Odeh—by the JDL—in Los Angeles, certainly many PLO representatives in Tunisia and Europe) to character assassinations in the U.S. media.

Until the climate has finally changed and people are no longer automatically (and deceitfully) denounced as anti-Semites for sincerely criticizing the inhuman practices of the Israeli state and its powerful international Zionist supporters, discussion of the subject will remain subject to immense misunderstandings. For my part, I'm willing to assume you have valid intentions in this debate only if you'll assume mine. Anything less means you've made a vastly erroneous prejudgment for which I will not sit still.

## Concerned about males

Dear *Anarchy*,

I like your magazine. I've been buying it at newsstands for a number of years now and think your development is right on with real possibilities for larger circulation at a time when there is a growing interest in and openness to anarchy, anarchism and anarchists.

Hopefully anarchy will emerge, whether anarchism makes it or not. I think your "Support the anarchist press" column was a good thing. I try to buy all the @ publications I run into that I can afford. I rarely subscribe partly because I move around a lot and partly because I want to see newsstands do well with @ publications.

Your reviews of publications, international news, "On Gogol Blvd.," and the letters columns are great. In that area I'd like to see even more news from all

over because that's hard to find in one source with a nonsectarian attitude. I appreciate the openness of the letters section yet, I would opt for a selective approach. What to leave out is a problem. For instance I would say leave out Molly Gill. Yet the response to the Alternative Bookstore situation gave me a chance to hear a lot of history that I wouldn't have heard without Gill's initial lame provocation. So good luck with decisions on the letters.

What I am most concerned about is the overwhelming predominance of male writers in your publication. Though I'm not into quotas and I don't consider the publication a sexist one I am still disturbed by this situation.

Through the years I've heard almost every reason for these imbalances in a variety of projects. None of them are ultimately satisfying. The best way I know of to work our way out of this is through active recruitment and support of women writers as well as reprinting current and historical articles. Ya'll are obviously working in a committed way with this important publication and I believe attention to and action on this area would only strengthen what you're doing.

I also have a personal interest in the possibility of "Anarchist Studies." Though many anarchists would reject the possibility of working in academia I believe there is potential in school settings for valuable work. In many areas the only visible activities and publications are by college students. Most teachers who are interested in anarchy seem to be closeted anarchists or left historians who misrepresent our history. The out academics like Bookchin or Roussopoulos (the publisher?) are fucked up when encountered at close range. Chomsky talks about anarchy occasionally but is not about to hoist any black flags. Candace Falk who controls the Goldman papers is also someone who is controversial and may not even be an anarchist at all.

Anyway I believe that it is not at all a lost cause. Gay and lesbian studies developed due to student pressure with faculty

eventually coming out to one degree or another. It's now emerging as an interdisciplinary field that's offered a strong critique of traditional disciplines.

Anarchist studies offers many possibilities to those of us with interests in academia and transformative education. In many ways the current turmoil of post-68 academia is an opportunity for anarchist scholars to address the disputes arising in all fields. I could rattle on but for now I'd like to hear from others on what they see as the possibilities of anarchy and education particularly in the university setting.

Currently I am at my parents' house while preparing to return to school after ten years of being away from it. In the fall I'll put out my own address for those who are interested in the possibilities of anarchist scholarship.

till then,

Clyde F. Smith

(No address by request)

## Pro-feminist prisoner

Greetings,

As an anarchist revolutionary, I would like to express revulsion towards the sexual exploitation and physical abuse of women, children, or anyone who is otherwise unable to defend themselves. I stand in solidarity with feminists in their fight for freedom and dignity. I respect and adore females, and truly appreciate them as equals in their own right with a very valuable contribution to make to the whole of the human race. I despise the system of patriarchy as just another manifestation of fascist authoritarian oppression and exploitation.

Is it possible for a man to be a "feminist"? I would be proud to be called one, because I am definitely pro-female. I am tired of seeing them treated like trash, and it makes me sick to hear the way some men talk about women. It's tragically comical to hear these fat, soft, lazy men who smoke two packs a day, lie around watching TV, and don't do any sort of exercise talk about what accomplished lovers they are, bragging of their imaginary sexual prowess. I can't see how—they don't even have the strength to get up in the morn-

ing and work out! Yet these immature little egomaniacs pretend to be God's gift to women.

Then there's pedophiles. I hear these opinions expressed about children's "sexual freedom," and that they have a right to do as they please. I myself was sexually "educated" by a 25 year-old woman when I was 14 years old, and it was one of the best things that ever happened to me, making me totally uninhibited. I don't know where the line is drawn, though. I suppose if the child was mature enough to tell me that he/she knew what they were doing and wanted to be allowed to do as they please, I might have to respect that, because I know damn well that I knew what I was doing and knew full well what I wanted sexually, even at 10 years old. But then if that child told me they were being forced against his/her will, God help the sorry ass individual doing the forcing—because I absolutely do not call the police, under any circumstances. They may well wish that I did, though, by the time I am through with them.

Sex offenders and child abusers, beware—if I ever catch you sick ass parasites preying on women, children, handicapped people, or anyone else who is otherwise unable to defend themselves and doesn't have that coming to them, I'll put a couple of .45 caliber slugs in your groin from point blank range, or else I'll do my very best to take you apart piece by piece with my bare hands—or I'll die trying.

There's these excuses about pedophiles being sexually abused as a child, and that they're victims themselves, and that they're "suffering" from a compulsive disorder that they can not control. Fuck all that shit. That's really lame. Anyone that has been abused and victimized should be staunchly opposed to and against what they were forced to suffer, and not turn around and do it to someone else. Two wrongs don't make a right. The only "illness" that they have is being too weak-minded and perverted to get a grip on themselves. Perhaps they are products of their environment, deviant mutations created by this sick, warped, oppressive authori-



tarian regime we live under. But that doesn't excuse their conduct or make it all right. You don't allow a cockroach to wander around and do its thing, or catch it and house it in a cage indefinitely, or try to reform it into something that it can't be with some unreliable psychotherapeutic bullshit. You just squash it, eradicate it—terminate with extreme prejudice.

I'm in a quandary, though, over the concept of age-of-consent. I know that the law and the legal system are wrong, and that "statutory rape"—in spite of willing consent—is bullshit. I've never met a teenager who wasn't capable of deciding for themselves whether to have sex or not, and can't see an adult being locked up half their life because the police coerce a minor into admitting that they had sex. I'm totally opposed to telling anyone what they can and cannot do, but then I'm equally opposed to an adult sexually exploiting a child. What to do? I don't know.

Well, yes, I do—I'll know what to do. I'll Do The Right Thing.

Gregory Waleski #47190  
Arizona State Prison  
Florence, Arizona 85232

## Being bi no problem

Yo letterholics!

This letter is in response to #36 and Michael William's interesting article on bisexuality, etc. I've been out to myself and various friends for 13 years, since age 20. I guess this year is the one for coming out on a

broader scale. My entry into anarchism came 2 yrs after coming out, and except for a brief experiment in membership in a domestic socialist party, I'm still part of this wild and contentious famby. From age 22-24 I lived in Wash., DC., as part of the Community For Creative Non-Violence. Apart from that I would often greedily absorb whole issues of *Off Our Backs*, et al, and had done that before taking the plunge into activism. I say all this before commenting on recently reading *Bi Any Other Name*, one of the Bi anthologies William mentions, one that I needed badly to absorb, and enjoyed, and grew somewhat frustrated with also.

I accept lots of what feminist analysis says about our world. I am *not* always consistent about how I live that acceptance, but it's part of my outlook on the world. That said, I feel like the more theory-oriented folks who contributed to and worked to get *Bi Any Other Name* published essentially reinvented the wheel without needing to. Too much diarrhea of the pen theorizing (this goes for the verbal version of this too) puts me to sleep; a rampaging dogmatic baby bi I am not. I *did* that dogmatic baby radical phase 10 years ago.

Being bi isn't the problem for me, though being the usually shy slow blooming person that I yam, at age 33 I've kept too much out of the social/sexual arena for too long. I was confused throughout my 20s, didn't really know how to ask for or

get what I wanted. I'm getting better, but being fat and rather thoroughly unclean-shaven tends to put me in an odd-man-out position, unless I become a "Bear." Don't ask, unless you really want to know! I feel pretty odd-out in the Seattle Bi Men's Union too, though that may have more to do with being new, at any rate the fat phobia of much of the gay community—and the imagism of society as a whole—keeps me well away from bars, etc. Whoopie—I'm safe from AIDS.

The "Bis and other sexual minorities" chapter of William's article is interesting. I wonder if butch/femme or top/bottom and/or S/M and B/D people are being classed here as "minorities-inside-a-minority" or what? Many bi/gay men call themselves tops or bottoms in the classified personals, a convenient shorthand way to look for them what's aggressive and them what's not. I'd rather be "me," but I do use "bi" and "bottomish" as labels (I'm not femme-ish or effeminate, but not sexually aggressive either and *want* my partners to be aggressive...at least when it comes to fucking) because those words more or less describe a part of me.

So I gotta ask, what is PC about S/M and/or B/D? Is the best sex an anarchist could have only "vanilla" safe sex? Giving someone else power to do S/M or B/D things to you sounds to me, especially if you really trust the dominator, like *sharing* power. I've been curious about S/M,

etc., for a while, but what changed my mind about it wasn't my anarchist fairy godcitter waving his magic phallus to disenchant me. A gay co-worker friend became a baby leather-S/M man. His stories about his adventures did the trick. They were funny stories, but I don't like pain or humiliation. I do admit that, while I want relationships where me 'n thee are equals, there's a strong impulse in me to want a partner who enjoys being aggressive and in charge. Does this make me a bad anarchist? I don't think so!

I would very much enjoy hearing from other folks about this. And if you live in or are going to visit Seattle, I wouldn't mind sucking some caffeine or Stash Tea with you. Etc. Like I said, I'm in the market for good mail—the pen pal oriented are most welcome even if you ain't comin' here.

Thornton Kimes  
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Seattle, WA. 98104

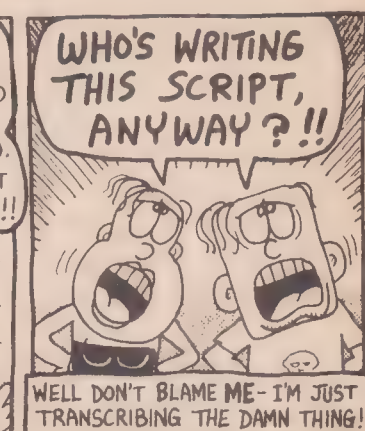
## Getting high is escape

Hi *Anarchy*,

I was given a copy of *Anarchy*, by one of my comrades, the #33 Summer '92 issue. I thought that it was "Excellent." It has a very wide range of people's views, on the political, cultural and personal, from all age groups, covering all aspects of life. So I think a big Congratulations are in order for all those who make the publication of *Anarchy* possible.

There are a few reasons that I

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am writing this letter, or should I say typing, by the way, it's taking me ages, as I'm using one finger hahaha. Anyway one is like I have said above, to praise you, for having such an interesting magazine. The others, well I'm an Irish P.O.W. in the H. Blocks of Long Kesh. I was wondering if you, or your readers, could help me. I'm looking for information on the Indians, their whole way of life, from cultural to spiritual, poetry, anything at all. I have little knowledge and would like to gain as much as I can. So if anyone can help, I'd really be grateful. Also any women in prison, who would like to write and give their views on gaol struggle, their treatment and life in prison, be it personal or whatever, everyday life in women's prisons, the system etc., ect., ect. Again any information on women in gaol, I would be grateful.

In this issue I have, I'd like to comment on J.F. (pages 72-3), "Society is fucked." I realise that this issue I have is last year's, all the same I'd like to comment on it. He mentions that he wants to do something, but all his friends, sorry most of his friends, are poser stoners or fools. Also that he'd love to get high. Well J.F. there are loads of ways to get the high feeling, without using dope, or whatever is used. Look at it this way, you can say that society is fucked. I agree with you, as if a young lad your age can get his hands on dope or whatever, it has to be fucked. But to get high, is only to escape from what society has forced upon you, or to forget troubles you may have. But sooner or later you come down, then find nothing has changed, it also means that you would be letting the fucked up society beat you. Don't, life is what you make it or can make it. You mentioned that some of your friends are poser stoners and fools, dump them and make new friends. If people want to destroy their lives with drugs or whatever and are happy to do so, then leave them and move on, change your friends, because at some stage, they may mess your life up. You mentioned that you like music. The Sex Pistols, yea I like them also and have some of their

tapes. Why not start a band and get a few of your friends who aren't like the above, or make new friends and start a group. You like music, also want to do something to change society, your songs could be a voice against the injustices society forces upon people. That way you'd be doing things you wish to do. It's only one way or one bit of advice. Others are to join a club, group that would help change the system for the better of others. I don't want to sound like a lecture. What I am trying to say, is you are young, don't let society mess you up. Life is a struggle, that we all must face, sure it may catch you on the chin, now and again, but get back up and continue to face it head on. Change it for the better, for those coming behind you, surround yourself with true friends, who will stand by you, and help with all aspects of life, drop the stoners. Whatever way you forward your life, I wish you all the best. Keep the head up, J.F. and take care and believe in yourself.

That's about it, again you have a fantastic magazine, no doubt the future issues will be of the same quality. All going well I'll be able to subscribe through my clan soon. In the meantime keep up the great work and take care of yourselves.

The struggle goes on.

Slan  
Brian Gormley, 2325  
H. Block 4. B. Wing  
Long Kesh  
Lisburn, Co. Antrim  
Ireland

## In defense of Maoism

The following is the Maoist Internationalist Movement's (MIM) response to a letter titled "Censorship disturbing" by Michael William, which appeared in the Spring 1993 (issue 36) *Anarchy* magazine. The letter is a response to another letter—from the Alternative Bookstore collective, written by Karl Levesque—which appears in the same issue of *Anarchy*. The Alternative Bookstore's letter berates *Anarchy* for printing an article from an independent fascist without accompanying disclaimer or criticism. The let-

ter argues that anarchists in particular and anti-fascists in general should never provide free publication to fascists without seizing the opportunity to discredit them. Several readers responded to the collective's letter (written by one member) by explaining all the ways in which the letter-writer's politics fall short of anarchism citing this as the reason the collective's stance against this particular fascist should be discredited.

William's response criticizes the author of the bookstore's letter as a fascist himself. Part of the "proof" William cites of Levesque's fascism is that Levesque at one time ordered copies of *MIM Notes* for the Alternative Bookstore's free lit section. In the course of his letter, William levels a number of false charges at *MIM*—most of which amount to unsubstantiated gossip, all of them have been refuted by us already, either in practice or in correspondence to the Bookstore that remains unaddressed. Readers should check out the issue of *Anarchy* in question to get the full debate. The purpose of this letter is only to address the shit slung in our direction.

*MIM* recognizes the importance of holding people and political organizations to standards they espouse. It's important to look out for groups who "wave the red flag to oppose the red flag." William claims that his letter is part of an attempt to distinguish genuine from phony anti-fascists: "it is always necessary to peel away the masks to reveal what (anti-fascism) is for as opposed to taking at face value what it claims to be against." William uses this standard to run through the list of political stances Levesque supports to prove Levesque's "obvious" affiliation with fascism. These include Maoist, Stalinist, Leninist, leftist, nationalist. William never says anything about how any of these ideologies has in practice proven itself akin to fascism. To turn the question around: we know that William is opposed to the listed ideologies, but he never says anything about how anarchism in practice has been a truer friend to the oppressed than any of these ideologies.

As *MIM* pointed out to the Alternative bookstore when they criticized us for authoritarianism among other things, "we give pages and pages of space in our newspaper to discuss anarchist newspapers and our critics"...We wonder what your contribution is to the distribution of Maoist work.

"...The issue between Marxism and anarchism was interesting when Engels wrote about it. Since that time—and this is true of Trotskyism and 'back to ML' trends as well—the ideology of anarchism has become a sad joke perpetuated by intellectuals and other idealists."

William says that "the shit really hit the fan when Levesque ordered a pile of *MIM Notes*, a Maoist/Stalinist journal, to give out in the free section (of the Alternative Bookstore). The issue in question contained a letter from an ex-Maoist and an edited response saying that Stalin was 70% correct!" *MIM* takes the 70% figure from Mao's rating of Stalin. Among other aspects of the 70% we point to Stalin's defeat of Hitler despite the treacherous behavior of the so-called democratic countries, and the technological advances in the Soviet Union through 1953. We also recognize Stalin's mistake in declaring the class struggle over. But unlike William we point to Maoism as an advance over Stalinism. The Chinese Cultural Revolution was a tremendous success while it lasted in mobilizing the Chinese masses to demolish class society.

Even as we recognize Stalin's mistakes, where were the anarchists? Where is their superior historical alternative to Stalinism or Maoism for that matter? *MIM* does not know of any classless collective operating in Montreal at the time Stalin was defeating fascism in Europe. It seems reasonable to assume that the anarchists were doing then what they do today—criticizing concrete work for classless, stateless society from the sidelines, without offering any better alternative. Theory without practice never makes practical mistakes. But then again theoretical perfection without practice never won any battles against fascism.

"In practice, the only people





Huamangilla community victims of a Sendero massacre.

doing anything this century to reach anarchism are people in Marxist-Leninist parties—in China, Albania, the Soviet Union, etc....Anarchism as practiced has become another tool of the status quo, usually for anti-communist propaganda." The Alternative Bookstore never responded to the above criticism from us, we now extend the offer to William.

William goes on: "In practice, people focussing on anti-fascism tend to be leftists, often Leninists or Leninist sympathizers. In line with their vision of a preponderant role for the state, they predictably concentrate on petitioning the cops to be more vigilant and the state to ban neo-nazi activities." MIM recognizes this tendency among the pseudo-left as well; we call these people pseudo-left or revisionist or liberal because whatever they may claim to be they are not progressive or revolutionary in practice. But then again we have our standards. Our criterion for being "progressive" or "revolutionary" in practice is that groups not reinforce the power of the state through their actions. We see no such demarcation from William, who again

criticizes from the sidelines, without proposing a better practice. Here Williams falls into our definition of pseudo-anti-fascist: he shits all over apparent practice, but by not offering a progressive alternative, he supports the status quo.

William points out correctly that the pseudo-left's reliance on cops is hypocritical in light of the fact that these same cops "touched off the Oka crisis by firing indiscriminately at Mohawk men, women and children." He goes on to say that "as a result of the influence of Stalinism, Maoism, Castroism, etc., militant 'anti-fascism' has a long history of homophobia and racism. The virulently homophobic Maoist Sendero Luminoso (Shining Path), a group supported by MIM Notes, is massacring native people who object to their hegemony."

It demonstrates a lack of investigation to lump MIM and the PCP in here with the so-called anti-fascists. See MIM Notes issue 43—a special 20 page issue including on-scene reporting from Kahnesatake in July of 1990 plus interviews with Mohawk warriors, and subsequent coverage of the repercussions of

the stand-off and the warriors' trials. Pick up any other issue of MIM Notes for coverage of anti-imperialist struggles internationally. But now we're confused. William recognizes the Securite de Quebec slaughter of Mohawk people as reactionary, yet he decries nationalist struggle. Part of the case against Levesque is his "supporting Leninists and various national liberation movements." So which is it going to be? The Mohawks have described the struggle that began at Oka and continues to date as nothing but revolutionary nationalism. So does William here recognize revolutionary nationalism for what it is—a blow against the imperialist state—or was that reference to the cops at Oka simply a demonstration of where anarchist purism will get you? (supporting neither side of a struggle, calling one side fascist and the other totalitarian?)

William offers no source for the PCP brutality he claims. As for the charge of homophobia, see our own work and check out the PCP position before you go believing the *New York Times*. Again from our letter to the Alternative Bookstore: "MIM Notes has repeatedly criticized

the Revolutionary Communist Party (RCP), USA for its position against gay and lesbian sexual orientations. That position of ours came out in the first issue of MIM Theory and then was repeated and developed... We have also sent an open letter to the Revolutionary Internationalist Movement (RIM), which the Peru Maoists are apparently members of. You will notice that we are not signatories of the RIM for this an other reasons...In any case, our practice has demonstrated that we are willing to do a lot to demarcate on the gay/lesbian issue."

No wonder William shows no source for his indictment of the "virulently homophobic" Communist Party of Peru (PCP—whom he does not even address by name), he isn't talking about them. His evidence is that "the rival Peruvian guerrilla organization MRTA (Tupac Amaru Revolutionary Movement) 'executed' seven gay men in one of the streets." William does not say why this charge against the MRTA should also serve as evidence against the PCP when the two groups are unrelated.

William goes on to rattle off a list of a few more anti-gay and racist incidents in Ireland and France in the same stream of "proof" regarding his assertions about communists. This is opportunism at its best. William holds up the ideological mirror to prove that Levesque is not a real anarchist. But he uses assorted acts by anyone calling themselves a communist as evidence against communism as an ideology.

Finally towards the end of his letter William says that "(anti-authoritarians and anarchists) need to develop our own analysis of fascism (and anti-fascism)." As far as "developing" an analysis of fascism, time's running out. You trash Stalin with no argument, spitting in the face of the most successful military defeat of fascism to date and start to talk about "developing" an analysis? This explains in a nutshell why the majority of the world's people—in China, Vietnam, Korea, Peru, Eritrea, Albania, etc.—have voted against anarchism as an "anti-fascist" ideology. You missed the out-



come, as Lenin said the masses vote with their feet, and they voted for Stalin (and Lenin and Mao) and the reason was that four or six or ten revolutions later Marxists are engaged in concrete struggle, not splitting over stale ideology without respect for successful practice.

MIM

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Ann Arbor, MI. 48106-3576

## Michael William responds: Fascists and Stalinists

MIM is in a predictable huff, indignant at any suggestion of a comparison between fascists and Stalinists. However I am hardly the first to draw a parallel; the list goes back to Orwell and before (for example Souvarine's groundbreaking *Stalin* in the '30s). Without claiming that Stalinists and fascists are identical, there are enough similarities that I personally find it useful to group the totalitarian nationalists together. Some of the features they have in common are:

**The Totalitarian State:** After seizing power, the fascist or Leninist organization suppresses all rivals and deploys the totalitarian state apparatus to ensure its hegemony.

**Führerprinzip:** Incarnating the organization (and thus "the nation") is the omniscient leader. Here, in scientific socialisms, is Sendero's Presidente Gonzalo on the topic: "Such is the case in every revolution," says Gonzalo, concerning the inevitability of leaders and hierarchy, "therefore such is the case in ours. There are no exceptions. Here the maxim 'there is always an exception to the rule' is inoperative; it is a question in this case of obeying laws. In each process, then, there are leaders. But there is always one leader who stands out from the rest or who leads them."

**Nationalism:** So eager is MIM to corner the nationalism market they even deny that nationalism is a facet of fascism. Fredy Perlman's *The Continuing Appeal of Nationalism*, which appeared in *Anarchy* #37, remains the best overall critique of nationalism and contains a section on Maoism. A French version is available through my P.O. box number below.

**Big Lie Techniques and Re-**



Stalin shaking hands with Nazi Minister Ribbentrop, Moscow, September 1939. Perhaps the document most strikingly contradicting the Maoist International Movement's denial of affinities between fascism and Stalinism in their letter to *Anarchy* is *Per la Salvezza dell'Italia, riconciliazione del popolo Italia!* Written by Palmiro Togliatti, the secretary general of the Italian Communist Party and signed by the entire central committee, here are a few excerpts:

"People of Italy! (...) We wish to build a strong, free and happy Italy. An Italy strong, free and happy like the Soviet Union, where, today, 170 million workers are presently discussing the constitution, the Charter of Freedoms, and the regulations of a society of free workers. (...) People of Italy! Old Guard Fascists! Fascist Youth! The Communists have adopted the fascist program of 1919, which is a program of peace and liberty, a program which defends the interests of the workers. And we say to you: Let us work together to put this program into practice. (...) We must unite the working class. And upon our class we must build the unity of the people. We must walk together, united, as brothers. (...) To you, Fascist Worker! Fascist worker we can embrace you, for with you we wish to build an Italy of work and peace. We embrace you because like you we are sons of the people, we are brothers, and our interests and enemies are the same."

**writing History:** Stalinist show trials, Hitlerian Jew-baiting and scapegoating; or, in the present case, MIM's hilarious assertion that the Leninists are the real anarchists, inventing quotes (I never called Levesque an "obvious" fascist; because of his declared support for totalitarian nationalists I would, though, in my schema, term him a fascist sympathiser).

**Insane Cruelty:** One need hardly be a pacifist to recoil at Stalin-Hitlerian blood-lust. Stalin for example implemented his own "family values" campaign, as his daughter recounts: "In 1937, my father did not hesitate to exterminate

members of his own family: the three Svanidze, Redens, Enoukidze (my mother's godfather)...The same thing happened in 1948 with my aunts. He considered them dangerous because they 'knew too much' and 'talked too much'." Alexander Orlov, a former high-ranking member of the Cheka (the KGB precursor), notes the generalized nature of this phenomenon: "As a rule Stalin liquidated people who knew too much about his past and who, in light of the monstrous crimes of the final years, were in a position to remember and revise certain shady episodes...." Stalin's murder

spree apparently being too much for even MIM to swallow, they acknowledge that "Stalin killed too many people"—but immediately miss the boat by ascribing it to "class struggle" and to "having to fight World War II and deal with traitors." The Leninist campaign to suppress all rivals and, subsequently, Stalin's campaign to eliminate his Party rivals are not about class struggle. And abolishing classes implies removing the Party, the new ruling clique/class from power—starting with Mao and Stalin. In other words, being a "traitor" from the viewpoint of the Party.



**Ethnic Cleansing:** Entire ethnic groups, totalling 4-5 million people, were deported to Siberia (from the Caucasus and the Crimea, for example). The Ukrainians, Khrushchev claimed, "escaped this fate only because there were too many of them...." Activity certainly worth noting for the Mohawks and other indigenous groups.

**Anti-Semitism:** MIM issues a blanket denial in their "Stalin Study Pack" (no two-four to party with from the Party, this offering is a two-by-four that bludgeons common sense). However, there is no lack of examples to support such an accusation. In the mid-'20s, Robert Tucker reports in *Stalin in Power*, Stalin used "anti-Semitism in the fight against a left opposition whose major figures, Trotsky and afterward Zinoviev and Kamenev, were Jews...He encouraged the baiting of the opposition leaders as Jews in factory cells. He was identifying his faction as the Party's Russian faction," and his opponents "as the Jewish one." This sort of activity did not escape the attention of the Nazis, attracting praise, for example, in Nazi "theorist" Alfred Rosenberg's organ *Weltkampf*. Jew-baiting in effect became a recurrent feature in Stalin's career. During the great purge trials of the '30s Chief Prosecutor Vyshinsky repeatedly referred to Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev and Radek as "people without a fatherland." After the war Stalinist nationalism culminated in a campaign against "rootless cosmopolitanism" that was often virtually indistinguishable from fascism in tone and content. An article in *The Bolshevik*, for instance, railed, "Our people brand with shame the rootless cosmopolitans who lack the slightest feeling of patriotism." To make sure readers understood that many or most of those denounced were Jews, if they had changed their names to Russian-sounding ones, their original names would be placed afterward in parentheses.

Yiddish schools and Jewish theatres, periodicals and publishing houses were shut down by the Stalinists.

But it is perhaps when the question touched closest to home that Stalin's anti-Semitism comes into focus most sharply, i.e. his outraged reaction when his daughter

became involved with a Jew.

In their more lucid moments the Stalinists and fascists were quite aware of the similarities between their ideologies. Hermann Rauschning quotes Hitler as predicting that "...Bolshevism will turn into a kind of National Socialism. Besides, we have a lot more in common than differences." As Souvarine notes, "Mussolini did not conceal that he discreetly admired Lenin, and mutual exchanges between the totalitarian regimes multiplied." At the time of the great purge trials in the late '30s Mussolini wondered out loud in *Popolo d'Italia* whether Stalin had "secretly turned fascist." Mao himself backhandedly acknowledged Stalinism's and fascism's close proximity when he said that if a lurch towards "revisionism" occurs, a "Communist Party can turn into a fascist party." Moving from an ideological to a practical level, Hitler and Stalin also shared an admiration for their respective abilities to run a totalitarian state and to crack the whip. Stalin, Souvarine reports, "admired the way Hitler had liquidated his old comrades in arms—those troublemakers—during the 'Night of the Long Knives' in 1934, and Hitler returned the favor when the Red Army was decapitated." This mutual respect extended to a personal level as well. Nazi armaments minister Albert Speer says that Hitler "talked of Stalin with a great deal of respect...Above all he thought of Stalin as a kind of colleague." According to Souvarine, Stalin also "considered Hitler a colleague. He was convinced that the two of them would get along. Thinking himself infallible he became inconsolable about having fooled himself to such an extent about Hitler, and that Hitler had fooled him to such an extent" (concerning the 1939-41 Hitler-Stalin Pact). "Ekh, together with the Germans we would have been invincible," he would reminisce, according to his daughter.

In this already overlong response I am unable to deal with other accusations and challenges churned out by MIM. Briefly, however, concerning Sendero, gays and massacres of indigenous peoples:

MIM's line, according to a BBS exchange, is that Sendero has no line on gays. Information I re-

ceived from MHOL, Peru's gay and lesbian rights group, however, contained a document which dealt exclusively with Sendero, an article from France's gay weekly *Gai Pied Hebdo* (October 4, 1990). Homosexuality is a "creation of imperialism," the article quotes Presidente Gonzalo, which "must be stamped out". Gays are typically given one or more warnings by Sendero, according to the article, the message being: get straight or get out of town. The article says that in 1989 thirty gays were killed by Sendero.

Concerning massacres of members of indigenous groups: Eighty members of the Lucanamarca community were killed by Sendero in 1983 after they resisted Sendero efforts to control production and to shut down peasant fairs. "The top leadership planned the action and oversaw its implementation," says Presidente Gonzalo. "The main thing was to make them understand that we were a hard nut to crack and would stop at nothing, at absolutely nothing." On September 10, 1984 Sendero carried out a raid against the Huamangilla community, slaughtering 21 men, women and children, the youngest of whom was 10. In December, 1987, 24 members of the Rumirumi community in the province of La Mar, Ayacucho, were taken to a local school and beaten, shot and hacked to death. Sendero frequently "tortures its victims," according to a human rights group; and between August 1990 and July 1992, only 7.8% of those killed by Sendero were soldiers or cops.

Michael William  
C.P. 1554 Succ. B,  
Montreal, Quebec  
Canada H3B 3L2

## No 2,000 word reply

Dear *Anarchy*,

I would like to reply, in part at least, to Bag of Water, Minneapolis, *Anarchy* #34, Fall '92, p.76. Bag asked for a 2,000 word minimum reply from Lev on whether there would be legal coverage if sewers left a needle in a shoe with trauma to the foot. In anarchy, Bag asks, are there any factories, hospitals or shoes, or suing?

What Bag must understand is that either the state or anarchy

is the choice. It is an entire system, not bits and parts.

Why have anarchy if we are going to also have the pernicious ills of this society? If we have such ugly, oppressive things as factories (implies bosses); artificial upkeep of the human body (hospitals), which makes most of our overpopulation and torture of humans now; suing—expensive and authoritarian lawyers who turn potentially amicable divorces into combat zones; and items which torture the human foot, like shoes, throw women's bodies out of balance and pinch toes; and needles to stick the foot in the second place.

I see anarchy as a primitive society having abandoned all the ills of civilization long ago. They are living as primitive tribes on the banks of a respectable river, growing or gathering their food, and maybe hunting a little.

They are barefoot and pregnant and have little of the stress and alienating strain of present-day society. They live in communal groups much as rainforest people before civilization encroached on them and despoiled, seduced and decimated them (with a little help from the World Bank).

In this riverbank, rainforest society-type place, children are not nagged and hounded to death with toilet training, homework, rules, and physical, sexual and emotional abuse. They are not exploited.

Will women be exploited? Only as to doing the hard agricultural work as everywhere and always. But there won't be any poisonous makeup, girdles, high heels, or plastic baby carriers. They will nurse their children—body contact which produces more healthy children and women, free from neuroses.

Men and women will not be run ragged day and night going to PTA meetings, coaching Little League (a nightmare for children), or the garden club or spending their days in the dull drudgery of dusting and sweeping, which no human being was ever intended to do. All capitalist shit.

Now I hope this answers your question, just in case Lev never did write that 2,000 word reply. I don't see how one can have



anarchy piecemeal or by halves. Either we have anarchy and nature or today's nightmare or technology, spaceships, cities, bourgeois pastimes, bars and grills (we make our own brew with manioc and spit), traffic and stoplights, go-go dancing (ersatz sex), miserable human beings, or we have anarchy and peace.

Remember what happened to the woman who traveled to the U.S. to have an abortion, and on her way back the Canadian border patrol searched her baggage, found a sanitary pad, and forced her to a hospital to determine if she'd had an abortion, for which she was penalized? If that doesn't send you to the rainforest, nothing will.

Any revolution takes planning, organizing and above all—action!

In remembrance of Diogenes,  
Molly Gill, Largo, FL.

## More from "Oblando"

Dear Jason, Toni, and friends,

WORD!, again from "Oblando." Since I wrote in April, I've received notification from the Orlando city attorney that the city still prohibits the distribution of printed materials inside city hall. He says this allows the orderly conduct of the public's business while reasonably accommodating Free Speech activities.

He says those activities are subject to "time, place and manner" restrictions, and in a rambling 20 minute phone interview with the publisher of the Orlando Spectator zine, he went on trying to rationalize how saying (or handing out) "political satire" in a crowded city hall could relate somehow to the old "fire" in a theater argument. Sounds pretty lame. I think, with a qualified plaintiff, the ACLU could get more dough out of them.

Oh yeah, before I forget, how about this: When the story broke on the front pages of major daily papers across the country, our no-competition *Orlando Sentinel* (owned by the *Chicago Tribune* buried the news of Walt Disney being an FBI informant/fink for thirty years. Although they boxed it, they stuck it way in the back of section A. That display

of cowardice closely approximates the amount required by Walt to rat all those names to J. Edgar "Mary" Hoover.

Love, and please tell all your comrades, friends, & lovers in the US, Canada, and abroad *not* to come to Orlando or spend one fucking cent at anything owned by Disney.

Michael Camarata  
1917 Oregon St.  
Orlando, FL. 32803-3373

## Feeding the homeless

Destroy capitalism immediately,

Following a year helping to run a soup kitchen in New York's Lower East Side, I returned to California, and went to Los Angeles to do some food service work there. Would you believe 800 for lunch at the L.A. Catholic Workers' "hippie kitchen" in skid row? We took soup out Wednesday night and served to hundreds in the park with street campfires and the routine police cruiser headlights for illumination. I went out to Santa Monica to visit the beaches, and arrived to find the police arresting homeless and their supporters en masse. Every night in East L.A. was punctuated by automatic weapon fire, followed by the investigative helicopter (which wakes up those who slept through the shooting). An anaesthesiologist from the nearby East L.A. hospital spend a week at the C.W. house of hospitality, and did a personal retreat. He told me that the shooting victims just never stop coming into the emergency room. He said in a few years, due to seniority, he'll be working one day per week and making over 40 thousand bucks annually. I thought that was interesting.

After two months in L.A., I went to Santa Cruz and am working with Food Not Bombs and Homes Not Jails. There are roughly 2,000 homeless in the county, with the shelter program providing beds for 300. The other 1,700 illegally "camp". Last night I was a guest of a squatters' encampment in the woods, which surround the campus. There are many small groups in these woods, who congregate at communal campfires. They've taken discarded wood and built

tree houses, wickiups, and yurts. Very ingenious, really. I met some of the people who put out that "even more radical than Earth First! publication entitled *Live Wild Or Die!* They are happy squatting in the woods, and have no plans of ever re-entering urban life. I tell you that I experienced much pure joy in their company. These are free, happy people who have really exited the so-called American mainstream culture.

Meanwhile, in the town of Santa Cruz, FNB is regularly tabling on the courthouse entrance to support the squatters and persons given "camping tickets." This is totally ridiculous, the whole asinine way that the city here fails to even address the severity of the growing problem. It makes them look foolish, giving those caught under bridges or near the beaches these tickets. Nearly everyone I meet is doing 100 hours of community service. The activist groups of a moderate persuasion are getting "volunteers" this way. I'm not sure which is worse, the ticketing harassment or furthering local liberalism.

For myself, I've had enough of bankrupt El Dorado (California's early nickname). "You can't eat the scenery," locals will tell you. I'm going to return to the beautiful anarchist revolution in New York City, write more, serve more, and liberate desire. Basically, everybody alive is a squatter on planet Earth. Some understand this, and some do not.

C.S., Santa Cruz, CA.

## Several legal victories

@ Chara,

Hey how yah doing? I hope that this letter finds you well and energized in the struggle.

Writing today to let you know about several legal victories that have been won around the battle for Peoples Park. During the last week of March, three yes count 'em three summary judgements were awarded against the University of California Police. The first two were in regards to the U.C. cops busting people for holding a candlelight vigil. The third concerned the October 6, 1992 arrest of local folk singer

Carol Denney. Carol's heinous (?) crime was that she kicked a volleyball. After her arrest she was slammed against a wall, hogtied, and left in a holding cell for several hours. In her summary judgement, the judge suggested strongly that the U.C. reconsider their decision to prosecute, and summarily ruled that the arrest was unwarranted. Consequently any action taken by U.C. police against Carol was done so outside their authority. This ruling can only help Carol's six figure brutality lawsuit against the Regents. These judgements coupled with two others present an overall picture that political activists are being targeted for special treatment and that some are living in fear that their lives may be in jeopardy or at the least are being falsely accused both in the media and the judiciary.

On April 2, 1993 another significant victory was won in regards to the University of California's SLAPP (Strategic Lawsuit Against Public Participation) suit against four named activists. On that day during a settlement conference (as if the Uni was interested in anything but kicking our ass) the Judge ruled that he saw no reason not to advance the trial date. This he did from September 1994 to September 10, 1993. Yeah maybe this portion of the battle will be resolved by Christmas. What was surprising was that I personally was hoping for an advancement of six months, but instead it was advanced a whole year and then some. The significance of this is that while awaiting trial on the issues at hand there is a restraining order which forbids us from engaging in acts that are already prohibited by the criminal code. It also restrains us from engaging in user development. Plant a tree in Peoples Park and it's a one way ticket back to court and then a short step to jail. This order is specifically aimed at the four of us.

While I have continued to defend myself with a small amount of success, the issues that have been raised over the last year are becoming way to complex for my poor little anarchist brain. Things like challenging the U.C.'s assumed owner-



ship of the land, police surveillance, false arrest, the use of provocateurs, etc. are things way of my personal knowledge. Thus I have made the decision to retain a lawyer to assist me in presenting these issues. This was and still is a hard decision for me to make. For I've always taken the position that we are not going to win this battle in the courts but in the streets. I still feel this way but because of recent court rulings in our favor as a movement, there exists now a real possibility that presenting political issues in open court will have a lot more chance of being heard. Another reason that I up till this point have not hired a lawyer, is that the movement is hard pressed to pay the rent anyway. I would not want to further burden "the cause" by spending 30 or 40 thousand dollars on a case that has limited criminal penalties. That is still my desire and I have asked people to assist me in finding a sympathetic lawyer who isn't going to gouge us.

The next six months are going to require that some additional funds be spent. It is my personal wish that the search for a lawyer be done quickly and without having to throw out any money. To hire an attorney once one is identified will cost approximately \$3,000. If this were a criminal trial the state would be providing me some chicken shit PD as counsel. Since it is a civil (to them at least) matter the state has no such obligation. It is my hope and desire that folks who are able to can extend a bit of

support to help us close this chapter of history. It is only with others' help that we can put this issue to rest and get on with other work that needs to be done. Personal contributions of time, money, and energy would help quite a bit. If you are in a band or know of people who are, please consider doing a benefit to help defray these legal costs. Just as important please do not lose sight that we are all out and about to build a better world. The ruling class would like us to give up hope that a world sanitized of authoritarian decision making process can never be built. Let us never stop dreaming that you and I together with countless others can and will build a society Without Borders. This lawsuit is designed from the ground up to try and intimidate all of us into silence whether the issue be Peoples Park, environmental, anti-racist, animal rights, anti-sexism, etc. It doesn't matter whether you're here or there. If you dare to stand up and fight back, you will be attacked by murder, false arrest, political terror, and now civil lawsuits.

In closing I'd like to wish you all of my best in advance. *Thank you* for your help. If there are any questions, or you just want to chat a bit my address can be found below. Better yet call me at (510) 84-UNION. Looking forward to hearing from you. *Governments don't fall by themselves!*

Michael Lee  
537 Jones #1584  
San Francisco, CA. 94102-2007

## The same enemies

Dear *Anarchy*,

I think that John Galliers (issue #36/Spring '93) may be as mistaken as those he criticizes for referring to Cuba etc. as "leftist". The real dichotomy of socio-political thought is between Authoritarianism and Libertarianism, which essentially means between those that claim a "higher good," e.g. The Party, The State, God, The Race etc. and those who view that the only real and meaningful measure of anything is the individual and his or her happiness.

Both these two groups contain people who would be considered—and probably consider themselves—on either the "left" or "right" of economic and political thought as we normally define it, and others who have the most profound differences on such things as the nature of human psychology e.g. free-will versus determinism. Indeed in my experience fellow Libertarians may more often find themselves as opponents than allies.

However, from whichever "wing" of Libertarian thought we come from we all have, to some degree, the same enemies—those that wish to control our lives for their own cause's sake. I can do no better than to quote the Marquis de Condorcet (1743-1793) as follows:

"The time will come, then, when the sun will shine only on free men on this earth, on men who will recognize no master but their own reason."

Faithfully yours,  
N.M., Bromley, Kent, U.K.

## What's the fuss?

To the Editor,

I don't understand what all the fuss is about *Anarchy* not responding to the Molly Gill letter (*Anarchy* #33). I mean, anybody who needs Jason McQuinn or *Anarchy* magazine to tell them that it was racist drivel needs to get their head (and their anti-racist creds) checked.

If I ran an "alternative" bookstore, I think I would trust my customers to recognize racism when they see it. I certainly wouldn't be so patronizing as to staple a notice within the magazine to tell them about it.

Molly Gill doesn't need *Anarchy* or the Librairie Alternative to expose her as a racist fool—she does it more than adequately herself.

B.M., Toronto, Ontario

## Israeli study group

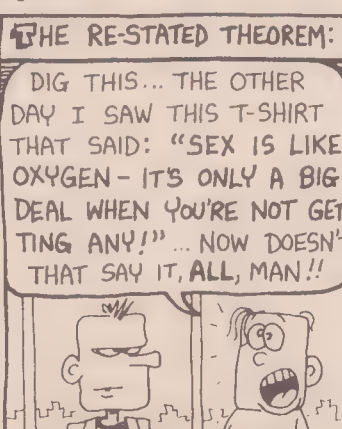
Dear *Anarchy*,

This here is a letter like none you have ever received—because it is from Tel-Aviv, Israel.

I am writing with greetings from the *All is Lies* Direct Action Study Group. We recently decided to make connections with groups & individuals across the world. If you want to write to us, we want to write to you.

Enclosed is \$2 for an issue of your paper. We don't know what it actually costs, and we're short on currency. Please let all your Hebrew-reading readership know that our 'zine, *All is Lies*, is available for trade or \$2 from *All is Lies*, c/o A. Lenchner, 38 Richbell Rd., White Plains, NY

## TWISTED IMAGE by Ace Backwords ©1993



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10605.

Now for a humble contribution to debate: The "movement" has 2 kinds of revolutionaries—those chained to ideological labels and those who aren't. What kind are you?

C., Tel-Aviv, Israel

## On Jesus' side

When the Roman State came to capture Jesus a certain young man, a nudist, a naturist, a nuditarian, a NAMBLA type, was on Jesus' side. St. Mark 14:51, 52 K.J.V., Sanata Ana, CA.

## Sidesplittingly hilarious

### Greetings *Anarchy!*

It's not every day I decide to write a letter to an anarchist journal, but strangely enough I feel moved to do so. I am going to write *Slingshot* on the subject of mental illness and the dangers of basing treatment methods on long-disproven theories about schizophrenia (viz. that it doesn't exist or that it's a sane response to an insane world, or that, it can be treated through psychoanalysis—all of which is nonsense), but my letter to them is still in extended rewrite. But I digress...(or perhaps obsess)....

Anyway, I'm writing to you all on the subject of the Librairie Alternative and the Fascist Molly Gill. I find it at once appalling and sidesplittingly hilarious that a wingnut like Gill could wield enough power to possibly bring the downfall of an anarchist/left bookstore collective. Right about when all of that backbiting up in Montréal was occurring, I can assure you that Gill was in front of her portrait of Hitler, prostrate, chanting, "Thank you, Führer, thank you!" (not that I was there or anything, but she was no doubt quite pleased with the news, we can assume...). Librairie Alternative folk, sorry to say, you really looked like a bunch of lame-os who probably got what they deserved in the form of a "pedantic" crisis. Vous me semblez tellement, voire, vachement débilités. Les faschos ont déjà gagnés, selon votre exemple. Pardon me for not seeming to have any sympathy for any of the underlying causes of the

## Anarchist Contacts

This is a listing of addresses of groups and individuals who would like to see the growth and development of anarchist practice of one form or another. The list may help those participating to make regional contacts and intercommunication links based on their self-defined perspectives.

If you'd like to see your address added to this listing just write to us and we'll include your name, address, and a short (20 words or less) description of your perspective, practice and/or desires. Each contact address will be run in two successive issues.

(Note: We are only compiling this list, we are not endorsing the positions of those who have asked to be listed.)

**Dan McGarrigan III**  
333 Springhouse Road  
Newtown, PA. 18940  
"I like punk music, political rap, nature Wicca, and debating against right wing extremists."

**Mike Kelly #493005 & Victor Mendoza #410216**  
Clements Unit  
9601 NE 24th Ave.  
Amarillo, TX. 79107  
"Anarchist revolutionary artists."

**Pong Jule Jung**  
205 School Street  
Somerville, MA 02143  
"Situationalist/zerowork/

vegetarian/simple living/  
urbansurvivalist/samurai/  
Native American cultures."

**Bloodclot**  
University of Houston  
Box 926113  
Houston, TX. 77292-6113  
"Campus-aided radical/anarchist TV program seeks your political films, videotape footage and input."

**Adrienne**  
5515 South 362nd  
Auburn, WA. 98002  
"Reaching for a world with FREE action, punk music, great films and

RID of greedy brain-washing slave drivers with no point!"

**Chris Greene**  
RR#1, Box 418  
Moultonboro, NH. 03254  
"Main interests are agriculture, diet, sexuality, intentional community, activism."

**William Smith #69359**  
Az. St. Prison, POB 3300  
Goodyear, AZ. 85338  
"Long-haired, tattooed, scarred-up convict; I've done 15 yrs with 5 more to go. Convicted murderer...looking for pen pals."

L.A. crisis, but if you are going to allow one letter in one issue of one magazine break you apart, it's most likely because you've avoided dealing honestly with each other politically as well as socially—a very difficult order as I've found out from experience.

As for Molly Gill, you may be feeling safe and smug right now, but wait until someone beats down your door and busts your jaw. You also will get what you deserve. Besides your letter, especially the part about blacks and whites hating each other but not admitting it, contains more bullshit than either you or I could consume at one sitting. It seems that one statement holds the key to your premise for much of your racist/racalist ranting and raving. It's a very flimsy and very presumptuous premise. I'd suggest a social worker for you, preferably an African-American woman, if only to just meet "one of them." You probably need your head examined (or bashed in if you're too far gone, as I'd suggest for any white power asshole), and more contact with blacks and their everyday realities...or more contact with "non-whites", espe-

cially Jewish people. They don't really control international finance, much less with world domination in mind, so go ahead and eat your copy of *The International Jew* for the roughage. I also hear it makes for good kindling. And stay the fuck away from the anarchist milieu. We're wise to you. I prey for your salvation from hateful and ignorant ideologies.

Back to the subject of backbiting anarchists. I've just about had it with dysfunctional elements within the anarchist "milieu" (for lack of a better word) who prefer to wage their napoleonic struggles against other anarchists, thus wasting precious energy and allowing the fascist milieu to make tremendous gains at our expense. Nothing new under the sun, to be sure. I'm tempted, with all that's been said and done, to form a new communist party of sorts to appeal to disillusioned anarchists. The ideology will consist of a bunch of stuff from anarchism, Greens-ism, Nietzsche (except the part about taking a whip unto wimmin—any man who womyn-bashes in my Party will be shot, no questions asked), Abbie Hoffman, Monty Python,

J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, plus anyone who strikes my fancy. Since it is I who shall be Grand Pooh-Bah Chairboy, there will be *no backbiting allowed*. Everyone must say the nasty things in front of those people who they talk about. All disputes must be settled in my presence with sockerboppers as weapons. I love a good duel to the death with inflatable plastic cudgels. We will unabashedly and unashamedly agitate for pudding on the steps of City Hall, we will openly advocate and carry out assassinations—real ones, not like the one that supposedly killed JFK—of reactionary politicians and Hollywood celebrities so they don't eventually become president. We will give free candy to people who join our mass movement and not bologna sandwiches (fine, join a bologna sandwich and see if it promises

you the end of capitalism and all the red jelly beans you can eat). Yes, in my Party the ends will justify the means because our enemies seem to think so and it tends to work for them. Yes, this will be an authoritarian movement for a libertarian society. Why? Because I said so. That, and because it seems that authoritarian organizations hold more appeal than libertarian ones. I'm willing to wager that there are more commies in the world than anarchists. I'm also willing to raise large sums of money by conning dumb rich liberals out of it. Playing the stock market, playing the ponies, all the while undermining its very support base. Conning multinational corporations into funding their own undoing. Sneaking in the back doors of mega-rich CEOs while they're asleep, their trusted valets (all deep cover party operatives) slitting their throats ear to ear, and collecting their life insurance benefits! We don't have the foggiest how we're going to accomplish this all, but when you're an aspiring megalomaniac like myself it becomes mere details, mere details I say. And here's the kicker: as the party



becomes an unavoidable juggernaut at the doorstep of world dictatorship, I'll just disappear. You see, I'm very bad at finishing what I start. I'll just hand my title over to everyone in the Party. Voilà! Instant anarchy! Since I will have instated my multi-point plan (with capricious changes along the way to secretly prepare for my departure) fully and flawlessly, everything will be carried out in my absence. I'll retire into obscurity, probably join Bob Avakian and L. Ron Hubbard on that yacht of theirs, or open up a falafel joint in Cancún after the plastic surgery and under an assumed name. And everyone else will have smashed the state and have a nice day, finally, forever after. [...]

Monkey Boy, Detroit, MI.

## Rejoin the wild

Greetings from within the machine. I've been accused of participating in the June 1/92 Animal Liberation Front action at the University of Alberta's Ellerslie Research Station where 29 cats were liberated and \$100,000 damage was done to the facility. After being charged with the U of A liberation. I was also charged with nine additional charges related to five previous ALF actions in Edmonton during 1991 and 1992. Grant Horwood, also arrested and charged with the U of A liberation, had his charges stayed at his preliminary trial November 12/92 due to lack of evidence. At my preliminary trial January 11-14/93 Grant refused to take the stand and testify, the judge has ordered him to appear at my trial. If Grant refuses at my trial he may face jail time himself. At the end of my preliminary trial I had three of my additional charges dropped and was ordered to stand trial on the remaining charges.

Our so called "just-us" system has kept me caged much like my animal Sisters and Brothers for the last three hundred thirty six days. Denied bail now six times on the grounds that I am a "threat to society"! Oblivious to the fact that I have no previous criminal record and whatever happened to "Innocent until

proven Guilty?" Although the real issue here is not whether I am "guilty" of the charges, the important question is: Why is nonviolent action in defence of living beings that are imprisoned and scheduled to be tortured and killed a crime? Why are the vivisectionists allowed to roam free while activists working for those that cannot help themselves are jailed? What are the real crimes here?

My beliefs were strong before and now they are even stronger. Stronger than the concrete and steel cages where they try and break us. My tears have dried up, I am strong, I am angry. Sisters and Brothers this is a plea, one that you have heard others speak lately. Now is the time to rejoin the wild. Go forth and find your roots, be at one with the eagle, cougar and black bear. Forget your placards, signatures and speeches. For the few that have the strength, the time is here...direct action in defence of Mother Earth. Run free, move fast. Life underground. Be silent, be strong.

Fighting the good fight,  
Darren Thurston  
Edmonton, Alberta

## Accept one's desires

Dear Folks,

I couldn't help but get a kick out of the juxtaposition of two articles in the Spring '93 *Anarchy*: Raoul Vaneigem's discussion of "Roles" and Michael William's "review" of bisexuality. (Titring it a "review" is charmingly perverse, perhaps a series of such "reviews" could be printed to guide us through the various sexuality options.)

On the one hand, Vaneigem discusses the oppressive function of all assigned roles in the Death Culture, then we are treated to gays, lesbians, and bi-s discussing the allowability and very reality of one another's roles in the feminist and gay liberation milieus.

I am happy that *Anarchy* doesn't hold any truck with the "hobgoblins of foolish consistency"; this is not an attempt to hold anyone's feet to the fire of Logic, but perhaps the very profound lessons of the first piece could be applied to the subject

of the second.

To begin, there is a very real sense that the gay rights movement is not only not revolutionary, but is in fact *anti-revolutionary* in so far as it demands participation for more people in oppressive institutions such as marriage and the military, not to mention police forces and the halls of government. An openly gay soldier is as much a hired killer in the service of government as is his heterosexual buddy. A legal code that "allows" sodomy reserves its right to withhold and extend permission for its citizens to express their affection.

That said, we move to the comments about the status of bisexuality. They seem to all believe that one's identity, one's legitimacy, springs from labels like "gay, bi-, hetero-." Not only that, but there seems to be some who would sit in judgment and decide who is allowed which label. A militant lesbian calling one woman an opportunist because she likes to play with both dicks and pussies is engaged in the same kind of judgmental name-calling as the old-fashioned patriarch calling another woman a tramp because she likes to play with different dicks on different days.

Another point is that it doesn't seem entirely rational that anyone picks up a lifetime label from activity on a given day. If a man spends his entire life only making love with women, and one afternoon is seduced by his best friend, he is still the same man. Individual acts of love may fit names and categories, but fully human individuals do not. There is also the question brought up by the gap between desire and action. I may at times have the urge to kill someone, does this make me a murderer? If I at times have the urge to sleep with a woman not my wife am I an adulterer? What matters is whether one can accept one's desires without self-loathing or fear, and choose to act or not act on them in accordance with loving regard of the other creatures involved. As Krishnamurti says, "The desire itself is always honourable." What matters is whether one uses manipulation, deceit, violence or intimidation

to take from another what they don't want to give.

One other issue puzzles me. That is the question of "who can serve as appropriate role-model" for a given set of individuals. Again, who's supposed to judge? Is there some kind of licensing bureau for role models? Why would anyone want the job in the first place? If your problem is that you don't know how to act, why do you think you'd know who to pick as a model? If you attempt to fit your actions to *any* model you will end up denying some important part of yourself because there is no one out there who is everything you are, or who will be in the situations you find yourself. The key to freedom is knowing who you are and acting from that.

Sincerely,

David Fahl, Houston, TX.

## A hell of a book

I have just, belatedly, read Lance Klafeta's (a felicitous appellation worthy of a Randian hero!) critique of Ayn Rand (page 59, Fall '92). Unfortunately I lack the requisite brainpower to debate the dialectics of libertarianism with Comrade Klafeta but I would like to comment (I haven't yet read succeeding issues—pathological indolence and poverty having, so far, prevented their purchase—so I hope I will not cover ground already corresponded).

I have only ever read one work by Rand and that is *Atlas Shrugged* but I think it's a hell of a book: a barnstorming, rabble-raising, mind-blowing blockbuster of a novel.

Whatever Ms. Rand's personality faults (and we all have 'em!) she was evidently a genius: maybe a misguided genius but wow—what a talent.

As someone who's led a slothful and unproductive life I admire Ms. Rand's creative fecundity.

Certainly *Atlas Shrugged* is very much a book of ideas. It stirred up the roily sediment of my mental torpor and—transiently—energised my mental processes. I feel that my life has been improved and edified thru contact with her work—and how many books can one say



## Letters

that about?

I feel privileged to have read great novels by Charles Dickens, Thomas Hardy, etc., which temporarily, at least redeem me from a completely animalistic existence—and, in my ever so 'umble opinion, *Atlas Shrugged* merits inclusion in that canon.

Lance (if I may be chummily informal) is probably correct when he points out Ms. Rand's errors of thought. But this does not vitiate her achievement and accomplishment in presenting political debate in a form more accessible than some turgid tomes such as *Das Kapital* and, thus, stimulating useful discussion of ideas relating to the way we live on Earth.

My own feeling is that Ms. Rand's most egregious error is the assumption (shared by our own beloved ex-Prime Minister Maggie Thatcher) that we can all pick ourselves up by our bootstraps and rise above tribulation. Mrs. T. rose from a humble background to the highest office of state & her assiduity and hard work deserve recognition.

But life is not fair. For every Maggie Thatcher or Bill Clinton who make it from the bottom of the woodpile up to the top are hundreds of thousands of "ordinary" people—so crushed and damaged by the exigencies of their lives that they are unable to clamber out of their despair.

The central flaw of Ms. Rand's work (or, rather, *Atlas Shrugged* which, presumably, embodies & enshrines the generality of her thinking?) is her failure to see human weakness & failure with anything other than withering Nietzschean contempt.

This nasty & churlish uncharitableness taints Ms. Rand's novel but I still recommend it to anyone who wants a rollicking rhetorical read.

In regard to K.'s "anti-technology" letter and Lev's bizarre response that "we (sic) would like to see a world without electronic computers...." (page 33, Winter '90-91) I cannot share this technophobia.

Personally, I would like nothing better than to snuggle up in bed alongside an Apple Mac, or, better, a NeXT, or even better,

a Control Data Cyber Sypercomputer (merely \$950,000 on the second hand market!).

Unfortunately, being a pauper, I have to rely on the mono-modal, lineal PEN. I fail to see any dysjunction between striving for a better world (equitable distribution of resources, etc.) and simultaneously, enthusiastically embracing wonders of silicon-chipper.

One obviously deplores the fact of Asian slave labour having to spend hours each day in soulless factory labour churning out hi-tech machines for the affluent West—tho', perhaps, for them, it's preferable to whatever alternative would be available under their present political regimes—rural poverty—hoeing the soil all day for a pittance (agrarian toil may be romantic in the imaginations of some readers but the reality is back-breaking grind).

However, in due course, production lines will be automated and (in Utopia?) self-replicating Neumann machines will service Homo sapiens' needs.

Liberation of the masses is more likely to emerge from the spread of technology than jargon-laden political posturing.

Best wishes,  
Michael Zehse  
London, England

[I'm sure the Asian wage-slave laborers are even now all dancing around excitedly anticipating the automation of their production lines, so that you can have your computers and technology which will undoubtedly be distributed freely by some future benevolent technocracy! Talk about "bizarre" thoughts! -Lev]

### Minds focussed

Dear Jason and fellow brothers and sisters of the C.A.L.,

First of all, I do hope that this letter finds you all in the

very best of health & happiness these days.[...] I would like to inform ya that I've been transferred to another prison due to my alleged "involvement" in the recent riot at the Southern Ohio Correctional Facility in Lucasville, Ohio, which took place in April.

There is so much I'd like to share with you regarding my experience with it but my lawyer has advised me against any type of media interviews at this time, but I will say that although unfortunately I wasn't able to "save" my former collection of *Anarchy* (which consisted of issues #17 to #34) they did serve a vital purpose within the first day of the ordeal, in that, upon my passing them out to the men in the corridor, many folks really got into them, and kept

their minds focussed on the real & positive issues behind it all.

It's hard to explain in a way that won't be perceived as incriminating to myself or anyone else, but in my opinion those issues of *Anarchy* were quite a bit of the glue that kept us united. And in good sense enough to make it through that shit without all of that "energy" regarding the issues surrounding the incident, turning "inward" and causing us to consume ourselves instead.

Can ya dig it?

Anyway, I just wanted to inform you of my transfer, and to assure you that if they put a ban on *Anarchy* from entering here, I will be sure to let ya know.[...]

John Salyers #185067  
POB 1368  
Mansfield, OH. 44901

u s e y o u r  
f u c k i n g h e a d .



t h i s w i l l m a k e  
a b a b y w h e t h e r  
y o u w a n t o n e o r n o t .

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# When Nationalist Frenzy Strikes...

By Michael William

## *Are you a victim of the following situations?*

More and more, René Lévesque<sup>1</sup> pops up in your dreams, even in your erotic fantasies, or,

Your husband (or wife) complains: "Ginette (or Pierre), you've been wearing that separatist T-shirt for the last four days, and it stinks. We're doing laundry tomorrow. Can't you put something else on?"

But wearing anything else makes you feel naked, and you can't bear the shame.

If you're suffering from experiences similar to these, you may want to seek the help of Nationalists Anonymous.

Nationalists Anonymous (NA) is a support group of former nationalists who have come together to deal with the problem of nationalism. In a world where upsurges of nationalism seem to be occurring everywhere, we believe it's more urgent than ever to talk openly about—and to fight—this plague, which is responsible for wreaking such havoc in our personal lives.

At first, in many cases the nationalist believes that nationalism is good for him. Brandishing flags and other nationalist symbols, being proud to be Québécois (or American or Japanese or whatever) creates a feeling of power, an intense but usually short-lived euphoria. Submerging oneself in "the people," grasping at a false sense of community appears to offer the nationalist an identity, the feeling that he's a somebody. At the same time this enables him to avoid confronting what he has truly become.

Trying to regain that initial feeling of well-being, the nationalist has the tendency to resort increasingly to nationalism, and to up the dose. But as nationalism fails to identify and target the real enemies, since it doesn't respond to his genuine underlying needs and desires, the nationalist remains dissatisfied. His daily life, he can't avoid admitting, remains as banal as ever, while his relationship with "the people" continues to be distant and alienating. Disoriented, frustrated, afflicted by hallucinations, he frequently clings to the illusion that everything will be better come independence (even though similar scenarios throughout the world clearly demonstrate that the birth of the Nation has never solved our problems). Habitually placing people into categories of "us" and "them" according to their ethnic or national origins, in some extreme cases the increasingly stupefied nationalist ends up wallowing in a blatantly racist delirium.

As a result of indulging in nationalism on a regular basis, the critical faculties of the nationalist become blurred and dulled. Firm in his belief that "our" culture must be protected at all costs, the nationalist accepts, because it is "ours,"

all sorts of mediocrities and crap thrown at him by the forces of capital and the media. Smug, fatuous, incapable of any honest self-criticism, of envisaging a truly different way of life, he becomes the best champion of the status quo (when it's precisely "our" culture that needs in large part to be dismantled). At the same time, the confused and often neurotic nationalist succeeds in many cases in convincing himself that his culture differs from, or is even superior to, that of the Americans, the French, the Ontarians, the Germans etc., ignoring the simple truth that these societies all share the same fundamental values.

Ironically, he fervently believes in the great equalizers of contemporary culture: mass communication (rare are those who don't have a TV), and in the fundamental necessity of capital, industrialism and the State. Having accepted the basis of contemporary domination, he readily bows to its economic demands and hierarchies. Instead of

rebelling against the economic sphere as such, against his role as a mere cog in a mega-machine beyond his control, he grovels before the dictates of "his" economy, the national economy. Passive, submissive, he's an easy target for myriad nationalist politicians, leaders and careerists on the right and the left who are on the prowl for cannon fodder for their pathetic racketeering.

Unable to recognize and appreciate the unique qualities of the people he encounters, the colourful tapestry which exists in each of us, he judges people primarily according to how they fit into the nationalist big picture. Instead of forming qualitatively different relationships with people, ones which are increasingly rich and profound, he mechanically throws in his lot with those who, far from friends, are people he doesn't even know!

Nationalism is pathetic. But if the nationalist needs help through this madness, and is usually in a sorry state, we mustn't pity him too much. These days nationalism is no longer a joke! Throughout the world, it is becoming the reigning ideology, perhaps the most formidable obstacle to the birth of a new world.

\* \* \*

Nationalists Anonymous is at your disposal for any questions you may have regarding nationalism. Call us today, and become part of the NA group in your area (please consult your local directory). But in the final analysis, it is up to each and every nationalist to face his problem head-on and find the will to uproot it at the source.

-translation by Linda Dawe and Michael William

1. René Lévesque: the chain-smoking, former talk-show host who led the separatist Parti Québécois to their first electoral win in 1976.





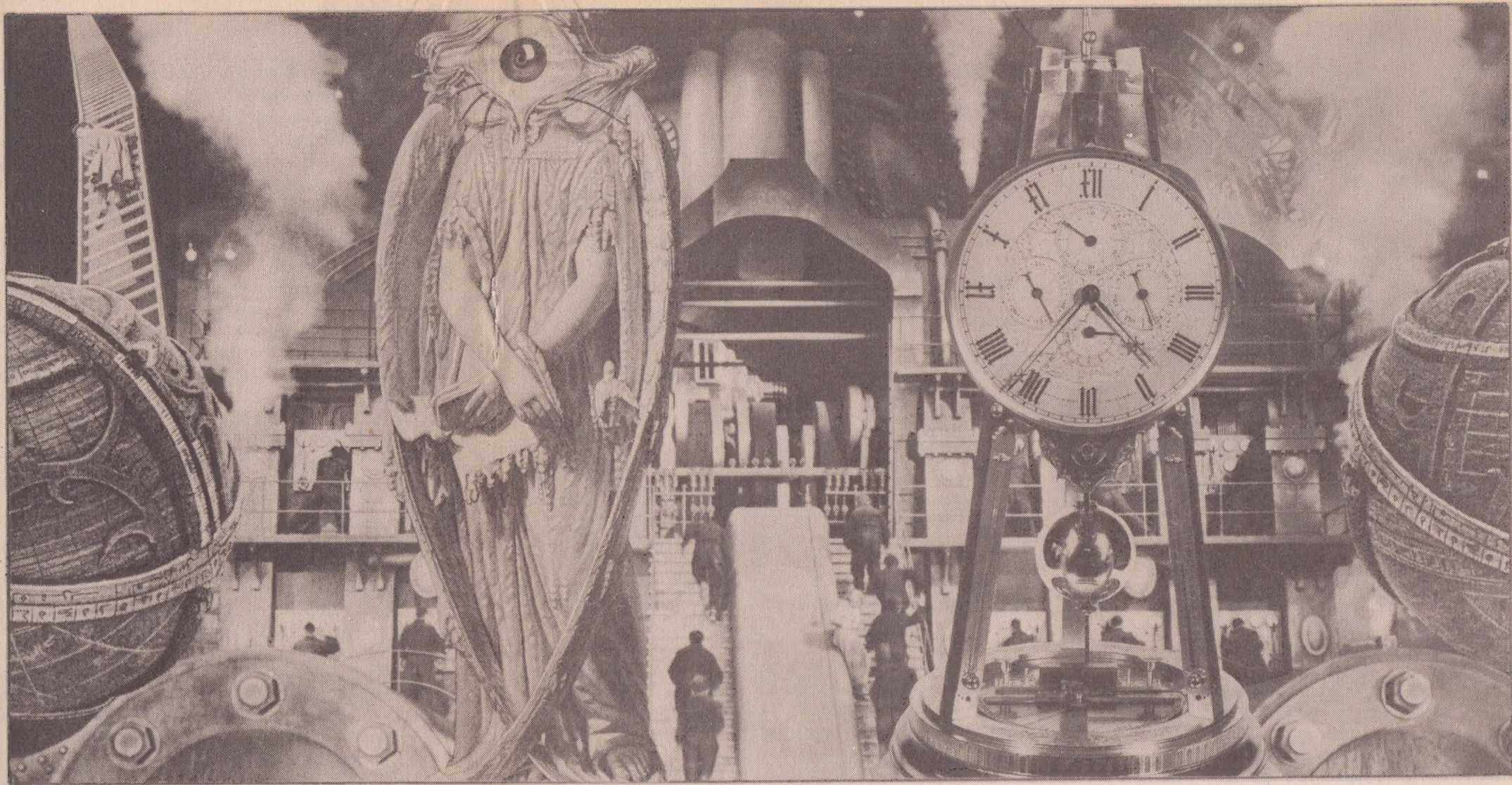


Collage by Phillip Lollar

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meaning and logic. For despite the fact that time's perplexing character has become, in John Michon's estimation, "almost an intellectual obsession" (1988), society is plainly incapable of dealing with it.

With time we confront a philosophical enigma, a psychological mystery, and a puzzle of logic. Not surprisingly, considering the massive reification involved, some have doubted its existence since humanity began distinguishing "time itself" from visible and tangible changes in the world. As Michael Ende (1984) put it: "There is in the world a great and yet ordinary secret. All of us are part of it, everyone is aware of it, but very few ever think of it. Most of us just accept it and never wonder over it. This secret is time."

Just what is "time"? Spengler declared that no one should be allowed to ask. The physicist Richard Feynman (1988)

this appear bizarre, in a world whose survival depends on the mystification of its most basic categories?

We have gone along with the substantiation of time so that it seems a fact of nature, a power existing in its own right. The growth of a sense of time—the acceptance of time—is a process of adaptation to an ever more reified world. It is a constructed dimension, the most elemental aspect of culture. Time's inexorable nature provides the ultimate model of domination.

The further we go in time the worse it gets. We inhabit an age of the disintegration of experience, according to Adorno. The pressure of time, like that of its essential progenitor, division of labor, fragments and disperses all before it. Uniformity, equivalence, separation are byproducts of time's harsh force. The intrinsic beauty and meaning of that fragment

so well. "All awareness," wrote the poet Denise Levertov (1974), "is an awareness of time," showing just how deeply alienated we are in time. We have become regimented under its empire, as time and alienation continue to deepen their intrusion, their debasement of everyday life. "Does this mean," as David Carr (1988) asks, "that the 'struggle' of existence is to overcome time itself?" It may be that exactly this is the last enemy to be overcome.

In coming to grips with this ubiquitous yet phantom adversary, it is somewhat easier to say what time is not. It is not synonymous, for fairly obvious reasons, with change. Nor is it a sequence, or order of succession. Pavlov's dog, for instance, must have learned that the sound of the bell was *followed* by feeding; how else could it have been conditioned to salivate at that sound? But dogs do not possess time consciousness, so